

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 163 NUMBER 6

JUNE 1939

CANADA AND THE MONARCHY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

If you were to ask any Canadian, 'Do you people *have* to go to war if England does?' he'd answer at once, 'Oh, no.' If you then said, 'Would you go to war if England did?' he'd answer, 'Oh, yes.' And if you asked, 'Why?' he would say, reflectively, 'Well, you see, we'd *have* to.'

And with that you would receive a first introduction into the peculiar political mystery that one may call the paradox of the British Empire. We in Canada never saw it better illustrated than in the emergency of the Czechoslovakian crisis. All men of sound nationality and allegiance old enough to remember the suffering and sacrifice of the Great War, and above all those who had served in it, seemed to be of one mind. They heartily damned the Sudeten Germans and the Czechs with them; they even damned all Europe and denied all connection with the place; but they took no interest in mere legalistic discussions as to whether Canada was *bound* — legally, if such a silly word can be used — to go to war.

As they themselves said, that was not the point; nobody was talking of that. The point was that they couldn't see any

way out of a war if England was in it: to be a *neutral* country, with bombs dropping on England, the British people fighting for life, enemy ships in and out of our ports, recruiting forbidden, aid prohibited — why, the thing just seemed damned silly; did and still does. It is fit only for futile discussions by the people called 'pink' professors for whom academic abstractions take the place of reality.

Yet, on the other hand, here we are, Canadians living in Canada — what real interest have we in the people on the Elbe and the Danube? What do we really know about whether the Czechs lorded it over the Sudetens or the Sudetens undermined it under the Czechs? Or, for the matter of that, what does India matter to us? We have nothing to do with it economically, spiritually, or in any other way, and we don't want its people over here. Or Japan — or no, wait a minute — that's different. As you go round the world you reach us again on our Pacific side: Japan is of vital interest to us, and of course to deal with the Japanese we must have England behind us. But if England safeguards us from Japan, then we can't keep out of Europe,

Copyright 1939, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

can we? So there you are, round the full circuit of the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the British Empire — and even at that we have left out the whole problem of Africa.

One asks, then, what really is the British Empire, and in what direction are these internal and external forces moving it? If we look for a constitutional definition of what the British Empire is, the only approach to it is found in the resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1926 on which was based the Statute of Westminster of 1931. The resolution declared that the United Kingdom and the Dominions are 'autonomous communities within the British Empire, in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.'

This pronouncement is as much a riddle of the Sphinx as was the United States Constitution in regard to state sovereignty in the ante-bellum period. 'Freely associated' can mean anything or nothing. Indeed, it is felt that the constitution of the Empire is so nebulous that it can't be solidified. It is like the Polynesian gods surrounded by a taboo which forbids even naming them. They have to be just called 'Oom,' which isn't really their name. 'Nothing would be gained,' so resolved the same Conference, 'by attempting to lay down a constitution.' So the ensuing Statute of Westminster became the 'Oom' of the British Empire.

Even the indicated existing bonds that hold the 'free association' look fragile when you examine them. There is a common allegiance to the Crown; but as a matter of fact George VI began reigning in South Africa one day before he reigned in England, and did not begin reigning in Ireland till one day after that. 'Legalistically' speaking, there were two Kings at once. More than that, the reign of the King in Ireland, now properly

called Eire, is only a sort of twilight. By the Constitution (Amendment No. 27) Act of December 1936, also a product of the abdication, the King is King of Ireland *outside* of it but not *in* it. The bond of union formerly represented by a common court of first appeal (the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) shakes loose at a trick like a conjuror's knot. It is only there unless the Dominions refuse it. Ireland has done so.

The Dominions are members of the League of Nations, and three of them hold mandates under it; academically it is held that that makes them 'sovereign states' as far as international law is concerned — in other words, what one might call sovereign states in the Pickwickian sense, international law being now an abstraction. In the British Empire there is no common citizenship, no common taxation, no common army or navy, no common currency or legal tender, no common foreign policy. Are not, then, the parts of the Empire sovereign states? Not at all — they are just 'freely associated.' It sounds about as logical as Amos 'n' Andy or Huckleberry Finn.

And yet, the great majority of those who have occasion to think most about it will, I am certain, agree with me in saying that the British Empire was never so closely bound together as now, never so far from any thought of dissolution or secession, and is moving, in its own peculiar path, into closer, more organic union. The legal aspect of its structure — or rather the lack of legal aspect — merely reflects the fact that the days of legalistic structure, compacts, and scraps of paper are passing away. They are ropes of sand, holding nothing that will not join — at best a bandage round a healing limb, worthless without nature.

II

To read the present right we must go back to the past. The starting point for the constitutional study of imperial rela-

tions must be found in the monarchy of the eighteenth century, when the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688 and the Act of Settlement that followed it in 1701 had established in Great Britain the 'supremacy of parliament' as the basis of law and government. Parliament here meant 'King, Lords and Commons,' and an 'Act of Parliament' enjoyed a plenary sovereignty with no (legal) limitation of prerogative, custom, or moral right. Incidentally, this made the jurisdiction over the American colonies a misfit in common sense and led to disunion. But no English lawyers questioned the pure law of the matter as to sovereignty. Indeed, the Declaratory Act of 1766 said that it was so.

This theory of parliamentary supremacy lasted from 1766 till 1926. Formulated by Bentham and Austin, rehearsed by a hundred law schools, it took its place, for British lawyers, alongside of Newtonian gravitation and the axioms of Euclid. But its inherent insufficiency was there all the time: the 'Lords and Commons,' who with the King made up the 'Supreme Parliament,' were Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland. Settlers in outlandish parts had no share and no say in it. This did not matter much when the settlers were still few and the parts truly outlandish. Nor did it matter at all with populations not settlers, but natives, living on their own ground. 'King, Lords and Commons' was good enough for them. And the white settlers at first found dependence natural and necessary. The 40,000 Loyalists (1783-1790) who came into what is now Canada owed everything to the fostering care of the mother country — transport, food, land. Infant colonies, of course, clung to the leading strings of their mother's apron.

But as settlement grew and colonies changed to communities, the misfit that had led to the separation of the American Colonies was felt again. It is true that a measure of self-government existed from the start. Elected assemblies

had been given to the two Canadas in 1791. Nova Scotia was allowed an Assembly as far back as 1759, by a sort of prescriptive British right, based on those of the other American plantations. The refugee-loyalist Colony of New Brunswick (1784) had an Assembly from the beginning. The Australian settlers received one each in due course, as did the Cape and Natal. But these popular assemblies conferred the name of freedom without the fact. The royal governor still controlled the executive and the purse.

To this sentimental grievance, the inferiority complex, of the colonies were added various practical injustices — about the public lands, the status of the churches, and so forth — things impossible to understand or to regulate from England. When Governor Simcoe told his log-house parliament at Newark (Niagara) in 1792 that they enjoyed an 'image and transcript of the British Constitution,' the image was distorted by the alien mirror and the transcript by the alien hand. By the time the two Canadas had half a million people, English and French, this misfit of government had become intolerable to free people — meaning people allowed to grumble. The result was the sudden rebellion of 1837. The British Government suppressed it, hanged all the leaders within reach, and sent out Lord Durham to ask what had happened.

Durham, a British Liberal, wrote a famous report which said that what these people needed was British Liberalism, prescribed in those days by the Cobdenite School for peoples of all races, colors, and environments, like a salve for rheumatism sold from a street wagon. Its special application took the form of 'responsible government,' meaning an executive cabinet responsible to the elected house. This was duly installed in Canada in 1842, and became, in the following twenty years, the standard system of the British (white) colonies. The Duke of Wellington, still alive and living on the memory of Waterloo, was declared

'thunderstruck' when he heard of it. He considered it 'fatal to our connection with the colonies.' But that to the Liberals was the chief merit of it. The example of the United States was interpreted as 'manifest destiny.' The future of all colonies was independence — a painless dissolution of the Empire in which the colonies were to float away on a sea of the milk of human kindness. Even the Tories wanted to be rid of them. 'These wretched colonies,' said Disraeli, 'will all be independent some day, and meantime are like millstones round our neck.' The Manchester School reveled in 'little Englandism' and the dream of a 'right little, tight little island.'

So the next thirty years after the Duke had been thunderstruck in 1842 witnessed a progressive loosening of the bonds of empire. After 1846 the colonies began making their own tariffs. Canada and Victoria (Australia) plunged for 'protection.' British ministers explained this to British manufacturers as a temporary aberration of ignorance. British garrisons were removed from colonial towns; the last garrison of Montreal went away to music in 1870. There was relief when they went. Their uniforms had turned the girls' heads: a farmer is a shabby lover beside a hussar, and a merchant smells of coffee rather than of gunpowder. The men of the colonies decided to defend themselves — and there wasn't any war anyway.

A severe jolt to complacency came with the American Civil War. The crisis over the Trent Affair (1861), and the new outlook it gave, helped to make possible the British North America Act of 1867, creating the Dominion of Canada. But the Act altered nothing as to the ultimate constitution of the Empire. Parliament was still supreme — indeed its supremacy was used (1871, 1884, and so forth) as a mechanism, as the *only* mechanism, for amending the government of Canada. Amendment was made only when asked for by both the Canadian Houses, but that was usage, not law. There was no

other way — nor is there even to-day. Oddly enough, there is no power findable in the present Dominion which could, let us say, abolish the Canadian Senate, or alter the jurisdiction of the federal government. The voters can't, parliament can't, a convention can't — so, unless the British Parliament can, nobody can.

Freedom under responsible government kept on 'broadening down' as Tennyson had said it would. The Governor-General lost, bit by bit, his remaining independent powers. He stopped using his power of disallowance, and it died. After 1878 the Dominion hanged its own criminals, the Minister of Justice becoming the fountain of mercy and the Governor-General merely signing on the (fatal) dotted line. Goldwin Smith, in 1891, called him a rubber stamp. By the turn of the century, or just a little after, Canada was entirely separate from the British Army; the Navy had gone from Halifax and Esquimalt, and the Governor-General presided not over councils but over drawing-rooms.

III

But in another aspect the situation had entirely changed. 'Little England' hadn't come off. In place of it was 'big Germany.' The milk of human kindness was too thin to float colonies. Free trade was bankrupt, and universal peace replaced after 1854 by wars that never stopped. The constituents of the Empire found themselves in a new world — a world grabbing for territory, dividing up Africa, reconquering Asia, searching the earth for rubber, oil, metals, markets, resources.

Hence the new movement for imperial unity, — the mixed creed of imperialism, partly good and partly bad, — inspired by grandeur and by courage, by meanness and by fear, but above all guided, as the event has shown, by instinct.

The movement aimed first at formal Federation (the Imperial Federation

League of 1884). The colonies were all for it, singing 'God Save the Queen' at hundreds of meetings, in colonial towns, in the bush, and on the prairie. The song stopped as soon as it turned out that there would be a 'collection' after the meeting — that is, that imperial federation meant imperial taxes. The league divided, dissolved, vanished.

In place of taxes to unite the Empire, the next expedient was imperial pagantry, the Colonial Conferences or the Golden Jubilee of 1887 and the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. Assembled London marveled to see colonial prime ministers actually wearing silk hats and riding in open barouches with maharajahs from Hyderabad and native chiefs from the Cannibal Isles. Rudyard Kipling's 'Recessional' anthem marked the high tide of imperial sentiment: the only trouble was to find a mould to pour it into and let it solidify. The Conferences — from 1897 till the war — proved a vain hope. All attempts at closer union split on the rocks of taxation and representation. 'If you want our aid, call us to your councils,' said the grandiloquent premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. 'If at any time you are prepared to share the burden of Empire,' answered the equally eloquent Joseph Chamberlain, 'we are prepared to give you a proportionate share in the councils of the Empire.' The two phrases matched and met. England didn't want advice, but money; the colonies had advice to give, but not money. And the advice, anyway, was merely to let them alone. The situation reached an impasse. A blunt Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, said (1911): 'Our responsibility cannot be shared.'

Equally unattainable was any form of commercial union. The colonies — called Dominions after 1907 — had protective tariffs and proposed to keep them. They gave 'preferences' to England, but adjusted them with great nicety not to prefer. The foreigner had to jump a high wall and John Bull only a low wall; but he couldn't jump it anyway. Later on,

much later, a still blunter British Minister, Mr. Jim Thomas (1930), called preference 'humbug.' Blunt people say things which polite people have known and not said for years. This separation, in point of fact, — of government, of defense, of tariffs, — presently got itself a theory and called itself Colonial Nationalism. Political theory always means wisdom after the fact, a post-mortem, not a prophecy. 'Nationalism' meant being let alone and letting freedom broaden down some more. 'We are happy as we are,' said a distinguished French Canadian.

Thus there were two schools — those for closer formal union and those too happy to want it. The Unionists being a band of crusaders, Mr. Lionel Curtis's organization, 'The Round Table,' went round the Empire like the Old Federation League. I myself, the writer of this article, shared in these mistaken activities, lectured round the Empire under the auspices of the Rhodes Trust, and was one of those to expound the case of security by formal Imperial Union. Our chief argument was that, in case of war, united action was impossible without imperial unity. Speaking broadly, New Zealand was all for formal union. Itself a reproduction — in climate, resources, and nationality — of the British Isles upside down in the Pacific, New Zealand is the most 'loyal' (a Victorian word) of the Dominions, still calling England 'home' and without major ambitions. All for union also was Natal — hemmed in by the Dutch — till the Union of 1909 amalgamated it with South Africa. Dead against unity, and bitterly against it, were all the Dutch — many, perhaps most of them, dreaming still at that date of independence, and the rest, under Botha and Smuts, held only as honest men keeping their compact of Vereeniging (1902). Dead against unity, with the deadness of inertia, was Canada. Australia, federated in 1901 into a Commonwealth, faced both ways, wanting lots of British ships and British money but not

British interference. Under these forces the Empire drifted like the star drift of the great constellations across the sky, slow, majestic, in part retrograde, and moving nowhere.

Then came the war. It turned out that the Imperial Unionists were quite wrong. The Empire fought better in sections. Local patriotism draws best. The war sealed the fate of the Federal Empire and at last fashioned its mould — a 'Commonwealth of Nations.' After the war the Commonwealth ran as true to form as had the Dominions and the colonies. It kept on disintegrating. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa become signatories of the Treaty of Versailles and members of the League of Nations. South Africa took over 'German Southwest' and 'German East' (Tanganyika) as 'mandates.' The Union government expressly declared that it would never give mandates back; it refused to make returns to the League as to how the mandates were getting on. That kind of thing doesn't do for white people isolated among myriads of blacks. Australia took over Kaiser-Wilhelmsland and called it Papua, to take the German taste out of it. New Zealand got a piece of Samoa, for the sake of prestige and class — and felt as proud as a poor white with a slave.

The drift continued unabated. When Mr. Lloyd George suggested that the colonies might join in the Turkish War of 1921 (which didn't happen) the answer from Canada was that Parliament would look into it. Southern Ireland — admitted as a Dominion, the Irish Free State of 1921, in preference to having a permanent civil war — became the Peck's Bad Boy of the Commonwealth, tore up the account books of the land debts, canceled all appeals from the courts, pretended it could talk Gaelic (its sole official language: English is only by necessity and courtesy), called itself Eire, appointed its own Governor-General, and finally made a new constitution in 1937, in force after 1938, which cuts out

the Crown altogether except for relations abroad and sets up a President with a cabinet of ministers and a citizenship all its own as far as it can make it. The Irish since then are thinking what to want next. The weak spot of their position is that at the abdication of December 1936 they had independence lying at their feet and wouldn't pick it up.

The other Dominions shared the drift without the animus. Newfoundland, like a retrograde star, drifted the other way: crippled in resources, half-frozen, half-starving, it called on the mother country to take it back, and in 1933 became again a colony with the supremacy of parliament warm around it like a winter blanket, and a sustaining diet of British loans to revive its industry. Not too much is said about this by any of us — it looks somehow like freedom broadening backwards.

But the other Dominions steadily and without animus have slackened each remaining formal bond. They make their own treaties; since 1929, no British Minister is needed even for the signature — the Dominions can write their own names. They have now, as far as they wish to, their own diplomatic staff. Canada has ministers at Washington, Paris, Tokio — we prefer not to have one among the Nazis. We remember too well the missionaries among the Iroquois. So in such cases the obliging United Kingdom — the phrase now replaces 'mother country' — acts for us without charge.

IV

As far as the situation has a constitutional basis, it rests on the (Imperial) Statute of Westminster of 1931. This was intended, not as introducing anything new or abolishing anything old, but merely as a recognition of existing fact. Nearly all British constitutional statutes, from the Magna Carta downwards, prefer to do this and nothing more, as notably the Magna Carta itself, the Petition of Right of 1628, the Bill of Rights of

1689. This is what is called the British genius for government: the British can tell themselves anything and believe it. The Statute of Westminster had its genesis thus — the war conferences, viewing the actual innovations of the war organizations, recommended reconsideration of imperial relations after the war. The Imperial Conference of 1926 drafted resolutions. These carried, of course, no legal 'sanction.' The Dominions, on the report of the Conference, expressed a general approval of embodying the resolutions in an imperial statute. As drawn, it contained the definition of the status of the Empire already quoted — 'autonomous communities, and so forth.' It enacted that henceforth no imperial legislation could override dominion legislation: both are without limit, territorially or extratorially. The obvious possibility of conflict is left to look after itself. The Statute declared itself inoperative in regard to Australia and New Zealand till expressly ratified by their parliaments, this being in accordance with their declared views. Ratification was not completed in fact till 1938. But the Statute was accepted as applying to the other Dominions on the strength of their antecedent approval.

In strict law the Statute is as full of holes as a sieve. On the face of it, it leaves the Dominion of Canada bound hand and foot beyond constitutional amendment with a chain and padlock of which it has thrown away the key. Anomalies like this don't matter a particle in British government. We've lived on them since Edward the Confessor. But, as far as it has a general apparent meaning, the Statute dissolves the Empire into seven (now six) separate sovereign parts, free to secede and indissolubly bound together. It thus proudly takes its place on the shelf with Magna Carta and the rest. Americans will recall their 'Confederation of 1777' and understand the idea exactly. They also share in the genius of government.

An observer who had eyes but no

mind, looking at this, would tell us that the British Empire was visibly drifting apart — indeed, that it had already drifted apart. But an observer who could interpret what his eyes saw would form a judgment exactly the other way. The British Empire, disunited in legalistic form, represents at the present time a closer union than ever before in its history, with every evidence, as far as observation can penetrate, of a permanent unity, one that will not be lost except by submergence in a wider union.

Consider this. What parts or sections of the Empire at present want independence? Absolutely none. Contrast with this the situation of the opening century. After the bitter end of the inglorious Boer War in the forced compact of Vereeniging, forced by sheer weight of numbers, destruction of homes, and death of women and children in concentration camps, nearly all the South African Dutch still dreamt of independence. It was for independence that old De Wet and his associates rebelled in 1914. Ultimate independence, peacefully obtained, was the inspiring thought of Heibolt and Judge Hertzog (formerly) and of the Dutch Nationalist parties. Those of longer vision, Botha and Smuts, would have none of it; against it stood not only their given word but their vision of the long future. And now the long future has come, and with it the idea of independence in South Africa has floated away like mist over the mountains in the new winds of world danger.

The South African elections of 1938 showed an overwhelming majority for Hertzog's United National South African Party. Their opponents on the right were the 'Ultra-British' group, on the left the 'Ultra-Dutch' of Dr. Malan. But even for these last the demand for 'independence' as an actuality has faded away. It lives on only in symbols and side issues. All Africa bubbled with mimic fury last summer over whether to sing 'God Save the King' or 'God Save South Africa' — the song is literally

'Die Stem von Suid Africa.' The government decided to save both: the bands play now either twice or not at all. But this is not independence. It is just what they call in England the old school tie.

Forty years ago South Africa stood by itself, protected by infinite distances, by harborless coasts, by an impassable hinterland. Organize its port defense and all Europe could not harm it. Dr. Jameson (of the Raid of 1895) used to say — I have heard him say it — that if the Boers had moved faster to the sea in 1899 they would have licked all Britain.

But now — what are a few thousand miles to aerial flight? What coast is closed against bombardment? What better gun platform than an empty hinterland? South Africa can no more stand alone than Czechoslovakia — and the South Africans know it. Mr. Pirow, the energetic Defense Minister of the Union, stated officially in the parliament a little while ago that South Africa is free to stay out of a British war. Such a statement now is merely a chewing of old straw. Nobody doubts it, and it doesn't matter anyway: it's not what people are free to do, but what they are going to do. In short, the typical attitude among South Africans is that, as long as it is understood that they can leave the Empire overnight, they'll stay in it forever.

The last statement sounds Irish. It *is* Irish: it represents exactly what Ireland did at the time of the abdication. Indeed, the abdication of Edward VIII acted as a peculiar test of the imperial structure — or, if one will, a peculiar revelation in a strong light of its mode of operation. Technically the abdication in England took place as follows. The King wrote a letter in which he said, 'I want to abdicate.' Of itself that wouldn't effect anything. The King has no power to put himself off the throne. So a bill was presented to Parliament and passed by the Commons and the Lords. Then the King assented to the Act, and the abdication became operative at an exact day and hour indicated in the Act.

But the Union of South Africa refused to see it that way. What to it was the action of Lords and Commons? They don't affect South Africa. For South Africa the abdication took place as soon as its government heard of the King's desire and said yes — which beat the Lords and Commons by a day. Ireland, meaning Eire, did not agree to either idea; it never does. As Eire saw it, the King couldn't abdicate till the parliament of Eire let him out: that took one extra day over England. But the essential point is that both the formerly dissentient Dominions had their free choice of green flags and *vierklur* flags, and of slipping painlessly out of the Empire under a new King or without any — and both commonwealths instinctively drew back as one shuts the door against cold weather.

Ireland is a queer place, a lovable place. It was just like it to stay in the Empire; and, what is more, the two parts of Ireland — Northern Ireland and Eire — will be joined before so very long as a single imperial unit. I know no statement calculated to enrage Irishmen as much as this. Ulstermen shout with indignation at the idea of such a union with republican idolatry; Free State Irishmen scorn to think of any union based on concessions to monarchy. But the shouts sound hollow, the anger overloud — like the voice of age raised in the dispute that the young must settle. People shout most against what they know is coming; and peaceful settlement seems tame after a hundred years of grievance and excitement and fun.

V

Now take Canada. To those of us who live here, separation from the Empire is quite unthinkable — not from the anger of patriotism, but because we can't think it. Union with the United States — we have it now: a peculiar beautiful union of hearts, with old quarrels asleep, and surrounded with the reverence of slumber. Independence? What from? A little

group of our French people — a group only in the sense that four-leaf clovers are a group, one here, one there — like to talk of a sort of dream republic called Laurentia. It is a lovely place: there are no English there, and no capitalists or power companies, and there are no soldiers and armies, and it never goes to fight in Europe; in this dream world the government is all by orators — young orators — and they talk and talk, and write newspapers and pamphlets, and fall asleep and wake up and talk. No one quite knows where this Laurentia is, whether Montreal is in it, whether it has ports and ships that block the outlet of a continent, or whether it is up somewhere in the snow near Peribonka, in the country of Maria Chapdelaine. But what is life without dreams?

Thus does the British Empire, as the clouds gather over Europe, Asia, and Africa, draw close together. The earlier grievances, like the inferiority complex that magnified them, are all forgotten now. Even the most unreflecting realizes how fortunate has been our escape from dissolution, how fortunate has been the evolution of our monarchy, unique in the world's history, reconciling or offering an opportunity to reconcile liberty with sovereignty, democracy with kingship, prestige and pageantry with plain equality.

And in this new process of 'getting together,' this new phase of history, repudiating all the false starts, the mistaken aspirations of the past, where do we find our new bond of union, our common centre towards which to draw? In the monarchy: that at least remains. The worn-out fetters of authority are broken and thrown away, but the golden links of a voluntary union of hearts hold tighter. That phrase 'a union of hearts' is too sentimental for British taste. Put with it, as a Scottish addendum, that it is 'highly advantageous'; admit, with an Irish grumble, that there's nothing else; add the cheerful Australian expression 'good enough' — and you get the idea.

At any rate, the new union is symbolized and embodied in the monarchy alone. Legislative union, economic union, judicial union, military union — all these are gone. But the monarchy, so easily explained away at home as a constitutional nullity by Walter Bagehot and abroad as a rubber stamp by Goldwin Smith — this has become the central fact, the real effective bond of the Empire. What if the band plays 'The Stem of South Africa' in Pretoria and 'O Canada' in Ottawa? It still plays 'God Save the King' in both. What if four-color flags fly over Johannesburg, and Kangaroos over Canberra, and Maple Leafs over Ottawa? The Union Jack floats beside every one of them.

This new sense of unity under our monarchy has come over us in the Empire like a new wave of consciousness. It palpitates in the common thought of the common people, as at once our destiny and our salvation. They have no time for the professorial argument about neutrality, a monkey on a stick, lifeless: they seize by instinct the larger fact.

This is for us in Canada the real significance of the hoped-for visit of the King and Queen. It is the new inauguration of the British monarchy in the hearts of the people. The past is gone. Its mistakes are forgotten. This is the beginning of the future.

So we want the King and Queen to come, not just the King — King and Queen both, because 'King and Queen' spell princesses, and princesses spell the long fairy tale of the future. We want the King and Queen to see what a wonderful place Canada is — full of water power, and quintuplets, and the best wheat they ever tasted. We are like children with treasures to show. They must see it all, — from the apples of the Annapolis Valley to the giant trees of Vancouver, — because now it's as much theirs as ours.

All this is not because we are 'loyal' — that old word went out with Queen Victoria. We just 'belong.'

'WHAT CAN WE BELIEVE?'

A Letter from a Mother

ANONYMOUS

[THIS Letter was written by a mother to three close friends of her son, a young law student who disappeared from his rooms in the winter of 1937. Three months later his body was found in a near-by river, but the mystery of his death has never been solved.—THE EDITORS]

DEAR FRIENDS OF MY SON: —

From our pitifully narrow human viewpoint, it is really impossible to see how an event may fit rationally into a majestic scheme of cosmic destiny.

I place these words at the beginning of my letter because I want them to be in your thoughts throughout anything I may write.

I have been able to talk to you of the circumstances of Bill's disappearance, the long search for him, and the finding of his body, and to tell you, although inadequately, a little of what your sympathy means to me. I failed to respond to the other questions so disturbing to you, not because of unwillingness or because of my inability to conceive and formulate replies to your 'What can we believe now?' — 'Why should this happen to him?' — 'How do you bear it?' but because I knew that my surface calm would break and I should add to your distress by the sight of my tears. As all maimed creatures do, I try to hide my wounds as best I may. The sight of my suffering could but strike pain deeper into your hearts, and my tears but add their weight to the weight of your sorrow.

As I write, some lines from a century-old poem are saying themselves over in my mind: —

Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O, it did not burn!
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
'Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn.'

Since I cannot speak without tears of the feelings that lie so aching within me, I shall try to write. I choke back my tears even when alone, for I would not have them dim the light that Bill left burning in my heart, nor would I have them dim any lamp he may have lighted in yours. I have not forgotten that one of you wrote of him, 'Happiness shone in him like a light, and, after knowing him, I found that I had a spark of it glowing in me.'

You must realize, of course, that I am wholly unable to answer your questions. They are my questions, too. When my heart was twisted and torn by the shock of loss, the months of agonizing fruitless search, the torturing, long-drawn-out uncertainty, and at the last by the finality of death, my anguish was complete. You suffered, too, and I think your realization of our common need made you come to me with your questions. You want my personal response, the answers

I myself have found, which, though they may be lacking in wisdom, are rooted in the event we are trying to understand.

You ask, 'What can we believe now?' Although our tragedy has come to us in a manner so startling, so sudden, so heartbreaking, and so apparently irreconcilable with any plan for good, it may be that not the plan but our understanding is at fault. Realizing, as we must, how impossible it is for us to do more than glimpse a minute part of the majestic scheme, shall we, because of our narrow view, say there is no plan? I agree with Arthur Balfour that 'excesses of unbelief may be as extravagant as those of belief. To eliminate the spiritual is not only hazardous but absurd.'

My reason accepts as possible the teachings of my church, and also accepts as equally possible all the creeds and philosophies that give strength and high purpose to life. All are true and none is true. Each, bearing as it does the mark of the limiting human viewpoint, is a result of the glimpse someone has had of the majestic scheme — a scheme that in its beauty and grandeur is humanly incomprehensible because of the infinity of its scope and purpose.

I find it strange to realize what small happenings, what vague thoughts and fancies, may account for an inclination one has toward certain philosophies. I do not place undue importance upon the incidents I am about to relate, but I cannot discount their value as awakeners of the imagination.

When Bill was a baby of a few months, one morning as I leaned to lift him from his bed I was startled by a sensation of delighted recognition. I felt that someone whom I had long known and loved had come to me in an amusing disguise and was laughing at himself and me. So strong was the feeling that I found myself saying aloud, 'So, it is you!' Although I dismissed the experience as fanciful nonsense, the impression was a vivid one and I never forgot it. Later, when Bill was a child of three years or a

little more, he had been sitting in quiet contemplation, as children often do; at last he said, 'Before I came here, I chose you and Father. I saw you walking on the street and I chose you.' Merely a childish fancy — yes, but it suggested a connection with the earlier experience and I thought, 'Perhaps some of us do choose those among whom we are to learn life's lessons.' As my imagination played with ideas suggested by the incidents, I began to feel with Wordsworth, that

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

It is because of these things, perhaps, that most reasonable to me is the theory holding that each of us is an immortal soul in process of growth; that the soul's experience does not begin with its birth here, but is a continuation of spiritual growth that has been going on in other worlds than this or maybe in recurring earth lives; that the relation of the body to the soul is one of a temporarily useful tool, and that the body, with its attributes of intellect and emotion, is an instrument by whose means the soul gathers something needed for its growth and development.

When I look about me and see the inequalities of endowment, of opportunity and desire, I think of the seemingly unjust differences in circumstances as conditions necessary, perhaps, for spiritual growth. If it should be true that souls do come to this earth in varying stages of development, some mere seeds carrying bare possibilities of growth, others beginning to show a slight quickening, still others more developed, and on in an ascending scale to those souls who, after many lifetimes of experience, come among us almost full-grown, almost God-like in their love and understanding — conditions would indeed have to be infinitely varied to meet the individual needs.

Such a theory of spiritual growth ap-

parently would offer solution of many mysteries. However, my feeling that the theory is a reasonable one does not assume the proportions of a belief, and so, for me, it dissolves into vain imagining. And such imagining is no answer to your question, 'What can we believe now?' But I have no other answer, nor have I found an answer to 'Why should this happen to him?'

I am not comforted by being told that Bill was spared much. He did not want to be spared. He had strength and courage. He longed to walk the common road and share the common burden. A keen mind, a healthy body, and an understanding heart marked him as fitted for life, and I cannot see why life's doors, opening before him, should be shut so suddenly and with such a sharp, echoing clang. His twenty-one years did not give him time to do the worth-while things he planned. But we know he fulfilled one ambition.

Perhaps you have seen, under the glass on his desk, the part of a poem he clipped from a newspaper — I do not know who wrote it, but remember asking Bill why he kept it there, and he said, 'Because that is the kind of man I'd like to be.' These are the lines: —

Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sat an equal guest at every board,
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume, for still himself he bore
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger — there he left a friend.

Bill himself probably never knew that he attained the qualities of his desire. He did not know how many lives his life had touched — how many warm friends his simple loving-kindness won.

Sometimes, as I allow imagination to follow the shadow structures of theory, I try, though vainly, to see how it might be possible for even the violent deaths of such eager, happy ones as Bill to be a blessed and not a cursed part of the brief experience here. I try to see the apparently unjustifiable fate as offering, in some mysterious way, an opportunity

for growth exceeding any opportunity that life continued here or death in gentler form could give.

However, the theories I have touched upon are but shadow structures in my mind. They cannot bear the weight of a broken heart. They are useful only as outlines for thoughts to follow — outlines to be filled in or erased when the vision clears and widens. No, I cannot see why death should come to him and in such a form. I see no reasonableness in it — but *from our pitifully narrow human viewpoint it is really impossible to see how an event may fit rationally into a majestic scheme of cosmic destiny.*

You have asked of me, 'How do you bear it?' I give my answer hesitantly. I fear that what I would have you see can be seen, perhaps, only through experience, and may be more obscured by words than made clear by them. Any attempt to take you, slow step by slow step, over the path I have trod would be futile, but I shall try to tell you what I found along the way.

Shadowy theories and poor, tentative beliefs were powerless to sustain me. My heart cried out for knowledge. Most desperately I needed to know that *God is*. I needed to be sure of His love and infinite care. When I saw the unshaken faith with which Bill's father faced the news of the disappearance, sight of that faith gave me strength to hide the dark nothingness that lay in faith's place within me.

As we prepared to leave for — amid the confusion of messages received and sent, the coming and going of friends, and the demands of the reporters, unbearable pain was rising within me. Gradually I became aware of a calm within the swirling agony, a quiet such as may be at the centre of a storm, and Bill seemed to be there saying gently, 'I'm all right, Mother, I'm all right.'

At last we boarded the train. The dead November landscape unrolled in endless dreariness, and the hundreds of miles we traveled were as thousands. A

number of the passengers inevitably became aware of our connection with the newspaper story spread before them. A young woman, with tears for our suffering, spoke words of hope, and a Sister of Mercy said, 'I shall pray for him.' Then on a strange level of consciousness I heard Bill's voice saying, 'See, Mother, see.'

We have all smiled at the eager 'See, oh, see' with which Bill always pointed out the beauty that he continually discovered — beauty he found everywhere, but most of all in human hearts. You may know with what eagerness he spoke those words when he brought you to me — each a happy discovery he wanted to share.

It must be that shock and intensity of anxiety sharpen the ordinary powers of perception, producing a condition of acute awareness, for the character and motives of each of the many whom we met during the months of the search were vividly clear to me. But the words, 'See, Mother, see,' continued to echo in my consciousness, bidding me to look ever more deeply.

I heard them when we arrived at the office of the university and a woman's kind hands poured for each of us a cup of tea — a cup of tea that I knew was a cup of wordless sympathy. I heard them when I saw that the men there, who in a measure shared our responsibility toward Bill, were such men as we hoped to find them — such men as Bill had believed them to be; when we saw them considerate and kind, thoughtful for us in countless ways, putting aside their own crowding affairs to concern themselves with the search that meant everything to us. And I heard the words again when the wives of two of these men came to us and I, looking into their pitying hearts, felt that I must not let them see my own horribly broken one, must not shadow by fear the thoughts they had of a happy future with their sons.

And, somehow unexpectedly, the echo-

ing 'See, oh, see' sounded very clearly within me when I talked to Mr. Hoover at his office in Washington. I found him a man wise and strong, undismayed and unhardened by the daily contact with crime and its attendant sorrow and suffering. I discovered that his qualities so inimical to the criminal — his cleverness, his understanding, the sure, swift, almost fluid action of his mind and body — were qualities he used often and with supreme gentleness to help the innocent. I saw the faces of the men who work with him light with pride and affection at the mention of his name.

Whenever sympathy and kindness were shown, the words would ring in my heart. I heard them many, many times during the long, weary search. I heard them, too, at the last — when the search was ended and there was no longer anything to hope for or anything to fear. It seemed that all the world was trying to comfort us and to share with us whatever solace it had found.

'Poor human beings,' I thought, 'so powerless, but so kind; binding up the brokenhearted with fibres from their own hearts.' And I felt my heart break again for all of our weak, pitiful efforts to help one another. Surely no loving God could plan such a world!

As though in answer to the thought, there came, when most needed, the letter that brought to me the words I have placed at the beginning of this one to you. The non-understandableness of the majestic scheme was not offered to me as a new thought, but, phrased anew, was sent to comfort me in my despair. Its expression of a serene acceptance of the human limitation calmed me, quieted the restless striving of my mind. Then, in a realm beyond consciousness, I was aware that I had looked into many hearts, great and lowly, wise and simple, but had failed to see what was pointed out to me. When I looked upon the loving-kindness there, I mistook the sign for the thing signified. I had not understood that kindness and love are bright

signals that the soul gives to show God's presence in the heart — as the vessel in harbor flies a pennant when the owner is aboard.

What a difference in my feeling when at last I understood the purpose of the persistent 'See, Mother, see,' and I, too, found God in human hearts — where Bill had found Him! He had not called the beauty that he found there 'God' — perhaps he had not known its name — though in eager wonder he had loved the radiance that God's presence made.

All through the months of sorrow I had treasured, one by one, the gifts of sympathy. Now, as I looked within my heart, I saw that all the thoughts and flowers and prayers and words were shining lights set row on row upon an altar wide and high. In wonder like his own, I knelt beside my son, and there beneath the cross I saw his love illumine Christ for me.

Now when terror holds me and I, in seeming, hear the cries Bill uttered in the night, I wonder still why God did not answer them and keep him here with us — but I kneel again before the cross and know that Bill is safe within its light.

Because it is our nature, we shall forever question God's purpose and His plan, but I no more shall doubt His being or His love. Until my own experience, any account of 'finding God' was distasteful and unreal to me, and, although God is now the deepest reality of my existence, I remember that it has not always been so and doubt that words

so poorly chosen as mine can have any meaning for you unless you, too, have found Him. He is *everywhere*, they say — but I have seen His dearest dwelling place, and, when I am frightened by the things I do not understand, I see the pennants flying there and *know* — *God is!*

If my words should have any meaning for you, you will understand how it is I can bear it at all — the sorrow that you share with me; and you will know, too, that

My lifted eyes no tear must shed.
No grief, no mourning should there be
For one whose happy feet run on ahead,
Whose eager voice cries 'See!'

Let us not make of Bill a stranger because of his strange death. Let us hold not Death but Life in our memories — making of our thoughts a memorial to the qualities that endeared him to us. Let us remember his quick sense of fun and his enjoyment of all the simple familiar things of every day.

When, to express his feeling for Bill, Mr. — established in his school the scholarship he named for Bill, he said, 'It is the purpose of this scholarship to keep alive his joyous spirit that blessed the world wherever he touched it.' Can we not make of our thoughts another memorial to Bill's happy life, and so erase from our minds some of the horror of his tragic death?

Your sympathy and your love for him have helped me bear his loss.

BILL'S MOTHER

BRACE UP, AMERICA!

BY WENDELL L. WILLKIE

FROM the way the reformers handle the word 'profit,' one might conclude that there was something wrong about it. Fortunately the dictionary confirms our suspicion that the word signifies a *desirable* condition. It is defined as 'any accession or increase of good from labor or exertion, comprehending the acquisition of anything valuable, intellectual or corporeal, temporal or spiritual.'

In this fundamental sense, the word 'profit' applies as much to the birth of a baby as to a pay envelope at the end of the week. It is the hope of youth and the reward of age. It is the mainspring of all human activity and the dynamic force behind the progress of all civilization. We work for a greater good, both for ourselves and for others, and the function of an organized state is to encourage that ambition.

Within the past several years, various official spokesmen have belittled both the desirability and the possibility of profits. We have been told that the frontiers are gone and that there are few opportunities as compared with the old days. We have been advised that security is more important than profit. And this intellectual disdain of profit making has been supplemented by legislation which renders it exceedingly difficult.

Some of the leaders in this campaign honestly believe that American industry has expanded too greatly, and that further expansion should be retarded; some of them are motivated by a desire to punish industry for the abuses of the past;

some of them, in their zeal for reform, fail to realize that, while a strait jacket will keep a man out of trouble, it is not a suitable garment in which to work.

Whatever the motive, the result of these efforts is all too apparent; after six years of strict regulation and taxation of industry, we have as many people unemployed as at the beginning of the period. That is the grim and inescapable fact. The reluctance of business men to accept wholeheartedly the reformer's point of view is not a result of any lack of humanitarianism. The intelligent among them are as anxious as the political reformer to see wages at a high level, to enhance the security of the aged and unemployed, and to maintain honest markets for securities and commodities. Such men, however, ask in all sincerity how these desirable conditions can be achieved without impairing the industrial system that pays the wages, employs the workers, manufactures the products, and utilizes the investment.

When industry has a chance to make profits, it expands and employs more men; when it is unprofitable, it reduces employment and curtails its operations. Fortunately, with a little will — even a little *good-will* — we can remove all of those artificial barriers to profit making without too much difficulty; and we can do this without upsetting any of the economic reforms of the past few years.

Three conditions are primarily responsible for the extraordinary economic

achievements of the American people. We were, of course, lucky in coming to a land where the natural resources were abundant. We were even luckier to come to it at such a time and under such circumstances that it could be developed as a whole, before it was chopped up into small competing territories as in Europe. This meant that we were not only rich in raw materials, but blessed with the greatest free-trade area in the world. We could ship our goods from one coast of the continent to the other without ever paying a tariff or passing a customs inspection.

To these physical conditions our forefathers added what might be called a spiritual one: a faith in individual initiative and free enterprise. When our forefathers said 'freedom,' they did not mean simply freedom of speech, freedom of press, or freedom of religion. They meant economic freedom as well. They were strong believers in the desirability of encouraging business enterprise.

This item of economic freedom has not loomed sufficiently large in the dossier on liberty maintained by the professional apostles. Tainted, perhaps, with that slight social inferiority which, as mentioned, seems to attach to the word 'profits,' economic freedom has less standing than its intellectual and moral counterparts. This, however, is an invalid discrimination. In the end, all forms of freedom stand or fall together. You cannot have freedom of religion without freedom of speech — or vice versa. You cannot have either one of them without free business enterprise. For the alternative, a planned economy, calls for rigid control of prices and production; and this control in turn leads to the suppression of civil freedom.

Presumably our forefathers were aware of this interdependence of liberties. Certainly they seemed to recognize the necessity of encouraging economic enterprise for the sake of popular welfare. The results have been extraordinary, although the statistics are so worn by

use that they have lost the stamp of their significance. To-day we have 6 per cent of the world's area and 7 per cent of its population, but more than 45 per cent of its wealth. We can summarize our economic achievement, without going into detail, by stating that we have the highest real wages, the shortest working hours, and the greatest percentage of home ownership on earth.

I believe that this achievement was possible only because men in America were encouraged to take risks; the entrepreneur was given a chance to profit; the inventor and the investor alike were willing to assume the hazard of loss because they were not denied the chance of gain. Industry went to work in an atmosphere as brisk and stimulating as a New England autumn.

To-day the atmosphere is spiritless. The Secretary of the Treasury recently epitomized it when he spoke of the 'What's the use?' attitude of business men — not the big business men alone, but the small ones as well: the shopkeeper, the local mill owner, the man with fifty shares of stock carefully diversified among five companies. And the cause of this melancholia in a naturally spirited people is found in those legislative policies that discourage the use of private capital for the development of industry and prevent the reëmployment of millions looking for jobs.

These policies are principally as follows: (1) government spending on an enormous scale; (2) wage fixing and payroll taxing which increase the costs of employment; (3) personal and corporate taxes which penalize investment and expansion; (4) capricious interference with industry by regulatory commissions.

I

The theory that the government can spend its way into prosperity has two evil consequences. Of these two evils the lesser is the better-known — the unbalanced budget. In the past ten years our total

government deficit has mounted to over 27 billion dollars. The figures are so large that, like the sky overhead, they make no particular impression as to size. The deficit for the fiscal year will be nearly four billion dollars, and the estimated deficit in 1940 is only slightly less than that figure.

Most of us, of course, do not know what national bankruptcy means; we have a sturdy faith in the American dollar and we cannot imagine its ever being used for wallpaper, like the old German mark; but we are vaguely uneasy when we contemplate the prolongation of this deficit policy. At all events, we are beginning to realize that deficits mean high taxes which somebody — either we or our children — will have to pay.

But the deficit itself is not the worst feature of the government's spending policy. The worst feature is the fact that government spending drives private capital out of industry and prevents exactly the kind of investment which recovery demands — namely, voluntary spending *for productive purposes* by the people who have money to invest. As in Gresham's law — 'bad money drives out good money' — these huge indiscriminate government expenditures, many of them in direct competition with business, have scared private investment into hiding.

One of the leading advocates of government spending is Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. He has attempted to assure the private investor (although he should know better — and perhaps he does) that the extent of government spending is no cause for alarm because it has merely taken the place of private spending, and the total debt, public and private, is no larger to-day than in 1929. It is just because government spending *has* taken the place of private spending, however, that there is reason for alarm.

As Senator Byrd has ably pointed out, there is a very great difference between

the public debt and the private debt. The public debt is created by the government and not directly by the people who pay it. The private debt, on the other hand, is voluntarily created by people who expect to pay off the debt. The public debt is created primarily for nonproductive purposes — relief payments, military expenditures, civic projects, and so forth. But the private debt is created for purposes of industrial production — chiefly for the production of durable goods, which represent the most conspicuously retarded of our country's industries.

The private debt has declined each year of the depression, since 1930, and the total decline amounts to 11½ billion dollars. The federal debt, on the other hand, has increased each year of this period, and the total increase amounts to 22 billion dollars.

Now some of this government money was constructively used. It helped to stimulate retail business activities; it built some very useful public works; it helped to restore the morale of the young unemployed through the work done by the Civilian Conservation Corps. But this type of spending tends to be wasteful and unproductive because the government does not have to get a return on its money; it does not have to consider the economic soundness of its projects; unlike private capital, it does not face the imperative necessity of earning its way. Moreover, government property does not pay a tax; and to make up for this exemption the tax on private property must be increased. Since the government through the TVA has purchased the Tennessee Electric Power Company, for example, the state and municipalities of Tennessee will lose \$3,500,000 in taxes which can be recovered only by increasing the taxes on the citizens and their business.

But any theoretical argument as to government spending versus private spending should be largely unnecessary, since the failure of government spending

is only too obvious. Government spending has not provided jobs for the 10,000,000 unemployed. It has failed to increase the national income to a point where budget balancing is possible. It has failed to stimulate the industries producing durable goods. It has undermined financial confidence, doubled the public debt, and enormously increased taxation.

II

Fixing wages and taxing payrolls have increased the costs of employment, and thus reduced the number of those employed.

In this country we have long been rightly proud of the relatively high wages paid to American workers as compared with the workers abroad. There were, of course, plenty of inequities in the situation. There were many sections where sweatshop wages were paid, and many where the employee had no voice whatsoever in determining his working conditions. The present Administration's proposals to improve these conditions met not only with the endorsement of the increasingly strong labor unions, but with that of the general public. Unfortunately, when wage increases are arbitrarily set by law, they may hurt the American laborer instead of helping him.

Wages are paid out of what industry can get for its output. When industry is confidently engaged in the development of new products and the improvement of existing ones, when it has ample capital from private investors to finance its needs, and when there is an active market for its products — then we have a condition which tends to increase wages. If, however, wages are artificially raised — either by government legislation or by union activities — beyond the level which industry can meet out of its current operations, then there is an almost immediate drop in employment, and the total laboring income declines. That is the basic fallacy in the idea that wage increases are automatically desira-

ble because they increase the laborer's purchasing power.

The NRA constitutes the most startling example of the effects of arbitrary methods of handling wages. From March to July, 1933, immediately preceding the NRA, industrial production showed an increase of 69 per cent. Then, under the NRA, hours were shortened and wages were arbitrarily raised. Labor costs enormously increased, and there was a drop in industrial production (from July to December, 1933) of 25 per cent. The Director of Research of the NRA estimates, for example, that by reason of the minimum-wage provisions of the lumber codes about 500,000 Negro workers in the South were on relief in 1934.

That is why the labor unions should not take the benefits of the Wages and Hours Act for granted, but should closely observe its operations.

Very serious disturbances have resulted in Puerto Rico as a result of the enactment of even the minimum-wage standard of 25 cents an hour; it is reported that about 100,000 have been thrown out of employment in the needlework industry alone. To those of us who live on the Atlantic seaboard, 25 cents an hour may seem far too small a wage, but its purchasing power may be adequate in a section of the country like Puerto Rico, where living costs are low. In any event, there is no absolute standard for wages, and where we fix one we run the danger of destroying the job.

Too rigid fixation of hours is similarly dangerous to employment. Hours have been steadily reduced in American industry, without legislation, and the 40-hour week is common. But in France it was decided to establish the 40-hour week by law — and that country has spent the past year trying to escape from the consequences. Industry after industry in France has been made exempt from the 40-hour limit because these industries were lagging far behind their normal productive capacity. When this

happens, fewer men are employed — and it can hardly be comforting to those who lose their jobs to know that those who keep them work a shorter period of time.

The Social Security Act is another law that is in need of revision so that the humanitarian objectives of the Act may be realized without increasing the cost of employment. No one seems to deny that the enormous reserve fund which is being built up under the act is totally unnecessary; and this fund is collected by a tax on payrolls which it is particularly hard for the small business man to meet. There is now a 3 per cent tax on payrolls for unemployment insurance and a 1 per cent tax for old-age insurance. The latter tax will ultimately be increased to 3 per cent, so that the total federal tax will ultimately be 6 per cent. This means that every time an employer hires a man for, let us say, \$100, he must pay \$106 because of the tax. If he raises the wages of the worker, the tax is increased.¹

As Benjamin Anderson, the economist of the Chase National Bank, has pointed out in a recent study of the subject, a tax on payrolls is a tax on employment. Confronted with artificially raised wage levels and with payroll taxes, at a time when profit margins are very small, American business is forced, against its best intentions and desires, to hold employment to a minimum and to reduce it, where possible, by substituting machinery. Now the use of machinery — what we call technological progress — is desirable where it is a logical step in producing things more cheaply and more easily. In that event the low-cost product made possible by the machine presumably finds a larger market, and more men are employed. Where the use of machinery is forced because of artificially raised costs of labor, however, — where

it is merely used to maintain a situation without improving it, — there may be no such satisfactory result.

Of course, American wages are still not high enough. In a number of industries they are far less than profits would justify. But to attempt to raise them without reference to profits is simply to curtail the income of the worker by forcing an increase in unemployment. The American worker — like the investor and the business man — will profit when the profit-making possibilities of business are increased.

III

Because of our present tax program, we are not making full economic use of the earnings of individuals and corporations.

It is not the severity of American taxes which constitutes the principal danger of the tax legislation; it is the *kind of tax* that is imposed. An intelligent revision of taxes could probably produce the same revenue, while at the same time serving as a stimulus to free business enterprise.

Such a revision would be designed to encourage what is called 'venture capital' — money invested not in bonds or savings accounts or gilt-edged securities, *but common stock-money* that is willing to take the risk which new enterprises and expansions require, and which is the principal factor in creating new jobs.

The personal income tax is a perfectly logical and reasonable method of collecting revenue — until it becomes so high that it drives capital out of industry and into tax-exempt securities. The first income tax was levied in 1913, and it proved so pleasant and easy for the tax collector that we have had a riot of state and federal income-tax laws since that time — without regard to the damage they might do to the nation's productive system.

The income tax isn't all: there is also the capital-gains tax. This ingenious device imposes a heavy tax on whatever profit a man makes out of a capital

¹The employee also pays a tax of 1 per cent for old-age benefits, increasing to 3 per cent — which likewise tends to force the wage level up so that this tax will be absorbed by the employer. — AUTHOR

transaction; but if he happens to lose (and more men lose than win), he may deduct only a small portion of his losses from his income.

Now you may say that you are not very much concerned about the man who gets \$10,000 in income and up: he can afford a high tax. And I say: all right, never mind what happens to him; but what happens to the country? Here is the type of man who ought to be providing our industries with venture capital. We need his money to finance the risks of new enterprises. But the capital-gains tax and the excessive income tax prevent us from using that money because it is put into tax-exempt securities or stays in the bank, where its investment is limited.

A very simple three-point program should remedy this situation: we should give the same weight to losses in the capital-gains tax as we give to gains; we should keep the tax on large incomes within productive limits; *and we should impose a tax on state and other government exempt securities.* Indeed, if we are going to tax any investments, it would seem more reasonable to tax the safe ones and exempt those that are ventured for the sake of industry.

The tax on undistributed corporate profits, although it has been modified, is another tax that restricts investment. This is not quite as harmful as the discouragement of personal investment, because corporations cannot take risks as freely as an individual can take them; a corporation, being responsible to its security holders, has to be somewhat more careful. Nevertheless, one of the ways whereby a company expands is by ploughing back a part of its profits. It should be merely common sense to encourage this sort of thing if we are trying to find work for the ten million unemployed; but the tax law imposes a penalty on the corporation that builds a new plant out of earnings. The corporation must pay a tax on all profits not distributed in dividends — in addition to

the corporation income tax. This may not be so hard on large corporations which have already built up their reserves, but it is a severe burden on a small corporation which can't save a dollar for itself without paying a tax on it.

An intelligent tax revision might be the most important economic achievement of our time.

IV

Because of the enormous discretionary power given to government bureaus and commissions, large and small businesses to-day are faced with the almost impossible task of operating under constantly changing rules.

Whenever a law is passed regulating an industry nowadays, a commission is set up to administer it. This means that the rules governing the industry are not fixed by Congress, but by the Commission; they may fluctuate with the Commission's personnel. Thus we have a highly personal form of government — a government of men, instead of a government of laws — in which the favor of a commission chairman determines the conduct of an industry that may be employing several hundred thousand people and be owned by several million stockholders.

For example, it is not the Securities Act which tells a corporation what it must do with respect to the sale of its securities, and it is not the Securities Exchange Act which tells the stock exchanges what they must do with respect to the securities traded in their markets. In both instances one must look, not primarily to the law, but to the Securities and Exchange Commission to find out what the requirements are. And it is not the Wagner Act which can guide a corporation in forming its industrial-relations program. It is the National Labor Relations Board. Likewise, no broadcasting station can read the law governing broadcasting and find out what rules it must observe. It has

to consult with the Federal Communications Commission.

An industry can adapt itself to any reasonable law which sets out the requirements for that industry in black and white. But industry cannot successfully operate under a commission form of government which may change its standards as it wills and dispense its favors in accordance with the economic or social predilections of its members.

Even in the face of a 'spend and spend, tax and tax' policy, the entrepreneur — always a hardy perennial — will continue to go ahead with his ideas on one condition: namely, that the rules are fixed and that he knows them in advance. In the course of a fairly active life — not all of it in the most dignified surroundings — I have played poker in odd corners of this continent with all kinds of people and under all conditions. It doesn't make any difference whether the ante is a penny or a dollar; and it doesn't make any difference what kind of clothes your companions in the game may wear or what language they may use, or even whether or not you might have difficulty at some later date in explaining how you happened to know them — you will play the game as long as the rules are fixed, and you will get out of the game just as soon as somebody starts changing them.

Even those who have been the principal promoters of this bureaucracy recognize these difficulties; but they say that the answer can be found in 'the type of man you appoint.' This is uncomfortably reminiscent of the 'benevolent despotism' theory — namely, that a dictator isn't so bad as long as he is good. Aside from the basic unsoundness of this notion, we must realize that when we give a man such enormous power over industry we automatically incite in him the tendency to use it.

It is probably true that laws regulating modern industry are so complex that administrative commissions have become inevitable; but these commissions

must rule, as Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes recently stated, 'with the recognized responsibility which attaches to judges and with the impartiality and independence which is associated with the judicial office.'

In some instances the laws themselves require too much police work on the part of the commissioners. Because these laws were designed primarily as police measures — namely, to punish industry for past abuses and to forbid certain practices — it is time that they were reconsidered now, not in the light of what bad things they have prevented, but in the light of what good things they have contributed. It is not enough to say of a law that it has eliminated the evils of the nation's hard-bitten and speculative years. From this negative standpoint there is nothing so virtuous as a corpse. The question we need to ask is: has some of this restrictive legislation made industry 'more dead than alive,' or has it helped to revitalize industry and make it more useful?

The Securities Act and the Securities and Exchange Act, for example, have remedied certain abuses in the sale of securities to the public, and in the operation of the stock exchanges. That alone, however, does not justify this legislation. We shall want to know whether it has enabled the stock exchanges to perform their job better. Has it increased the liquidity of the markets where the people must buy or sell their investments? Has it aided the flow of private capital so that industry may have the funds which it needs for expansion?

Unfortunately the unnecessary technical requirements of the Securities Acts have seriously restricted the buying and selling of securities. For this reason a group of outstanding investment bankers and brokers (spokesmen for seventeen stock exchanges representing the whole country) submitted a carefully thought-out proposal this spring for various amendments. It is disturbing to note that the report was lightly rejected

by the Chairman. In a newspaper interview, William O. Douglas stated: 'Throwing things out so that the boys in the Street can have another party isn't going to help recovery.'

The statement hardly seems to be relevant. The objective in modifying the Exchange Act is not to give the boys in the Street 'another party.' The objective is to provide industry with a life-giving flow of capital *whether or not the boys in the Street incidentally enjoy a party as a result*. I emphasize the phrase because, to my mind, it is far better to accept a few imperfections in a financial or industrial enterprise than to create a condition of economic sterility in which vices and virtues alike are dead.

Under the Public Utility Act of 1935 the utilities are now regulated by the Federal Power Commission and the Securities and Exchange Commission, in addition to the regulation already imposed upon them by the State Public Service Commissions. Unquestionably this mass of regulation has prevented the speculative errors of the pre-depression days; but it has also gone so far as to hamper efficient utility management and restrict the normal expansion of utility systems.

V

We do not need to rescind any of the laws regulating industry; but we need to amend them so as to encourage new enterprises which can absorb our idle money and our idle men. Business success is a far more hazardous speculation than most people realize. Even in the very active years between the World War and the depression, less than two thirds of the established American corporations made any money. Less than one third make any money to-day. These are established corporations. Among new business ventures, only one out of ten ever makes any money at all. Among the new industries developed since the war, there are three that have attracted considerable attention: the radio, the

airplane, and air conditioning. All of these represented capital risks. They were ventures. They could not have been developed at all unless men had been willing to take a chance. And it is interesting to note that only two or three companies in these industries have been able to pay any money on the common stock which represents the venture capital put into the enterprise.

A revision of the tax program so as to encourage investment; a reduction in government spending; a modification of the unnecessarily restrictive provisions of our economic legislation — these are the measures upon which business expansion waits. They are not easy measures to undertake — but they become easier as soon as they are undertaken. For example, a revision of the tax program should shortly increase the revenue from taxation; and the expansion of industry should shortly reduce the number who are living on government funds. We have accumulated a tremendous deficit of capital goods, during the depression, and we shall need millions of men and billions of dollars to satisfy these needs.

Moreover, this program does not call upon us to sacrifice any of the moral gains of recent years. We do not have to get rid of the idea of 'truth in securities.' We do not have to abandon any plan for 'social security' for the aged and the unemployed. We do not need to annul our provisions for collective bargaining, or reject the principle of federal supervision over industrial activities.

This is a campaign of revitalization which looks forward rather than back; which is not political in its nature, and should legitimately command the support of Republicans and Democrats, Conservatives and New Dealers, employers and employees. It is a program for the assertion of one of our more neglected liberties — that of free enterprise — with the same vigor as we assert our liberties of speech, of press, and of religious worship.

NORMAN DOUGLAS AND CALABRIA

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

I

To be a classic in one's own lifetime — that seems a fate any writer would envy. In a world of very deciduous best sellers, leaves that vanish on the wind, the writings of Norman Douglas strike one as being evergreens, tough, fitted to survive. As tough, I should say, as their author — now a hale, vigorous man of over seventy who has just reluctantly abandoned mountaineering but is still capable of walking much younger men off their legs.

It is exhilarating to watch Norman Douglas moving with his firm, deliberate stride among a South European crowd, head and shoulders above them, his back as straight and strong as a young pine. Among those men of another climate he looks so completely a Scottish gentleman. (Once, in Sicily, Orioli and I bought some fantastic-colored tam-o'-shanters, and took them back to Florence. We made Douglas put one on. 'What a Scot Norman is!' exclaimed Orioli. By way of proving it, Douglas danced a Highland fling for us. He was then a mere youngster of sixty-five.) But, obvious as the Scotchness is, as he walks alone among Latins the truly impressive thing is his vitality. Here, you feel at once, is a man who has loved life passionately and intensely; and life has repaid him by keeping him vigorous and alive long after most men have abdicated into a régime of gruel and night-caps.

For this and other reasons I don't believe that Norman Douglas is much im-

pressed by being made a world's classic. A little hard cash would be more to the point; or better still, a good deal of it. The world has not been generous to him in those small financial details which tend to make for good feeling between an author and his readers. I will give one example. Recently an edition of at least 100,000 copies of *South Wind* was sold in England; and Douglas himself assured me that he didn't get one cent.

II

Old Calabria is one of the few genuine solid books of travel of this century. The area of old Calabria is roughly the southern and eastern portion of the old kingdom of Naples. So far as the cosmopolitan tourist is concerned, it is as unknown as the Gobi Desert, a no man's land in the midst of civilized Europe. He — the tourist — disappears at Pæstum, half a mile south of the Greek temples, and doesn't reappear until you strike Taormina in Sicily. Otherwise the only strangers you see are disgruntled commercial travelers from north Italy, loud in their disapproval of the region; one or two learned and adventurous Germans; and possibly a reckless Briton coming home from India, who has landed his car at Brindisi and may be met cursing his way over the tortuous mountain passes deep in snow while the lowlands are sweltering.

Calabria is a wild and poverty-stricken land of barren mountains and

devastating intermittent torrents, malaria-haunted swamps and lowlands. Here and there are areas of exuberant fertility, relics which explain the ancient wealth and renown of this province. The torrents are due to that curse of the Mediterranean basin — deforestation and avaricious unintelligent exploitation. Two thousand years ago the trees came down to the sea and the rivers were partially navigable. Now there are huge treeless areas of parched desert desolation. In dry weather the torrent beds, often nearly a mile wide, are a tumultuous desert of torrid white stones and boulders; after a few hours of heavy rain on the mountains they are dangerous raging spates of muddy water. Woe to the man or animal caught in them — there is no escape from certain death.

I shall never forget crossing one of these *fiumare* on a rainy evening by car, south of Reggio. We had gone down to Bova and Pentadatillo, the most southerly points of the Italian mainland. I'd had so many punctures that I was driving on three tires and the rim of the fourth wheel — there was only a rough track across the half mile or more of a torrent bed, and I knew I had to get over at once or be stuck for the night in some ghastly wineshop. The water was just over the tires on the south side; when I managed to bump out on the other side ten minutes later it was already up to the hubs. So rapidly do these *fiumare* rise.

Why go to Calabria? For to the picture I have tried to give must be added the fact that time and again Calabria has been wrecked by appalling earthquakes. Whole towns and villages have been engulfed without a survivor. From the mountain watershed between the Ionian and Tyrrhenian seas you look down on a landscape tortured into fantastic shapes by earthquakes — the only area like it being the mad mountains in the earthquake area south of Lisbon. And then what a record of savage wars,

vile misgovernment, brutal destruction, oppression, brigandage, superstition!

So, once again, why go to Calabria? The answer to that question will be found in Douglas's book. For the scholar this whole region is full of interest and memories. This is Magna Græcia, and on the shores of this beautiful sea rose those powerful and wealthy Greek cities — Sybaris, Croton, Rhegium, Metapontum, Tarentum — where Pythagoras taught and Ibycus was born and Herodotus died. Beyond the names scarcely a trace of them remains; even the very site of Sybaris is in dispute. From the mountains you look down on a great stretch of desolate sea plain, furrowed by the fan-shaped *fiumare*, and know that somewhere down there once stood Sybaris — the wealthy city whose name is still a synonym for extravagant luxury. At Croton, the great rival of Sybaris, one hoary column of the great temple of Hera still stands on the lonely headland. I was told that even now in the spring a procession of white-robed girls and women, garlanded with flowers, goes singing to the shrine of the Madonna, just as all those centuries ago far-off predecessors visited the shrine of Hera.

But Greece is only the bright beginning of the tragical story of Calabria. The free Greek cities were crushed by the grim military power of Rome; and though life returned, it was no longer the same. Yet in the extreme north of the province Horace had his country house, and centuries later, at Squillace in the south, Cassiodorus lived in pious and learned retirement. With the collapse of Rome the province was invaded by Goths and Huns — Alaric died at Cosenza and was buried somewhere in the river bed. Belisarius and Narses warred here, and the province passed to Byzantium. Then came the Normans with their brief brilliant culture; Frederick II, with his Saracen guards and Provençal poets — forerunner of the Renaissance. Then Aragonese and Angevins, and the new intellectual life — Campanella, for in-

stance, was a Calabrian. And in Douglas's book you will find a fascinating chapter on a Calabrian sacred drama, which probably gave Milton many hints for *Paradise Lost*.

The tragedy of the Spanish invasion and dull repressive reign of Spanish viceroys was accompanied by the intellectual repression of the Counter-Reformation. As if that were not enough, there came Bourbon misrule; then the Napoleonic invasion, with a brief period of reasonable government under Murat (the one great road in Calabria was built by his engineers); and then a further epoch of Bourbonism, with its terrible political persecution. Only with Garibaldi was the yoke lifted — and even then absentee landlordism and commercial exploitation continued the destruction of what was once so great a centre of human civilization and natural wealth. Is it any wonder that, in the years just before the World War, Douglas found village after village emptied of its male inhabitants, all emigrants to America? They sent home money and returned with new ideas. Douglas speaks of a village where nearly every man could speak some English. In out-of-the-way wineshops I have talked with men who had worked in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and far-off San Francisco. Outside Castrovillari are numbers of new houses — opulent indeed for that region — built by the 'Americani,' as these returned emigrants are always called. Now that emigration has stopped. What does the future hold for Calabria?

III

Norman Douglas is the ideal guide to this strange tragical country. The union of ripe scholar and hardy adventurer is perhaps not so rare as people think, but it is not common. Ramage and Lenormant have preceded Douglas in Calabria, and Gissing along the coast. But Douglas tops them all. In these days of a multitude of shoddy superficial travel books, how satisfactory it is to find one

that is solid all through! Here is an author of a travel book who speaks the language like a native, who is equally at home with the goatherds and charcoal burners in the mountain recesses, and with men who gather in wineshops and on the city squares, and with the Italian gentleman. Years of reading went to the making of this book, and repeated explorations, often on foot over long distances by rough mountain tracks which have scarcely been visited by any foreigner. There is something particularly attractive in this mingling of wide, often recondite learning with the breath of mountain air and the scent of Calabrian heath, the sound of mountain springs and wide prospects over sea and land.

Douglas's culture is not merely literary, though his knowledge of literature is immense. His mastery of out-of-the-way Italian and Italian-Latin literature is enormous, far beyond anything dreamed of by Burckhardt and Addington Symonds. Walter Pater is a mere amateur in comparison. There is not a professor in the world with Douglas's knowledge of the history and thought and archaeology of South Italy. Conscientious isn't the word for it. In *Old Calabria* there is a chapter about levitating monks. To write that chapter Douglas hunted down and read some fifty baroque biographies, mostly of the seventeenth century, and staggered priests by his knowledge of local saints they had never even heard of! I myself have heard him correct a learned Italian on the finer shades of meaning of Neapolitan dialect.

But that is only a fraction of his knowledge. He says he has forgotten his Russian and modern Greek, by which he means that he no longer talks them as fluently as English. German is a second mother tongue to him. I have heard Frieda Lawrence say: 'You think Norman is witty and amusing in English. You should hear him in German. It is marvelous!' His book about Vorarlberg, the Austrian province in which he spent

much of his childhood, is as much a mine of German lore as *Old Calabria* is of Italian. (The book is called *Together*. I recommend it.) An ex-diplomat will not be ignorant of French; indeed I can myself testify that Douglas is as much a Frenchman among the French as he is an Italian among Italians. He saw the Imperial Russian Ballet before any of us had ever heard of it. He visited the monasteries of Mount Athos long before they became a fashion. He knows the Greek islands and rode through Asia Minor. He has lived in British India and in Africa — *Fountains in the Sand* is a magnificent book on North Africa.

Did I omit to say that he is a classical scholar, and has published a book on the birds and beasts of the Greek Anthology? His book on Capri is a monument of learning, containing among a multitude of good things a spirited and documented defense of Tiberius. Do you know why he first went to Capri, some fifty years ago? To get specimens of the unique blue lizard which is found only on the Faraglioni. (He has written a treatise on the Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden — just by the way, as it were.) He is an expert geologist and botanist — the next time you reread *South Wind* just note the geological and botanical knowledge incidentally displayed. He has a passion for afforestation, and knows enough about it to run any forestry commission. Zoölogy — last year he stayed a few days with me in my cottage on the French Riviera, and almost on arrival asked me if I had seen a genet. The only Genêt I knew was the one who writes for the *New Yorker*; so I said 'No.' It appeared that the genet inhabits the ex-

treme south of France and that Douglas had tramped many miles and talked to many peasants in fruitless efforts to find one. Last week I nearly sent him a cable: 'Come at once to New York have discovered three genets in Central Park.' But, alas, even three live genets would not lure this hater of seas and modernity across the Atlantic.

Norman Douglas is a man of strong character and even stronger prejudices. He is the last of the polished individualists. As a man and as a writer he has gone his own way, contemptuous of majorities and fashions and the literary and social world. He has acquired immense knowledge because knowing is a pleasure to him. He has always written about what interested him, and not what the pundits or the public demanded of him. He is one of the few truly masculine writers; there are muscle and sinew in his prose. A mountain of a writer, who will not budge an inch for a wilderness of Mohammeds — with the result that the Mohammed of the public is moving slowly towards him. This publication in *The World's Classics* is one more step. The world will hear more about Norman Douglas, unless all interest in literature is swamped in barbarism. . . .

I forgot to say that he is an excellent pianist, a pupil of Rubinstein; and that he could write a book on the wines of Italy. I wish he would. But I have given up hinting to him that we should like another book from him. The reply is invariable: 'Not for the wealth of Cræsus!' And after all, why should he write another line? He has done more than enough for fame. As for money, a mean world has got its answer.

DO NOT PITY THE YOUNG

BY JOHN HOLMES

Do not pity the young
Who say the times are wrong,
But let them live alone
To starve or wait or die.
Let them crowd against the stone
As they have always done,
And no one hear their cry.
Or almost no one; almost die.
The wind not under the wall,
The cold not biting bone,
Is luck enough to befall
The neighbors' son and my son.
More they could not need,
Being ours and Adam's breed.
Do not pity the young.
Look, if the day allows,
At light upon their brows.
Salute them passing us by,
The quick, the strict, the strong,
Who will never wait, or die.
Sooner than we can say
The young will have their way,
And have us, too; and be told
That none who live to be old
Have time to pity the young.

FROM THE DUCK POND TO THE CAROUSEL

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

PLAYING a phonograph record of a windy morning
you gay you imitation summer

let's see you slice up the Park
in green from the lake drawn bright in silver salt
while the little girl playing (in iodine and pink)
tosses her crumbs and they all rise to catch
lifting up their white and saying Quack.

O you pastoral lighting what are you getting away with?
Wound-up lovers fidgeting balloons and a popsicle man
running up the road on the first day of spring.
And the baby carriages whose nurses with flat heels
(for sufferance is the badge of all their tribe)
watch beacons on the grass. You strenuous baby
rushing up to the wooden horses
with their stiff necks, stiff eyes,
and all their music!

Fountains! sheepfolds! merry-go-round!
The seal that barking slips Pacifics dark-
diving into his well until up! with a fish!
The tiglon resembling his Siberian sire,
ice cream and terraces and twelve o'clock.
O mister with the attractive moustache,
How does it happen to be you?
Mademoiselle in cinnamon zoo,
Hello, hello.

SPRING SONG: 1939

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

Up from the roots of hate the sap is flowing:

Fear is flowing up from the wintry roots.

(Is it an empty tomb in the midst of the garden?)

Fed from a hidden ferment, the testy shoots

Of wrath, the dragons' teeth of the autumn sowing,

Pierce the mulch of palaver that masks the incipient fruits.

(Is it the gardener walking at dawn in the garden?)

Up from the clammy sod the blossom trembles:

Fear is nursing the poison-buds of despair.

(Is it an empty tomb in the midst of the garden?)

Stench of betrayal, blatant, sickens the air,

Burgeon and breath impure, that nothing dissembles.

Bull-briar, creeper, thorn, and strangle-vine, everywhere.

(Is it the gardener walking at dawn in the garden?)

O Risen Christ,

By the power of Thine empty tomb,

We beseech Thee,

Out of this death bring life,

Out of this jungle-promise, philtres of love,

And simples of healing, and garlands.

I HAD A BABY, TOO

A Symposium

[IN the April *Atlantic* Mrs. Lenore Pelham Friedrich described with admirable candor those factors which made child-bearing more of a burden than she felt it had any right to be — the hospital fee and the doctor's charges, which together she placed at \$700, the stupefaction of the anæsthesia, the rigid routine of the hospital, and in general the effort to overdramatize a perfectly normal function. In her article, 'I Had a Baby,' she went on to tell of the arrangements she perfected in Switzerland to have her fourth child without anæsthetics and without fuss. The answers to Mrs. Friedrich have been both firm and friendly. We are delighted to present such an interesting cross-section of *Atlantic* opinion. — THE EDITORS]

I

She had a baby!

To qualify myself as an expert witness — I have had eight babies; all are living, strong and healthy. Generalizing from one's individual experience is always dangerous, but at least I have had twice as much as Mrs. Friedrich.

First, as to expense. I went to a hospital for each baby — three in fairly large cities, five in very small towns. It never cost much more than a hundred dollars for both doctor and hospital charges. I didn't always have a private room; if I did, it was because no one else happened to come in for the other bed or beds at the same time. I was always comfortable, always had adequate care.

Perhaps because I knew the charges were reasonable I was not on the lookout for small flaws in service which would have been major irritations if I had been paying a great deal. Mrs. Friedrich refers to 'millions of women who have babies in their own beds cheerfully and cheaply.' Unless there is another adult woman in the family to care for the mother and baby (and there seldom is nowadays), or the public maternity services are called upon, it costs as much to have a baby at home as in the hospital. If there are other children, the mother cannot have the peace and rest she needs.

It never occurred to me, certainly, to reduce the cost of a baby by a trip to Europe for its arrival! The scheme has a wild originality that almost endears it to me. I am irresistibly reminded, however, of an aunt who, spring and fall, went to New York to buy her clothes. Things were *so* much cheaper in New York than in Cleveland, she would tell you. Of course, she had to stay at a hotel for two or three weeks to have the clothes fitted, and as long as she was there she might as well see the new plays and . . . Auntie wasn't fooling herself, though; whether you voiced your comment or only grinned, she would admit: 'Well, my dear, I *like* to come to New York.'

The European aura is only one of several variable factors that seriously damage the scientific value of Mrs. Friedrich's experiment in childbirth without anæsthesia. After all, if you change five or six of the component parts of an

experiment, it just isn't the same experiment. If she wanted to determine the cosmic liberation of a delivery with complete consciousness, and declare its healing values to the world, she should have arranged all the other elements of the situation to correspond with previous occasions. Otherwise the impartial reader feels obliged to assign some credit for soul stimulation to the charms of Switzerland, lower cost for hospital and doctor, and other differences.

When my first baby was born, I gave myself the anæsthetic. It was in a copper company's hospital on the Mexican border, in Arizona. There was one doctor, and one nurse to assist him. They gave me the ether cone and I held it to my face. When I got drowsy my hand would fall away; when pain grew stronger again it would rouse me to bring the cone back. I was aware of all that was going on, but dreamy, not in unbearable pain. In the other cases the doctors' methods have varied, but I have never been in complete unconsciousness (for childbirth) for more than half an hour. It is true that most of these births were some years earlier than those of Mrs. Friedrich's children, but doctors and nurses of my acquaintance tell me that to 'recover hours later,' or to have a child born at noon and the next morning just be able to grasp the fact that it is over, indicates the use of an amount of anæsthetic most extraordinary in any normal case.

Isn't it possible that the author in these details is — shall we say — heightening her effects?

Now, at long last, let me testify as to the complete experience of childbirth without anæsthesia, for I have had that too. I didn't intend to, and had no time to dramatize myself or get cosmic about it. The doctor and nurse hadn't believed my statement that I had babies in practically no time at all, so I was attended by one badly scared student nurse. Her one idea was to delay proceedings until someone else could take responsibility.

My mind was far from exhilaration, free from any realization of the elemental character of our moment. I had to be matter-of-fact, to steady her, to reassure her with definite reminders of how very little she needed to do, after all, to make the baby safe until the doctor finally came. We got through quite successfully.

I am afraid I proclaim myself sister to the clod when I declare that I respected myself no more, felt myself no more a complete personality after that than after any birth when I had joyfully accepted any relief the doctor decreed.

We hardly need experiment personally to find out about unalleviated childbirth. Medical history tells us more than I can read without a shudder about childbirth in the days before anæsthetics. It is comparable to the sufferings of wounded men in the same period. Would anyone propose to-day that men should enlarge and complete their personalities by enduring amputations, or even prosaic settings of broken bones, without the aid of anæsthetics?

Mrs. Friedrich seems to be going back to the ideas of the early opponents of chloroform and ether, who declared that mothers could not feel the same sacred affection for their children born without pain. I hoped we had left far behind this mediæval association of spiritual values with physical mortification.

HELEN H. WHITING

Winchester, Virginia

II

My first child was born in a prosaic Middle Western hospital under the care of a twentieth-century American obstetrician whose methods were as coldly scientific as his eyeglasses. But it was exciting and soul-satisfying, and, unlike the author of a recent *Atlantic* article, I would unhesitatingly repeat the procedure for my fourth.

We were very young and newly married when the knowledge came that we

were to be parents, and we found ourselves elated but a little perplexed and uneasy over the mysterious responsibilities suddenly to be thrust upon us. Wasn't having a baby very expensive? Didn't women suffer horribly, sometimes even die? What about the new anæsthetics of which we had heard? How to proceed? Modern obstetrics answered our questions, and the feeling of tremendous happiness and anticipation with which I am looking forward to the birth of my second child in June speaks for the value of my financial, physical, and spiritual experiences.

Our financial problem was the first to be solved reassuringly for us. My husband and I discussed doctors, and decided — partly, I suppose, because we had not long been out of the fold of indulgent families — that the best was none too good. I went to an obstetrician with a splendid reputation, and naturally expected that his fee would be very high. I found to my joy and astonishment that, like most specialists, obstetricians charge on a percentage-of-income basis. My doctor also explained it another way. With people of restricted income he charges a percentage of the amount spent in the hospital.

'It isn't consistent,' said he, 'to have an expensive room, private day and night nurses for the full time, and all the extra furbelows you can get, and expect the doctor to cut his bill to rock bottom.' I meekly agreed. It would be possible, he went on, to have ample care but the minimum of luxury in the hospital, and he would charge around \$125. This meant a two- or four-bed room, however, and I hesitated. When the time came, I was indulged to the extent of having one of the least expensive private rooms, and private nursing for much longer than was necessary, and the doctor's bill was only slightly above that figure. This fee included everything: at least fifteen office visits, any house visits necessary, innumerable telephone calls (at all hours of the day and

night), complicated laboratory work, delivery, and postnatal care until the baby was six weeks old. We added it up according to the most reasonable rates charged us by doctors for head colds, sprained ankles, and poison ivy, and decided that the obstetrician was, if anything, underpaid. Certainly there was not the faintest suggestion of a 'fee racket.'

Of course fees and hospital rates vary a great deal in different parts of the country. If one lives in the most expensive metropolitan areas, it is possible to obtain equally good care by going to a younger man, an assistant of one's chosen obstetrician, who will charge less because of his comparative lack of experience and reputation. But he will be in constant consultation with the older man if anything unusual develops, and in some cases the so-called 'high-priced specialist' may actually deliver the baby without the patient's knowledge.

Certainly it seems unfair to conclude that obstetricians in this country are any less open-minded and realistic about the money problems of their patients than medical men in other fields. In this community, wives of ministers and doctors receive no bills, and wives of professors at the University are given a reduction of from 33½ to 50 per cent of the regular fee. I wonder if this is not also true in Cambridge, Durham, and Palo Alto? Even if a European specialist were to charge as little as one fourth of the amount we are accustomed to paying, the cost of crossing the ocean to him would, for most of us, defeat the purpose.

One of the reasons we were paying an up-to-date man was that I hoped to be spared pain. Twenty-six years ago, when I was born, my mother endured unnecessary agony for twenty-eight hours in a 'normal delivery' without even a whiff of gas. The psychological effect of this experience was to make her fearful of childbirth for some time, and

undoubtedly had its reflection in my own early doubts on the subject.

I chose, too, to read during the first months of pregnancy Sigrid Undset's superb *Kristin Lavransdatter*, and it took several weeks of rationalization and saying 'There, there!' to myself to appreciate one immortal bit for its literary worth alone. However, when I entered the hospital, after months of expert care and advice, I was calm and confident that everything possible would be done to make the delivery easy and safe. And it was.

Nowadays, with the widespread use of anaesthetics, the usual reaction after the birth of a strong, active baby is 'I'd do it again tomorrow!' This normal, healthy attitude is one to be encouraged, and one for which the less painful deliveries are responsible.

But it seems there are more scientific reasons for the anaesthetics. I was given two: one of the new drugs during hard labor, and a general anaesthetic at the end. Thus there was no question of 'enduring the labor and missing the climax,' for it was mercifully dulled from the first.

The drug administered not only relaxes the body so that the doctor and nature may work together harmoniously, but produces a restful sleep following delivery. Obstetricians have found this an important aid in combating a state of nervous tension that is apt to occur — a tension which too often leads to the dreaded hemorrhage. I found, too, that it really was sleep, and not the usual aftereffect of an anaesthetic. There was no sensation of battling phantoms in a dark, nauseous nightmare until I could finally struggle to consciousness.

The general anaesthetic for the actual birth is given to permit incision and stitches that prevent old-fashioned mutilation. It has been pointed out to me that the delivery of a baby is, under the best modern methods, a surgical process. And if this surgery is performed it reduces the amount of operative 'repair

work' on women in middle life, from 85 to 90 per cent.

I am a firm believer in the premise that the woman of to-day is a cultural, civilized individual, and that there is no reason why I or anyone else should become an animal for a few hours. Animals themselves have a far from easy time in producing their young, and their maternal mortality rate is just as high as that of human beings. We take anaesthetics for operations not because of the pain alone, but because of the shock to our highly developed nervous systems. The birth of a child causes more of a nervous reaction than many an operation, so it is sensible to assume that we will accept the resources of science in this instance as we unerringly do in others. If one feels that one must test a cherished theory, it is indeed wise to throw out the new in favor of the archaic with the fourth instead of the first-born. But it hardly proves the hypothesis.

The most completely personal phase of the whole matter of having a baby is its spiritual significance — and I can say wholeheartedly that mine was an unbelievably rich experience. Dulled and anaesthetized I may have been at the time of the actual birth, but the comfort and peace so obtained were a large contributing factor to my happiness and serenity. I remember only the pleasant things — sunshine pouring golden through the case-room window, and the cheerful smile of an old friend among the nurses, which held me as firmly as her hand. How can I feel that I have lost any strengthening enlightenment when I have no fear of an ordeal — only an abiding faith in the safety of my future and that of my baby?

As I was fortunate enough to have had a short labor and no complications with my first child, I should be perfectly willing, as far as pain is concerned, to have the coming one at home without anaesthetics. But, understanding now to some degree why things are done as they

are in the hospital, I want the security and comfort that knowledge brings me. I know too that, while no anæsthetic given can completely deaden me to the point where I am not conscious of great momentary triumph, my real feeling of spiritual uplift comes when I see my baby for the first time, and realize the miracle that has been wrought.

The actual delivery is a mechanical, inevitable process over which I have not the slightest control. It is during the nine months of pregnancy when I can build for my child's life and future by my own care, and in nursing the baby during the first few months of its life, that I am entitled to feel myself a supreme being, and guardian of another soul. That which I achieve is thrilling, not what I endure involuntarily. Those whose agony has been prolonged and exhausting have, they tell me, little or no thought of the miracle of birth at the time. They are so spent that they are hardly conscious of its climax, or are utterly indifferent to it. It is, again, afterwards when the elation comes. It might be well to concentrate less on the strengthening of will power during labor, and to realize that by submitting to the action of anæsthesia we are conserving our physical powers for more important things to come.

Now, lastly, I realize that hospital routine is disagreeable to most people, and I am no exception. It is an annoyance to endure, as are many of the regulations that community life makes necessary. There must be rules for the greatest good of the greatest number. But the vexation of hospital routine shrinks to infinitesimal importance beside the safety of the delivery room. According to medical authorities, the three main causes of maternal mortality are infection, hemorrhage, and toxemia. Infection is no more prevalent in hospital deliveries than in those that take place in homes. It is probably less, since hospitals receive many of the home cases only after serious infection has started.

No one denies that hemorrhages can be more readily controlled in a hospital, and toxemia absolutely cannot be handled at home. For every emergency the hospital is prepared, with equipment, methods, and personal care that cannot be duplicated in a household. Logically no one would choose to have an appendectomy performed on the kitchen table. Why, then, the delivery of a baby, which is, or should be, a surgical procedure?

The crude home methods which are still practised, the fact that deaths from abortion are included in the United States statistics, and the further fact that more inclusive data are here available for people in all walks of life—these are the factors which, taken together, give the United States an apparently alarming mortality rate from childbirth. This rate is being lowered day by day, through campaigns to educate more and more women to the importance of proper prenatal care and scientific delivery, and the establishment of better-trained personnel and more adequate facilities to provide this care.

Cold, hard facts. But everywhere in this country to-day these facts are being translated into sensitive, mobile realities. Turning back the clock is a nostalgic gesture common to young and old alike, but we should be thankful for the present, and for the fact that we can face the future armed with knowledge of which our ancestors could only dream—thankful that most of the young women of to-day approach their greatest experience with joyous confidence born of this knowledge.

HELEN WALCOTT MCKENZIE

Winnetka, Illinois

III

The wind was bitterly cold for the first of April. After a walk down the street and back we were content to consider that our afternoon airing and go indoors. This meant a whole hour with no spe-

cific chore, so I picked up the April *Atlantic* and settled myself comfortably on the sofa. The two little girls, aged eighteen months and three years, spent the time alternately climbing over me, mauling the cat, and playing nicely together. A glance at the title, 'I Had a Baby,' aroused my curiosity — what could be said on that subject to be of universal interest? Finishing the article, I remarked to my cousin, 'If I could write I'd be tempted to have my say about this baby business' — and my surprise was great when he, a newspaper editor for many years, calmly replied, 'Why don't you?'

To begin with, if any subject is down my alley this should be. I have had many babies, but only two did I carry proudly home from the hospital as my own. The others, however, I had just as literally, for with each moan the mother made I suffered intently, if silently. When we were quite young — nurses in training — we used to shake our heads outside the patient's door and utter the one solemn word — 'Never!' When, however, the patient smiled cheerfully the next day, said there was nothing to it, and even made plans for future additions to the family, we were a little bewildered. We were probably a shade resentful, too, that we were not able to forget the yesterday's anguish so quickly. Soon we learned that this sudden forgetfulness is another of nature's caprices.

Some of the older obstetricians in our Canadian hospital had ideas about the use of an anæsthetic. Their mothers had managed without it and it was not necessary for a normal delivery, and so forth. We nurses did not think of this as an aid to character building, but rather as an unnecessary cruelty. The same type of doctor would allow a patient to spend a restless night in pain because he prescribed a sedative only for extreme pain.

Later, when I was far North at a medical mission, I saw the native women

having their babies silently in the natural, grim way without anæsthesia. They were a stoic people of Anglo-Saxon stock. We used to marvel at their fortitude and tried to explain their difference. Our final conclusion was that their nervous systems were not the same as those of the people we had known. Neither did they ever register any great joy or enthusiasm for the new baby.

In all these anæsthesia-free cases not once do I remember hearing of an after-feeling of ecstasy.

Shortly after my return to the United States I married an American. We were all struggling along at that time, adjusting ourselves to small salaries and creating a new sense of values. We hadn't planned on having a baby so soon. Nevertheless we were greatly pleased, for we both knew that we could wait indefinitely for an opportune time or the financial position to justify our deliberately having a baby.

Next there was the expense problem to consider. Some young women we knew had worked after marriage and used their hard-earned savings having a baby in the grand manner (with a high-priced obstetrician, private room, special nurses, and so forth). The thought of sickness after the baby arrived was too terrifying. No! Our small savings must be reserved for a much greater emergency. One day I happened to read in a newspaper about a clinic which was connected with a small private hospital. It sounded like a fairly attractive proposition. I had always admired this efficient, pleasant hospital, so I carefully clipped out the article and then and there made my decision. Since I am a fairly determined female, no one had the courage to argue the point very much. Every once in a while some relative would murmur, 'I don't like this clinic business.' Thereupon I would point out that this clinic was different from those connected with the large city hospitals, and once more produced my newspaper clipping. With their own eyes they could read the

words: 'For the white-collar class living on small salaries.' There could be no denying we belonged in that category.

Once a month thereafter I went over for an examination and to leave a deposit of five or ten dollars. (The bill was to be paid before entering the hospital.) The house doctor, a Westerner, was competent and inspired confidence, for all his apparent breeziness of manner. And, somehow, even in a clinic he was able to make one feel like an individual. Later I developed edema. The doctor ordered rest in bed, but an unaccountable energy seemed to possess me — a sort of primitive instinct to get everything in readiness that drove me to weird things such as putting up extra shelves in the closet.

Then one day, after examining me, that doctor said I should have to be admitted to the hospital that afternoon. I gasped! 'But to-morrow is Thanksgiving and next Sunday is my husband's birthday!' He grinned and answered, 'Well, come back prepared to stay next Monday.' I am still grateful for his lack of firmness. The following Monday I began to see hospital life from a new slant. For the first time in my life I was the patient.

Doctors and nurses have the reputation of being exacting and none too patient when sick. Being a ward patient, I did not expect all the small comforts and was determined not to fuss. Soon I realized this determination on my part was unnecessary, for there was really nothing to fuss about. The ward consisted of eight cubicles. We could not see or be seen by the other patients, and when the curtain was drawn it was much like a small room. The medical and nursing care was fine, and our trays were exactly the same as those served to semi-private patients. All this, though, was relatively unimportant. The important thing was to leave the hospital in perfect physical condition, with a perfectly well baby and no staggering debts.

Knowing all the stages of labor, from my secondhand experiences, I faced the ordeal ahead of me with great trepidation. Would it be as terrific as it seemed? I firmly resolved not to make loud noises or to be a pest to the doctor and nurses. The details of that long, terrible night have grown dim, but I do remember that not one ray of comfort could I get out of any of the thoughts flashing through my mind. Husband, home, dainty baby clothes — even the thought of the new baby brought no solace. It was just a matter of waiting and watching the clock — asking the nurse over and over, 'What time is it now?' — waiting, waiting for the doctor's next visit and listening intently to his every word. The hours dragged by, and finally the long-awaited words came: 'All right, we can take you in now.' What relief! These efficient people were taking complete charge. I breathed in the gas, thankful to be spared the consciousness of the next hour.

In ten days' time we took our small daughter home. Her daddy proudly carried her, balanced like an egg on his arm. All the time in hospital he had had to content himself with seeing her through the glass window and listening to my daily descriptions. But he could see the wisdom of this strict rule, so he accepted it, as most people do, without much protest. We sometimes spoke of our daughter as 'our bargain baby.' Her total cost had been seventy-five dollars.

When our second child was imminent we did not have to count our pennies quite so carefully. This time we could afford a semi-private room and our own doctor. But a deep sense of gratitude made me cling to the hope of having the same one I had had before. We knew his term as house doctor was about up and wondered if he had decided to go into private practice in our city. One afternoon we drove over to see him and asked our eager question. He was sorry, but he and his wife were leaving for his home

city in Utah. A wistful look came over his face as he said, 'I want to see some worth-while trees. I couldn't stand living so close to city pavements all the time.' He advised me to have his predecessor as house doctor, who was now practising in our neighborhood. We wished each other luck and said our good-byes.

The new doctor took charge and everything went along nicely. This time, however, there was no long night of waiting. My husband had to telephone the doctor, get the car out of a none-too-near garage, and bring a relative to stay with our little girl. The result was a John Gilpin drive to the hospital. Fortunately there was no traffic, and we sneaked through a couple of red lights. The delivery room was soon in a state of busy confusion. My doctor had not arrived. The anæsthetist was about to administer the gas and I knew this was to retard activity until the doctor came. It didn't matter. These efficient people knew what they were doing, and my responsibility was at an end. I regained consciousness to hear the nurse saying cheerfully, 'It's a girl.'

This time the doctor's fee was \$125, which included all prenatal visits and monthly care of the baby for the first six months. I have forgotten the exact amount of the hospital bill, but I know the total cost for doctor and hospital came to less than \$200.

Probably if we had five or six more children I could gradually bring myself to doing something heroic. But our family is complete, and I, for one, am quite well satisfied with the present-day American methods.

SARAH M. PRIVETTE
Brooklyn, New York

IV

I am moved to attempt a refutation of the general impression created by Mrs. Friedrich's article 'I Had a Baby.' It bears out beautifully the accusations

made against the medical profession by governmental publicity within the past two or three years, and gives a damning and totally erroneous impression of the practice of obstetrics in this country as a whole.

The trouble with Mrs. Friedrich and her associates is that they have been buying their obstetrics as they do their cosmetics; they insist upon well-advertised products done up in slick packages — nothing 'inferior' will do. If they get a few cents' worth of product and a lot of package they should not consider themselves cheated; they have been paying for the privilege of having things done 'in the mode.'

Being a very loyal American, in a mild way, it burns me up to have one of our finest magazines spread the mistaken notion that to have a baby in the pleasant and desirable way described by Mrs. Friedrich one must go to Europe. I suggest that in preparation for her next delivery she join a band of tourists and see America first. She would have to go no farther than our own Middle West to find countless places that offer all the advantages she found with such heartfelt satisfaction in Switzerland — except the scenery. Her window might look out upon cornfields here; but a cornfield may be a pleasant sight, especially if there is a hillside covered with shocks of ripe grain, glinting in the sun, behind it.

This is a town of about eight thousand, the county seat. Our people are predominantly rural, of course; most of us are farmers, or people who cater to the farmers in a business or professional way. And this is the way we have our babies: —

While many women are still delivered in their homes, most of those who can afford it go to the hospital. We have a new, well-equipped, small county hospital. The average stay in the hospital for an obstetrical case is ten days. The maximum hospital charge for mother and baby for this time is sixty-five dollars;

if a patient is willing to stay in a four-bed ward the charge is forty-five dollars. This, of course, does not include special nurses. A special nurse is optional with the patient; most obstetrical patients do not have them.

The obstetrician receives a maximum of fifty dollars for an uncomplicated first delivery, a maximum of thirty-five dollars for an uncomplicated multipara. The patient will have advice as to general prenatal care, and numerous blood-pressure readings and urinalyses, careful physical examinations, and the privilege of consulting her obstetrician at any time throughout pregnancy for any special reason. All this is included in his fee; it is not extra. A quotation of such prices would probably confirm Mrs. Friedrich's belief that none of these village doctors could be worth her risking. A word, then, as to who they are. Some of them were trained at our own state university. Others doing obstetrics in this county are graduates of Rush, Northwestern, Philadelphia, Johns Hopkins, and Washington Uni-

versity. Some of them are members of that distinguished body, the American College of Surgeons — and Mrs. Friedrich's own \$250-dollar obstetrician can have no higher scientific rating than this. It is a common but mistaken idea that only men who could not make good in a city ever go to the country to practise. There are various reasons for men's preferring to practise in a rural community. Some come because they like the rural habit of living; others come because it offers a clean, pleasant, wholesome place in which to bring up a family; others, because in a place like this it is a little easier to maintain high professional standards.

I am in sympathy with Mrs. Friedrich's desire to get along without anæsthesia; two of my own three children were born at our local hospital without it. But we have all the accepted types of anæsthesia at hand. We allow judgment and preference to determine such things here, not routine.

FAYE CASHATT LEWIS, M. D.

Webster City, Iowa

(A number of readers were, of course, in partial or complete agreement with Mrs. Friedrich. A statement reaffirming their point of view will be found in the Contributors' Column of this issue. — THE EDITORS)

TWO FOR ONE

BY JULIA DAVIS

I

IT was the Judge who told me the story. You will find it in the court records of Nevada.

The Indians came down to Elko for Christmas, and built their wickiups, their brush shelters, near water a few miles away. Their old dances were gone, the dances which had meaning, the appeal to the thunderbird, the prayer for the buffalo; it was the white man's festival which they must celebrate. Since his coming everything had changed except the face of the eternal desert.

Johnny's parents were not pleased when he went in early with Ibbepah, but they were old-fashioned. Ibbepah, a visitor from a tribe in Utah, had gone to white men's schools, held jobs with them, and knew their ways. He was smart.

The boys walked to town along the track which the white man has laid like a tight band of steel across the desert.

'What shall we do?' asked Johnny.

'Get drunk,' said Ibbepah. He knew all the answers.

In Nevada there is whiskey and there are Indians, and it is against the law to sell one to the other, so Ibbepah did not waste time at the regular stores. He went where he had been before, to a grocery in an unpainted shack near the station, and he bought some bottles of Jamaica ginger.

The storekeeper looked them over with his fat little eyes, seeing two dumb Indian kids, one stocky and self-assured, the other slimmer, with a wild grace

which even blue jeans and a lumberjack coat did not entirely cover. He winked at them.

'My land, you folks are going to have some big puddings!'

'You bet,' said the stocky one. That was Ibbepah. He knew that the storekeeper was just getting himself in the clear.

Jamaica ginger is not whiskey, but it put the sweet fire in their bellies just the same. By the time they turned home after dark their blood ran wild and free, and the stars in the immense sky danced crazily above them. They stumbled along the track, shouting, leaping, waving their arms. They would have called upon their gods, but their gods were dead. It was a night like crystal, crisp and clear, yet without snow.

They had passed beyond the houses into the blackness of the naked hills when they saw the light. All around stretched their desert, savage and silent. That light did not belong there. Johnny and Ibbepah had to find out what it was.

A fire burnt inside a hollow square of railroad ties. They climbed in, and saw a white man lying on the ground asleep. He had only one leg and he was dirty and he had made himself this house. Within these walls he could forget a thousand uninhabited miles, could forget the bare and terrible face of the earth, and the hills where nothing grew. The stars were his roof, and they might have been anywhere. He had built a home against the night.

Johnny picked up something shining on the ground. He saw no sense in the little glass tube with the needle end, so he threw it into the fire.

In Ibbepah's head an idea went round and round. Such men were without a tribe and without friends, but they could be made useful. They would sometimes do an errand for an Indian. They would buy his whiskey for him.

'Wake um up,' said Ibbepah.

Johnny pulled off the ragged overcoat which the man had spread over himself like a blanket, but the man did not stir. Johnny shook him, not gently. The tramp opened his eyes then, and looked into their dark unsmiling faces.

'Indians,' he said, factual, unsurprised.

'You want a quarter?' asked Ibbepah.

'Sure.'

The boys went through their jeans and collected fifty cents.

'You go buy whiskey. Bring here. Quarter for bottle, quarter for you.'

'I got you,' said the man.

He took the money and put it in his pocket, but instead of getting up he rolled over and shut his eyes again. The Indians watched him, unbelieving. They waited as long as the Jamaica ginger would let them wait, then Johnny poked him with his toe.

'So what?' asked the man, wearily.

'You no get whiskey, you give money back.'

With a sigh the man fished in his pocket and handed it out, then he went really to sleep and began snoring. Johnny and Ibbepah looked at him and at each other. What kind of game was this? Was he making fun of them? They would get no whiskey. Each saw the quick red rage spring in the other's eyes. They spoke in their own tongue.

'He is no good,' said Johnny.

'He is a hobo.'

'He has no people.'

'We had better kill him,' said Ibbepah.

He drew his knife and tested the edge,

but it was dull, so he threw it down and took Johnny's. The firelight wavered redly across his face and his bare white teeth. The hobo snored on. Ibbepah sprang.

The man woke up then and fought, but it was too late. Johnny's hands were like steel clamps over his wrists, and his arm broke as he wrenched against them. He twisted his head and the steel pierced his eye. He screamed and his voice was a thin wail in the empty night, and there was not even a coyote to hear and echo him. The knife found his throat.

The warm red blood flowed out more swiftly than the thirsty sand could drink it. The nostrils of the Indians quivered at the sweet forgotten smell and their eyes gleamed. Their arms rose and fell like striking snakes. Nothing restrained them now. When they had finished they tore some ties from the walls which the man had built, piled the fire high, and threw the body on the top. Then they went out. They had no need of shelter from the desert. They were part of it.

Much later they crawled into the wickiup of Johnny's parents, dragging the bloody overcoat. The ginger and the blood lust had gone and left them spent and weak. The old couple listened to the story and said nothing. Ibbepah was an in-law, but Johnny was their only son. The squaw brewed a tea of bitter herbs, and cooked meat, and spread blankets over the boys when they lay down.

They slept heavily, but the father and mother did not sleep. Hunched over the fire, they worked all night with a water-filled gourd to wash the stains from the overcoat. The stubborn blood would not yield. When the sky began to whiten with morning, the father rolled it into a bundle and took it out. He walked a long way through the wide and silent country, and when he thought he had gone far enough he buried it in the implacable hills.

Even among the tribes, blood must pay for blood. The balance must be

even, a chief for a chief, a pony and a sack of flour for a woman. But who can tell what will balance the scale for a white man, for his customs are as strange as his pale eyes. If a secret can be kept, let it be secret.

II

The white men cannot follow a trail or know a country as Indians can, but they have their own signs and they can read them. They live in their own world, and they are at home in it.

It was the smell of burning flesh which led them to the body, and the condition of the corpse made them think of Indians. Someone had seen two Indians drunk and knew their names. One of the knives on the bloodstained sand was marked with the name of a town in Utah. The tribe there made it a point to know nothing, but a child, pleased at being questioned, said it belonged to his uncle.

The sheriff went back to the Shoshones and arrested Ibbepah and Johnny. They were frightened and confessed, for it is no use to fight the white men.

On the day of the trial the tribe came down from the hills. The dusty streets of Elko were bright with the harsh clear colors of the women's dresses, the red and blue shirts of the men. Family after family arrived, the men walking ahead, the women billowing along behind, not hurrying, not talking. They crowded the little courtroom and filled it with their alien smell, like dried sweet grass and smoke.

'I'll need extra men to get 'em out of here,' said the sheriff.

'Let them stay,' said the judge. 'They must understand.'

The tribe sat in rows on the rough wooden benches and watched the trial unblinkingly. The reasons for it were dark to them. A thing had been done and the white men had found it out, and the boys had not tried to deny what was already known. Now the court must spend many days and bring many peo-

ple to say over and over that it was so. The Indians watched this strange and unnecessary procedure.

They watched while someone told about finding the body, and while Ibbepah's nephew identified the knife. He was proud to have been brought all the way from Utah, to have so many people silent while he talked. He could not possibly be mistaken, he said, for his uncle had lent it to him many times.

Johnny sat in the witness stand, more slender than ever after two months in jail, humble, confused, determined not to remember anything.

'Sure, Johnny there all right. He no remember. He drunk.'

Ibbepah could not see the use of denying what the white men knew already. He smiled as he answered the lawyer's questions, for white men like smiles.

The prosecuting attorney roared at the jury, and flung himself dramatically on his back on the floor.

'Here, boy. Here, Ibbepah. Get on me and take the knife and show what you did.'

Ibbepah straddled him, compliant, smiling, and raised the knife. The jury gasped.

'Don't you cut me!' yelled the attorney, pleased with his effect.

'I cut him two times,' said Ibbepah, and laughed.

The Shoshones laughed too, because it seemed a game for children — a game they did not understand and could not play. Only one voice spoke for the boys in the courtroom, Chief Yellow Wolf, of Ibbepah's tribe. Since the judge would allow no one to hurry him, he began with Ibbepah's first drink of whiskey, at the age of ten, and came on gradually.

'When Ibbepah drink he bad,' the Chief kept saying over and over. 'But when he no drink he good. Earn money for sister and kids. If Ibbepah no have whiskey he be good boy.'

It was obvious to the jury that these facts had no bearing on the question in hand.

The trial reached its last day. In their camp beyond the edge of town, where the houses gave way to the familiar desert, the Indians took counsel. They could see that more had been said against the boys than for them. They knew that the justice of the white man falls like the rain, where it pleases. They had dances to persuade the rain, but for this there were no dances. They must do what they could.

III

The judge's wife was baking a cake for the church supper when the three squaws came to see her. There had been a March thaw, so she invited them to sit on the porch. Two took the swing and one overflowed into a rocker, and the heaps of fat under their loose dresses shook softly with the motion as they swayed back and forth. They looked at her steadily with their bright black eyes, and said nothing.

The judge's wife waited, not allowing herself to fidget. She knew very well why they had come. She also knew that it was her duty not to get involved in the cases before her husband, and she made herself still and quiet. She hoped her cake would not be spoiled. She wondered where she could get a belt like the one Johnny's mother wore. In the end she had to break the silence.

'That is a beautiful belt,' she said.

'Is old,' said Johnny's mother, and she took it off.

The judge's wife handled it with interest. She could see that it was indeed old, for the turquoises, of the clearest blue, had been cut and polished in a way the tribe had forgotten. It had been made in the time when their own things had value for them, and it had been made for a great person.

'You keep,' said Johnny's mother.

The judge's wife gave it back hastily, and smiled and shook her head. 'No. But thank you.'

Johnny's mother looked at her searchingly.

'What your man do to Johnny and Ibbepah?'

It was out at last, and she was ready for it.

'My man no say yet.'

The Indian women continued to rock and stare. They were not accepting this.

'My man no say first anyway.'

The women stopped rocking, but did not speak. The judge's wife reminded herself that her husband never let anything frighten him. Indians were not dangerous any more.

'You sabby jury? Twelve men who sit along wall?'

They nodded, slowly. They had noticed the men.

'Those men say first. Then my man he say.'

Still the women waited. The judge's wife felt desperate. She made her voice as final as possible.

'My man has to do as the jury decides.'

The women got up and left. Johnny's mother went first, walking with a free swinging stride, her wide hips swaying her skirt. At the gate she stopped and looked back, a long time. The muscles of her face did not move, but her eyes were alive with grief and despair. The judge's wife shivered, and went back to her cake.

By the time the women reached the courthouse the jury had gone out, but it was back in fifteen minutes, for there could be no doubt about the verdict. In Nevada, the penalty for first-degree murder is death.

Johnny and Ibbepah, their young faces stolid, stood before the judge to hear him say it.

'I regret,' he added at the end, 'that a third person, equally guilty, is not under the jurisdiction of this court — the man who sold these boys the ginger.'

Johnny's mother did not understand that, and it would not have helped her if she had, but she knew what had happened. In the old days the Shoshones did not put their enemies to death with

kindness, but they did it openly. The white men kill behind stone walls, no one knows how. There was one thing left to do, and she and she alone must do it.

She sat staring blindly at the floor long after the boys had been led away, and the courtroom emptied. At last the sheriff touched her shoulder, and told her, gently, to go on home. She went then, to make ready for the thing which was before her.

The men of the tribe did not give up so easily. Now that the play had ended, they thought they would talk to the judge. Six or seven of them went to his office over the bank, and stood in the doorway, a phalanx of bright shirts, straight bodies, dark faces, opposing the things they did not understand with an inscrutability of their own.

The judge got up and pulled out chairs, but they would not sit down. The sheriff, who had watched them cross the street, appeared behind them.

'I don't need you, Jake,' said the judge, and the sheriff left, reluctantly.

Tom the Preacher was spokesman for the Indians, but the ringing phrases he had learned at the mission school, which he strung together in his exhortations, rejoicing in their sonority, did not seem to apply here. In the sincerity of his distress he fell back on the English of his tribe, and began, hesitant, but direct:—

'Why you kill Ibbepah and Johnny?'

'Because they killed the white man,' said the judge.

This was exactly the point the Preacher had come to make.

'No killum white man. Killum hobo.'

'Hoboes must not be killed, either.'

The Preacher paused. If he could not understand why the white men wanted to preserve their hoboes, at least he could accept it as one of their inexplicable ways, but this was only the first part of his case. He would concede a little, but not everything.

'Mebbe so you kill Ibbepah. No kill Johnny. Johnny just hold his hands.'

In the rear Johnny's father nodded grave assent.

'Johnny knew what Ibbepah was doing, so the law says he is guilty too.'

The Indians just stood there, stolid, unbelieving. When the Preacher spoke again there was passion in his voice. Here was more at stake than the lives of two young men. Here were a whole people speaking, always falling back, always giving ground, existing now by favor of the white man, yet clinging to belief in their own value.

'Why you kill two Indians for one white man?'

'It is not because they are Indians, but because they killed him.'

'Hobo not even one whole man. Foot gone already.'

'That does not matter.'

The judge looked from one to the other, trying to make them understand. He saw the harsh lines of pride in their faces, but no comprehension. He remembered a case he had heard about that spring. A Piute girl had been murdered by her Shoshone husband. Her brother had come and caught the husband asleep and tied his feet to one bent sapling and his head to another, and released the trees. The two tribes had held a pow-wow for a week, trying to do justice. Plainly the Shoshones had been the more injured, since a brave is worth more than a girl, but it was agreed at last that the Piutes should make up the difference with the gift of a cow and a gun. Everyone had been satisfied with this equitable settlement. The judge realized that he would have to show how a hobo could be worth more than two strong young men. At last he thought of something.

'You remember last year, at Winnemucca, four white men threw a hobo off a train?'

The Indians conferred among themselves. One of them remembered. That was true. Patient, sure of his justice, the judge held up his fingers to make it plain.

'Four white men kill one hobo; all die,

because all helped. *Two Indians kill one hobo. All die just the same. The law says do not kill. Do not kill anybody.*'

The silence was so long that it brought the sheriff back to the door.

'Mebbe so,' said the Preacher at last. 'Four white men die. Johnny and Ibbepah die. Mebbe so is all right.'

The Indians turned then and went away, and their feet were silent on the dusty stairs. They walked without speaking through the streets of the town and out into the desert, where everything still had a meaning for them.

IV

Next morning Johnny and Ibbepah left for Carson City, where the penitentiary is, and the death cells, and the gas chamber. The sheriff took them by himself, for they were good boys and never gave a bit of trouble, but he handcuffed them together and had his deputies at the station in case the Indians wanted to see them off.

The Shoshones came all right, a patch of glaring color, but very quiet, and the deputies made them stand back from the platform. Johnny and Ibbepah waved their free hands and shouted gayly. Not many in the tribe ever had a chance to ride the trains.

Johnny's mother was there in her best dress, a green-flowered calico on a cerise ground. She had a new blue shawl around her shoulders, and her hair plastered with grease and combed into two smooth braids. It looked funny for her to be dressed up like that, and her boy going away for good. But she did not smile or wave, and her eyes, terrible in their intensity, never left his face.

The train whistled in the distance, and all the Indians quivered slightly, just as all the leaves on a cottonwood shiver when a light breeze passes. Johnny's mother took one hand out of her shawl and put it to her mouth.

'Stand back! Everybody stand back!' shouted the sheriff, and the Indians

were still. There were only six white men on the platform, but they had guns.

Johnny's mother came forward slowly, ignoring everyone as though Johnny were alone at the station, the only person she could see.

'Let her through, boys,' said the sheriff.

She walked on, heavily, steady as fate, head up, until she stood squarely before her son. One hand held her shawl at the throat as if she were cold, and the wind whipped her gay skirts around her solid legs. The train came in sight.

Quickly now she put both hands on Johnny's shoulders, and then one on the back of his head, and pressed her mouth hard against his. Instead of kissing her he began to struggle, striking at her with his free hand and kicking, but she had both hands on his head now, hanging on until the knuckles were white, and his face squashed down on hers. He put his hand against her breast and pushed with all his strength, rearing away from her, and she fell back at last, panting. He spit out the pellet which she had forced between his teeth.

'Keep her away!' he screamed. 'She poison me!'

The train stopped.

'I won't let her hurt you, son,' said the sheriff, soothingly, and he gave the boys a little push up the steps.

The mother clenched her two fists and brought them hard up to her forehead and held them there. Like a heap of old pillows she sank slowly to the platform, and crouched, her face hidden, while the train took Johnny where the white man wanted him to go.

The desert wind blew over her and no one touched her. A jack rabbit jumped out of the sage as the train passed. A hawk, only momentarily frightened by the noise, wheeled back and hung over him. For these wild things life was as it had always been.

What is it to be an Indian? It is to be lost.

FASCISM AND HIGHER EDUCATION

BY RALPH COOPER HUTCHISON

I

THE early Americans were determined that education should be free from political control. Being liberals in the original and true sense of the term, they believed in the integrity of the individual as opposed to the despotism of the state. This integrity or dignity of the individual was, of course, basic in democracy. Among other things, it implied the right of the citizenry to think independently, to seek truth honestly, and to determine without political interference what should constitute the education of their children.

One cannot understand American institutions unless he remembers that they were established by a people emerging from mediaeval despotism and acutely conscious of the dangers of totalitarian government. To borrow from *Knickerbocker Holiday*, they preferred the inefficiencies of democracy, 'government by amateurs,' to the efficiency, economies, and effective methods of dictatorship.

Hence these early Americans undertook to set up the kind of government and social order which would contain certain essential safeguards against that despotism to which a corrupt society always reverts. These safeguards consisted in the series of checks and counterchecks characteristic of our form of government and now under attack by those more concerned for efficiency than for protection from a forgotten despotism. That such checks and safeguards also exist in our educa-

tional system is not so generally recognized.

It was the experienced judgment of these early liberals that education, religion, and the press should be free from political domination. These were the institutions of thought. They had to be untrammelled if the individual was to be free. Hence it came about that early America produced a peculiar system of education, its outstanding characteristic that it was to be supported and controlled by the people, by parents, by citizens — but not by the state.

First evidence of this principle was the establishment of academies and colleges which were supported and controlled by the people or by the churches — not by the government. Second, more striking and quite incomprehensible to a European, was the system of boards of education in wards, townships, cities, counties, and ultimately in states. To ensure the independence of these boards from the parallel groups exercising political control, they were given the power of raising taxes separate and apart from those imposed by the governmental units. The fact that politics and politicians appeared on these boards should not be misleading. The boards of education, however corrupt some might have been, were nevertheless free from the control of the local or state government — just as free as the electorate wanted them to be.

A third evidence of this rather amazing principle is found in the Constitution of

the country, in which the federal government was assigned only those responsibilities specifically named, from the list of which education was purposely and conspicuously absent. Thus educational activity was prohibited to the federal government and, indeed, left to the states only by inference. In the states it was taken over largely by the counties, cities, and townships, and within these units by boards separately elected and possessing their own powers of taxation. The system was clumsy, inefficient, duplicative, and decentralized, but its implications were inescapable.

More recently there has developed another evidence of the American principle of separation of education and the state, in the incredible system of voluntary and independent accrediting associations. To a European, past or present, this situation is as weird as Alice-through-the-Looking-Glass. Here are universities, junior colleges, municipal colleges, and high schools, all supported by the state, grouped with academies and colleges independently supported and controlled — and all being accredited or discredited by voluntary associations holding no charter or authority from the government and operating indiscriminately across state lines. These voluntary associations are the New England, the Middle States, the North Central, the North West, and the Southern Associations of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the Association of American Universities, and the American Association of Teachers Colleges. These associations exercise final authority in the areas indicated by their titles.

To one used to state control, as it exists in France or elsewhere in Europe, this is a phenomenon, if not an absurdity. But to the student of despotism all of these American phenomena are the crude and clumsy weapons of an emerging liberalism fighting against a constantly recurring pattern of governmental despotism and centralized dictatorship.

II

That the absence of such safeguards is dangerous is proved by the conditions in Europe to-day. In continental Europe, virtually all institutions of learning and all higher education are supported and controlled by the state. In three of the most important nations there has arisen a mediæval dictatorship streamlined by modern propaganda and dominating the processes of thought. In none of these several nations did the universities constitute an obstacle to reaction; they became involved without a struggle. A few individual professors protested before their escape or liquidation, but the universities immediately became the champions of all that the degenerating state demanded.

The tragedy of this situation is illustrated in Germany, where the universities had been noted for their freedom of thought and their liberalism. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, to quote one scholar, 'the philosophers Fichte and Schelling, the scholar and administrator Wilhelm von Humboldt, the preacher-humanist Friedrich Schleiermacher, and a number of others advanced the bold doctrine that a university exists primarily for the furtherance of knowledge, and that the state should not only guarantee the university freedom from political interference, but assume a positive responsibility for the promotion of scientific progress as well.'

The years during which such freedom was actually maintained in the German university might have argued against any danger in a higher education supported by the state. However, as always happens, there came a time when he who paid the piper called the tune. The demagogue and the totalitarian state appeared. The gymnasia and the university surrendered, without a struggle, all that had given them validity. The universities were centralized and made a mere branch of the national political system controlled by the party. The

depths to which they fell can be expressed no better than in their own words: —

We renounce international science. We renounce the international republic of learning. We renounce research for its own sake. We teach and learn medicine, not to increase the number of known microbes, but to keep the German people strong and healthy. We teach and learn history, not to say how things actually happened, but to instruct the German people from the past. We teach and learn the sciences, not to discover abstract laws, but to sharpen the implements of the German people in their competition with other peoples.

The conclusion seems inevitable that state support of the German universities prepared the way for their immediate use by the totalitarian state, and that the universities were consequently of little value in maintaining the privileges of democracy or the rights of constitutional government. This was equally true in Italy and Russia. It may be predicted that, should dictatorship arise in France, the state-supported university will be its first instrument — not its last conquest.

Returning, for contrast, to the American system, we find within state education a series of safeguards already described. But more important than these technical devices is that ideal of education free from political control — an ideal which is sustained by the independent colleges and universities. So long as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Chicago, Lafayette, Washington and Jefferson, and others hold that ideal, it can never be seriously or permanently violated in the state-supported institutions. From the public elementary school to the state university, the comparative freedom from political domination and interference now enjoyed is defended and ensured by those parallel institutions which are actually independent. They are the champions. They set the tone. So long as they are free, the politically supported institutions will never be entirely enslaved.

The independently supported and controlled colleges are essential factors in the maintenance of the integrity of education in this nation.

III

There are dangers, however, within the present situation. Many of the checks against centralized and political control of education are being threatened or abandoned. School boards are being consolidated or eliminated in favor of larger areas and units. Desirable as this consolidation may be in other respects, it is nevertheless a move toward centralized control. The state has taken over more and more of the support of education in the township, city, or county. Whatever may have been the necessities under which this came about, the fact remains that it removes most of the power of the local school boards and places it in the hands of the state authority on education, which is directly amenable to those in political office. The very principle of independent taxation by a separate educational board is thereby abandoned. The funds contributed by the state are from the state treasury and a part of the general taxes levied under direction of those in political authority. Thus by subsidy the states break down the freedom of local boards of education.

The system by which accrediting of institutions is done by voluntary associations having no relationship to the state is under constant attack. States are attempting to take over the accrediting of colleges and schools and are placing the weight of their influence against accrediting by the associations.

Most striking of the attempts to break down the safeguards of the American system is the frequently agitated proposal to establish a federal department of education, which shall have at its head a secretary of cabinet rank.

Meanwhile, the camel pushes his nose into the tent. Federal aid for state edu-

cation is asked by the Thomas and Larrabee bills now pending in the Senate and House respectively. Through the NYA with its aid for students and the WPA with its aid for state-supported institutions, the federal government now seeks for ways in which it may subsidize higher education. Every pretext is seized. The threat of war evokes a plan to initiate flying training on 'hundreds of campuses.' The proposed extension of social security to the colleges will, it is prophesied, involve an ultimate contribution by the government of one third of the cost of the pensions. Every such contribution to the equipment, facilities, or expenses of educational institutions is, in the end, a method of invasion by subsidization. Further and more direct support will be ominous.

When such support has been accepted, control is certain, regardless of laws, safeguards, or even the Constitution. The holder of the purse strings will control, law or no law. The camel will then be within the tent. The former United States Commissioner of Education, President John J. Tigert of the University of Florida, states this clearly and authoritatively: —

We have shown that federal aid to the schools must be attended by federal control under present conditions if we are to avoid general waste and misuse of these funds. We have also pointed out that federal control will tend to become greater and that centralized operation of the schools is a menace to our institutions and ideals. . . . If we turn over to the federal government the responsibility of the operation of our schools, we have forged the weapons whereby some able and self-seeking individual may some day transform our political, social, and economic system.

The most serious threat, however, against the freedom of all higher education lies in the danger imperiling independent colleges and universities. Paralyzing taxation of corporations, as well as business conditions, is reducing the endowment income of the colleges; while confiscatory taxes on private wealth

and income dry up the only source from which support and endowments can come. Surplus wealth is being appropriated rapidly by state and federal government.

That gifts to colleges continue for the time being is nothing short of amazing. Apparently they indicate the determination of the American people that colleges, as well as other institutions, shall not pass into political control. These continuing gifts may also reflect the desperate attitude of those who contemplate the loss of their possessions through state appropriation and who wish to use a fraction of their money for the maintenance of these significant and non-political institutions. Whatever the cause of current giving, the sources which make it possible will disappear if present governmental financial policies are continued.

The irony of the situation is, however, that these funds thus taken by confiscatory taxes from the support of the private colleges are used by the state to set up and enlarge duplicating and competing institutions under state control.

There are three methods by which the state is entering upon a devastating, wasteful, and destructive competition with the private college. The first is by the expenditure of huge funds to draw to state universities students quite capable of paying their way in either state universities or private colleges. For example, in the state of Pennsylvania great annual appropriations go to certain state-related universities. In return for such appropriations, these universities give quantities of large scholarships to students chosen by the politicians of the state. The students are frequently able to pay all of their expenses, and are frequently not deserving of scholarship appointments on any ground whatsoever. But the matter is entirely within the discretion of those holding political office. In cases without number, students who would pay their

own way and be educated in private institutions are thus educated at the cost of the state and the taxpayer. The independent college is thus deprived of support and students at the taxpayers' expense.

The second method by which competition at taxpayers' expense is established is through the normal schools that are in many states being developed into low-grade liberal arts colleges and low-grade universities. Again Pennsylvania is an example of what is happening in many if not all states of the Union. In the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania there are fifty colleges and universities which are privately controlled, among them many of the best and strongest in the nation. They represent an investment of \$122,000,000, none of it tax money. These colleges give annually in scholarship aid \$4,391,000. They produce without cost to the state three thousand more qualified teachers each year than can be used in the state. Nevertheless, the state spends \$1,860,000 a year to support fourteen teachers' colleges, ten of which could be eliminated. The Commonwealth spends on teachers' colleges \$1,000,000 a year to do work much of which would be done better, and at no cost to the taxpayers, by independent colleges. To greater or lesser degree this holds for most of our states. In addition, the federal government is at this time spending \$15,000,000 for additional buildings in these teachers' colleges and in the state university, many of which are unjustified and unneeded. The teachers' colleges have engaged in a steady propaganda to become liberal arts colleges, to secure greater appropriations, and, at the cost of the already overburdened taxpayer, to invade further the field now cared for without cost by the privately supported colleges and universities.

The third form of duplicating competition at public expense is in the establishment of municipal and junior colleges. The purpose of this movement

is to give each town and bailiwick, regardless of its already great burden of taxation, regardless of its now inadequate elementary and secondary system of education, regardless of its poorly paid teachers — to give each such town its college. The standard of such colleges would inevitably be low. The greatest values of college and university are impossible in these overgrown high schools. Rather than achieving academic objectives, they tend to become parking places for the unemployed and to continue an impractical education for the masses. But low standards, community indebtedness, and educational needs at other levels do not stay the tide of this movement, and another threat against the independent colleges gathers strength and momentum.

There are several reasons for the insatiable extension of tax-supported education at the cost of private education, for the assumption of further financial burdens by already bankrupt towns and communities, and for the expenditure of public funds for the duplication of educational work already carried on without cost to the state. The first of these reasons is the blind and noble devotion of the American people to anything bearing the name of education. Second is the persuasive and unanswerable influence of great men doing a great work in the field of public education. Finally, however, there is a less happy cause: the politician welcomes any extension of power or patronage. To him it makes no difference whether it is new roads or new canals or new colleges. Anything which means more families on the public payroll, more votes under government subsidy, and more friends in positions of any kind, means more power to the man in political office. Hence it is that funds for colleges and universities can always be secured, and that the federal government as well as the state is eager to help by subsidizing existing or new institutions of learning.

No present-day politician in high

office or low wants this power for fascistic or demagogic purposes. However, the day may come when he will be replaced by the demagogue who, like Huey Long of Louisiana, will find educational patronage no less effective a weapon than any other.

IV

The danger, then, is that the state will either control through subsidy or stifle by competition the independent colleges and universities and thus destroy the champions of freedom in education. That the elimination of many if not all of these institutions which fail to accept government support is possible would be questioned by many. It may not be inevitable, but it is possible. 'It can happen here.'

Nothing can be proved by analogy, but it is wise to recall that there was a time when the academies were powerful, numerous, and very significant in the education of this nation. Beginning in 1630, the academy movement reached its height in 1850, at which time there were 1007 academies in New England, 1636 in the Middle Atlantic States, 2640 in the South, and 753 in the upper Mississippi Valley. There was a total of 6086, with 12,260 teachers and an enrollment of 263,096 students. In the state of Pennsylvania alone there were 524 such academies. These institutions were venerable, the oldest in the country having been founded in the early eighteenth century. They were endowed as are our colleges to-day. The loyalties of distinguished alumni clustered about them; in them were educated the great and the good. Nothing, it was believed, could destroy these institutions, established in the name of religion, related to the church, eminent for scholarship and great teaching, endowed by good patrons, and entrenched in the hearts of alumni and public.

However, there appeared the public secondary school. From 1630 to 1750 it gained little ground. The arguments against it were not dissimilar to those now heard against the municipal colleges and the state universities. But after 1850 these publicly supported schools began to grow. They doubled and redoubled in number and in student population until there are now approximately six million students in the public high schools. Most of the academies have been closed. Their properties, assets, and endowments were turned over, in most cases, to the public schools. Only a few of the original six thousand academies remain to-day.

This may or may not have been serious in the field of secondary education. Its corollary in the field of higher education, the closing of the independent colleges and universities, would, on the other hand, be a major tragedy. Not only have these colleges a peculiar and unique service to render, but, more significant in a totalitarian world, their closing would mean the passing of the last champions of the freedom of education from political control and domination.

It may be too much to hope that all of our independent colleges will survive. It would be well if some were to disappear. But it is essential to the maintenance of democracy in a fascistic age that most of the colleges shall survive, that they remain absolutely free from political fear or favor, that they stand like gigantic fortresses against the regimentation of thought by political dictatorship of any kind, and that they guard their sister institutions under state control from the dangers implicit in that form of support. This is a mission which justifies the independent college and university and which should demand unprecedented support from all who realize the significance of free, untrammelled, and liberal education.

A PRESIDENT IN ACTION

GEORGE NORLIN

BY DIXON WECTER

I

THAT a shy and slender professor of Greek, translator of Isocrates in the Loeb Classical Library, should become the head of a large state university — in a milieu where education often has to fight for its life in the hurly-burly of politics — is a paradox. George Norlin of Colorado is in fact the only first-class scholar among university presidents in the West. But more remarkable is the fact that, with his frank refusal to lobby or buttonhole legislators, he has always had what funds he needed, has completed a \$4,000,000 building program through the years of depression, has made his university the ranking institution between the Middle West and the Pacific Coast, and with his great personal self-effacement has come to be regarded by fellow educators, lawyers, doctors, politicians, ranchmen, the rank and file of capital and labor, as the first citizen of Colorado. He is now ending the last month of a twenty-year presidency.

In an era of educational fads and eager overexpansion, of college heads who either were known as little brothers of the rich or else espoused that glib liberalism described by Shaw as belonging to those 'whose minds are so open that there is nothing left but a draft,' Norlin's example has been rare and salutary. He has had the courage to make enemies, — the Ku Klux Klan of an earlier decade, and the sponsors of a ruinous old-age pension scheme lately

written into the State Constitution, as well as the Nazis whom he infuriated while living in the same hotel with Adolf Hitler and lecturing on American democracy as Roosevelt Professor at the University of Berlin in 1933, — but one suspects that Norlin in his modest way is as proud of his enemies as of his friends.

Respected among his intimates as one of the best poker players they know, Norlin, as President of the University of Colorado in a sparsely settled state, has been compelled in material resources to bluff with a pair of treys to win the pot. But with his shrewd, cool, unhurried brain and unshakable integrity, he has had to bluff in no other ways.

The American success story has been told, perhaps too often, with stress upon dollars and dynamic energy. But Norlin's life, although it falls into the American pattern, must be told in terms of intellect: how the son of an impoverished frontier family became a scholar, yet deliberately dedicated himself to the West where he belonged rather than to regions where his talents might have been more quickly prized; and how in his later years he grew into a type of unpolitical statesman rare indeed upon the American campus. His sympathy for the democratic tradition, which can hardly be plumbed apart from the story of his own life, is deeply personal as well as intellectual. Last year a Son of the

American Revolution wrote to him about a senior named Byron ('Whizzer') White, an all-American quarterback and champion scorer of American football in 1937, a Phi Beta Kappa and Rhodes Scholar elect. The writer inquired if, as he had heard, such a remarkable young man came from a humble family of dirt farmers, 'or whether there were any strain in the boy's ancestry accounting for his distinction.' Norlin replied that, 'so far as he knew, the blood in Byron White's veins was as blue as that in Abraham Lincoln's.'

Norlin was born near Concordia, Kansas, in 1871, the son of a Swedish couple who had given up to family creditors a large, comfortable estate near Stockholm. With no skill to earn their bread, but driven by what Selma Lagerlöf called 'the America fever,' they settled on a frontier farm just after the Civil War. Indian fighting had not yet died out, and, in the absence of their father, three of the older brothers once saved themselves from redskins by crawling into a hollow log. Norlin's earliest memory is of their log house, with a floor of loose cottonwood boards. Once at a harvest home, when all the dishes were set out on planks laid across boxes in lieu of tables, an upset brought them crashing to the floor; Norlin still thinks of his childish resentment at having to drink out of a tin can for many months afterwards. He remembers, too, the first grasshopper scourge, a dark cloud against the sun, and also the flood which broke in the dead of night and sent them running for their lives to higher ground. In all these adventures there was no feeling of defeat, but only a sense of hopeful and exciting struggle. Tramping two miles to his first country school, through the blizzards of winter or the fierce sun beating upon the sunflowers and corn rows, was fun rather than hardship.

His father, restless like so many pioneers, in 1879 moved the family to Green Bay, Wisconsin — to a rambling

house on a ridge, with an apple orchard below and a farther prospect of silver birches, hemlock, and fir, and limestone cliffs fronting the water. There young Norlin grew up. Although the axe was laid long ago to its virgin timber, a sight of this country when he goes back at times to fish and loaf still quickens his pulse. An old friend who accompanied him on one of these Wisconsin expeditions some years ago told me — apropos of Norlin's knack at unpredictable replies — that in this Republican backwater a woman at whose farm they had stopped asked Norlin about his politics, and, upon being told that he belonged to the Democratic Party, said with the best intentions, 'But you don't look like a Democrat.' 'No,' he answered, 'I've been sick.' She gazed at him with a puzzled expression during the rest of their stay.

The family was broken up after the death of young Norlin's mother. Thrown upon his own, he became a clerk in the shop yards of the Rock Island Railroad in Kansas. He found that he could do the work of a ten-hour day in three. One day after finishing his duties he was buried deep in *Nicholas Nickleby* when the master mechanic made his rounds and grumbled that even if the boy didn't have enough to keep him busy it was disrespectful to waste the rest of his time over books. So Norlin quit the job. He began to think of college, and in the following September set out for Hastings College in Nebraska. Books were his absorbing passion, but, having no notion of any livelihood that could be made from them, he hit upon the idea of becoming an apothecary — since in those days almost every drug store had its book counter. Soon, however, he gave up chemistry, finding Greek and Latin much more to his taste.

Norlin had had a curiosity about the ancients ever since he had come upon the fascinating word 'hieroglyphic' on the last page of the blue-backed speller and found that the teacher — although

able to spell it — could not tell him what it meant. In college he was soon immersed in Plato and Vergil; upon taking his bachelor's degree in 1893 he stayed for three more years as a teacher. He spent two summers at the University of Chicago, where in 1896 he came under the dazzling spell of Paul Shorey, who invited him to apply for a fellowship and thus launched Norlin upon three years of graduate study which ended with a Ph. D. *magna cum laude*. Norlin was always a little awed by his master. 'I remember well in the early days of our acquaintance going skating with him in Jackson Park,' he wrote a few years ago. 'I was pleased and flattered that he should condescend to disport himself with me. I could not adjust myself to a world authority on Plato skimming over the ice like any boy.'

From Shorey, Norlin gained a sense of the unity of learning, of measuring the American Constitution by the yardstick of Aristotle or reading Aristophanes in the light of modern sociology. 'He felt and made others feel that he was breaking the bread of life, and assumed that his students were hungry for that bread,' as Norlin said in 1934 when he spoke, with beautiful simplicity, at Shorey's funeral, by the scholar's last request. Shorey also introduced his disciple to Matthew Arnold, whose war against the Philistines, to make reason and the will of God prevail, has been the good fight of Norlin's life.

For a summer holiday Norlin came to Boulder, Colorado, and his first sight of the Rockies, with their snowy ranges and deep-gullied glaciers, was even more thrilling than he had imagined. Depressed by great cities, and loving the sun and the outdoors, as the ancient Greeks and his own pioneer stock had delighted in them, Norlin readily accepted a professorship in this little college town against the mountains, and there with few absences he has remained for forty years. Never a seeker

after publicity or power, he has cheerfully declined opportunities in larger universities and more populous places.

He was appointed to the faculty by a gruff but kindly president of a bygone day, of whom Norlin once said that 'when he wanted to pat you on the back he did it with his foot.' Norlin's old students remember him, tall, slim, erect, his face stamped with a boyish idealism which he has not lost now that his hair has grown a silver gray and his blue eyes a little dim. One of these students writes: 'His clear, farseeing mind was a lens bringing to us the rays from other minds and ages. It was a purely intellectual process. He seldom commented or explained; the lens did not distort or pervert or even magnify; I believe all it did was to clarify, or perhaps correct astigmatism.' His classes never seemed to hurry over their texts, yet there was a satisfying sense of accomplishment. Never subject to the tyranny of the clock, Norlin often kept his class in Plato far beyond the chapel hour; to his afternoon seminar, however, he usually brought his two Airedales, who would doze patiently for an hour and a half, and then, as if they had had enough, would lay their paws upon his lap and demand recess. Dogs, by the way, have always been his companions — the present favorite being a brindled bull terrier whom he calls Sappho 'because she has no morals'; at a faculty meeting he once held her by the collar to keep her quiet beneath his chair, only to discover when he arose to adjourn the meeting that she had silently eaten the sleeve of his coat halfway to the elbow.

II

In the autumn of 1901, Norlin went abroad to study the manuscripts of Theocritus. While reading at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and living in a modest pension with a stone floor where, in accord with French custom, the heat was never turned on until a certain date

regardless of the weather, he caught pneumonia. He had never been ill before, and, with a certain shame over the mishap that had befallen him, he called no doctor or nurse, but took to his bed and fought it out alone. From that time his health has never been quite robust. After a semester at the Sorbonne he went to Greece, where on bicycle or horseback he explored many remote villages of the Ægean and the back country. Arriving at a tiny hamlet where there was no inn, he would go into the *bacali* or wineshop, where he would order cheese and resinated wine — knowing that, as soon as the news of a stranger was bruited about, the head man of the village would appear to ply him with the questions which have been asked of wayfarers since the time of Homer. Norlin would shortly be invited to the house of his questioner, where he would make himself as comfortable as possible, though the fare was wretched and he was compelled to get ready for bed in front of the fire under the scrutiny of the whole family.

Norlin went on to Asia Minor and rambled over the site of Troy — where, according to a legend one sometimes hears in the college town of Boulder, he saw fleetingly a beautiful unknown face, whether a gypsy avatar of Helen or the Platonic *eidos* of the beautiful-and-good, which remained for him the inspiration and symbol of 'the regions which are holy land.' He traveled on to Sicily, and passed the spring in the land of Theocritus, at Taormina, that garden terrace between the white cone of Etna and the sea.

Returning to Boulder and to teaching, — 'this fellowship of folly and of hope,' as he once light-heartedly called his profession, — Norlin was again absorbed in the life of a Western university. He found time for research and writing for the classical journals, feeling none of the drain upon his classroom keenness about which teachers of low vitality often complain. Norlin believes with Hippocrates

that the true researcher will always have a passion to teach. An expert tennis and billiard player, a good mountain climber, and a fair amateur boxer who has often put on the gloves with his students, Norlin has always had much sympathy for college athletics. When his influence as chairman of the athletic board was first felt, the words of his philosopher Arnold about 'our young barbarians at play' were no empty phrase — the 'ringer' and tramp athlete, lately driven from the Eastern colleges, had found their last frontier in the West. The house cleaning which Norlin began at home and soon extended through the Rocky Mountain Conference has had a lasting effect. His services here and as Dean of the Graduate School — jobs which came his way 'because a professor of Greek had so little to do,' as a colleague once sourly remarked — revealed unsuspected talents.

When Livingston Farrand went from his new presidency at the University of Colorado to head the American Red Cross and later to France as an expert on public health, Norlin was made acting President — a move to which Norlin modestly referred as 'an emergency measure' or 'a moral equivalent for war.' When in 1919 Farrand resigned, later to become President of Cornell, the faculty unanimously petitioned that Norlin be kept as their permanent head; and so it happened. Norlin accepted reluctantly, feeling a certain distaste for administration which he has never overcome. He once told some students who were in a disgruntled frame of mind that 'there are moods when I look back wistfully at the good old mediæval times when students set up and ran their own university, employed and fired the faculty, played fast and loose with the town authorities, and, when things got too hot for them, packed up their university and carried it off like itinerant peddlers and set it down again where they pleased.'

Norlin became President with the un-

derstanding that he would not have to engage in lobbying, horse trading with legislators, and confabulating in hotel lounges near the Capitol — as many state university presidents have done to gain the appropriations necessary to keep body and soul together. His strategy has been to make students, alumni, and friends of the university aware of its needs, so that the voice of appeal never comes from the administration but from what he calls 'the people's lobby,' which can fight the battles of the University with more effective grace. To make the University independent of biennial appropriations, the whim and sport of every passing Legislature, has been his major aim. In 1920, after a quiet but persuasive campaign waged by public-spirited citizens, the levying of an added mill of property tax for higher education was voted by the largest majority ever won by any referendum in Colorado. The wisdom of this move was shown four years later, when a governor elected by the Ku Klux Klan told Norlin that the University might have whatever appropriation it wished provided all Catholics and Jews were dismissed from its staff — an offer whose prompt rejection caused the withdrawal of all aid from the Legislature, although returns from the millage tax were enough to keep the University barely alive until the storm was over. With the same courage, and at the cost of much popular goodwill, Norlin has lately attacked the new Colorado old-age amendment, by which 85 per cent of all excise and inheritance tax returns is used to pay \$45 a month to pensioners sixty years of age and over, to the imminent bankruptcy of the state.

To his faculty Norlin is intensely loyal, whether or not he agrees with their politics, economic views, or religion — issues which have never been raised in the making of staff appointments. Moreover, during the depression the University was forced to cut heavily the salaries of the president, deans, and full

professors, but not a single instructor was dismissed in the name of economy. The youthful Dean of the Law School, who gave up a lucrative practice for this post, recalls his long discussion with Norlin over the pros and cons, and the altogether kindly way in which the President persuaded him by remarking, 'Even better men than you have taken the vow of academic poverty.'

In dealing with regents, legislative committees, or his own faculty, Norlin's characteristic attitude is to remain silently attentive until others have spoken, while the air often becomes charged with prejudice and heat — and then, with quiet mastery and the rare Socratic gift of dispassionate analysis, he sums up the issue in a few clear sentences and usually points the way toward solution. His integrity bars any compromise of principle, but his tact often allows him to compromise differences of opinion, generally by means of a good story or salty remark.

Several years ago an excitable young professor in faculty meeting made a vigorous attack upon the University Librarian, who had grown gray in devoted service but undoubtedly had shortcomings on the score of efficiency. At this painful juncture Norlin recalled, in his unhurried way, a story told by his friend George Taylor of Chapel Hill — of a North Carolinian who ordered his Negro servant to bring home a turkey for Thanksgiving, but warned him explicitly against the wild birds then on the market. When the fowl was served up and the meal begun, the gentleman rang irritably and said to his dorky, 'I told you not to get a wild turkey — and now in the first mouthful I find buckshot.' 'Law, massa,' the servant replied, 'hit wuz a tame turkey. You see, dat shot was intended for *me*.' 'And so,' concluded Norlin, 'any shot against the Librarian is intended for me, since I deserve the ultimate blame if he is not able to work miracles on the budget we give him.' Time and again one has seen

Norlin's kindness and shrewd sense come to the aid of the discomfited.

For all his deceptive mildness, Norlin has a surprising gift for handling men, and when need arises is capable of audacious decisions. Some years ago, when alumni with delusions of grandeur sought to involve the University in building 'a million-dollar stadium,' Norlin, who had the imagination to see that a natural amphitheatre in a hollow of the hills near the campus could be utilized for some \$200,000, quietly made negotiations with an architect, and then went before the Regents with the contract he had signed without authority, saying in effect, 'You may fire when ready.' Both he and the contract were upheld.

Freshmen have been known to send their luggage in his care; on at least one occasion the parents of a freshman from the Western Slope telegraphed him: 'Our son John arrives by four-o'clock train to-morrow. Will you meet him and look after his trunks?' No student who calls at the President's office is ever turned away, or even asked his business by the tactful secretary — although deans and professors have to wait their turn. A young German immigrant working in New York City was so impressed by Norlin's appearance and manner, when he saw the President receive a Litt. D. from Columbia, that he decided then and there to come to Boulder for his degree, and did so. Students have given him desk sets and other presents upon his return to the campus after long absence, have cut short their holidays to sing Christmas carols under his window, and once threw open the west doors of the assembly hall in the direction of his house, where he lay ill, so that he might hear the sound of their cheering at a rally. Yet Norlin's subtlety of mind and increasingly frail health have conspired against his becoming a hearty campus idol or hero; some undergraduates of recent days think him a little cold and austere, even an academic myth. It is said that freshmen are afraid of him,

sophomores don't try to understand him, juniors deeply respect him, and seniors come to love him. No one ever calls him by his first name — not even his wife, who refers to him with a touch of old-fashioned formality as 'my husband' or 'Mr. Norlin.' She is a gracious and tranquil woman, who is never upset by his outrageous lateness to meals, nor by the number of guests he brings home at the last moment for Commencement Day luncheons, nor by the trail of tobacco he spills from an open pouch wherever he goes.

Norlin is not absent-minded in the inept professorial way which has been the subject for so many bad jokes. He merely ignores eating and other routine matters in favor of more vital things, such as a good talk with friends, work, and hobbies. Once long ago when he was Director of the Summer School, on the opening day of term his empty office was besieged with students who needed his signature; a worried secretary found him in overalls in his garden, digging among his prize dahlias. In New York several years ago Norlin and his good friend Robert Frost stopped on their way from an academic exercise and grew so absorbed in talking about poetry, and the bad effect which our business civilization has had upon it, that they missed their respective trains to Chicago and Boston by hours. When Norlin writes that 'we Americans are frantic worshippers of the great god Now,' one feels that he is not pleading guilty to a personal impeachment.

From pedantry, that occupational disease of schoolmen, he has happily escaped. He is humorously aware of the small place which even a university president occupies in the main stream of American life. He tells of the desperate effort which he once made to identify himself before the manager of a Los Angeles hotel, prior to cashing a small New York draft. Searching through his pockets in vain for letters or telegrams, he grew more and more embar-

rassed, until his fingers fell upon his watch chain and golden key attached to it, and he exclaimed, 'Here's my Phi Beta Kappa key; you can see my name inscribed upon it and the place and time of my election.' The manager looked at it gingerly and suspiciously, and finally, as if eager to get back on familiar and mortal ground, he asked, 'You haven't got an Elk's card about your clothes, have you?'

Those who think of Norlin only as a gray dignified educator — a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, an elector of the Hall of Fame, and holder of a half-dozen honorary degrees — have never seen him unshaved and in hip boots, wading a mountain stream with his pockets full of flies and bits of tackle, patiently stalking a four-pound trout. Nor have they seen him at his cabin on the St. Vrain among his outdoor companions — a Denver lawyer, an anatomist, a physicist, and a few others — with a whiskey and soda at his elbow, and a handful of cards. In such company he is fun-loving and boyish. He delights in such practical jokes as sending a deputy sheriff, who had called on routine business, up to the cabin of two cronies. In a brave attempt to impress visitors from the East they had in a bad season taken some four-inch trout that were plainly under the age of consent. The result was so wholesome that, while one culprit parleyed nervously with the officer at the door, the other hid the fish under his pillow and for good measure the poker chips under the bed.

III

In Norlin's humanism there is a strong liberal strain, a keen sympathy with the modern world, which one might not expect so readily in a classicist and a disciple of Shorey. His is a passionate faith in democracy, which owes as much to Jefferson and Lincoln as to his reading of Aristotle on 'that corporate partnership of all the people working together in

quest of the good life,' and not a little to his admiration for Sweden, his fatherland once removed. It is grounded upon his belief in the worth and dignity of individual man, and by this star he has made all his political and economic reckonings. He has hewed to the line of his own integrity, letting the chips fall to the right or the left as they may.

Some of his lifelong Catholic friends have broken with him over the late war in Spain; and following the enlistment of two Colorado sophomores in the Lincoln Brigade, and the death of one in action, a post of the American Legion has lately demanded an investigation of the University and of several Leftist professors whose right to their jobs and opinions Norlin has stoutly protected. Of course Norlin had no hand in the enlistment of these boys, although undoubtedly he sympathizes with the generous enthusiasms of youth, whatever the cause — remembering that in 1897, during his own student days, he tried to join the Greek army in the war against Turkey.

Norlin's stay at the University of Berlin in 1932-1933 as Theodore Roosevelt Professor of American Life and Institutions was not without episodes of humor, such as his receiving a letter from a German admirer addressed to 'Herr Professor Theodore Roosevelt.' Violating the divinity which hedges a professor in Germany, Norlin shocked his students by asking them to tea at his hotel and chatting familiarly with them. In regard to his own lectures, in German, on the subject of American liberalism — a topic to which coming events lent more than a shadow of irony — Norlin wrote in the autumn to a friend: 'I have a feeling that the German people are so desperately anxious to explain themselves, to justify themselves, and to be understood, that it is too much to expect them to take any interest in learning about another country.' On February 5, 1933, from his rooms in the Kaiserhof, Norlin wrote to the same friend: 'There has been much

excitement over Hitler. He lives in this hotel, and the Chancellor's offices are just over the way. The square has been packed with his followers, and the singing and cheering have been much like the demonstrations at home over a great football match. . . . Germany cries out just now *to be ruled*, and it will be ruled, I think, either constitutionally or unconstitutionally. If incidentally liberalism of any sort has a hard time, it appears to be a minor matter.'

Hitler never attracted Norlin in any way; he characteristically described the Führer as 'not a man you would go fishing with.' One of Norlin's associates at the Amerika-Institut, a professor who had sneered at Hitler in the fall of 1932, by the end of the winter was parading in a brown shirt and advising Norlin to modify the tone of his lectures, and to 'drop certain dangerous words like "liberty," "individualism," "democracy."' Norlin — who has never lacked a stubborn independence, as well as a touch of grim mischief in situations like this — opened his next lecture by naming these words and remarking coolly that he would continue to use them in their former meaning and not in the perverted sense now current in the Reich. He braced himself momentarily for an explosion which did not come, and was puzzled at the docility of German students.

On May 6 he witnessed the dismissal of Rector Kohlrausch, who had refused to yield to the Jew-baiting of the Nazi Student Association; to him Norlin took occasion to pay his sincere respects in the presence of the new Rector. A day or two later a Nazi officer came to Norlin with a message written out as a cablegram, to be sent to America with Norlin's signature, denying that Jews were being persecuted save for their Communist opinions; Norlin refused to sign, and the officer stalked out. Still later, on entering the gates of the University of Berlin, Norlin was stopped by the police, who demanded his pass or *Schein*, which he had long ceased to carry. He gave his

name and rank, but was told that without his *Schein* admission was impossible. 'I'm going in,' said Norlin, suiting action to words, 'and what are you going to do about it?' The officers were too astonished to lift a hand. On May 10 the Norlins watched the Burning of the Books; in the drizzle of spring rain they were glad to accept the invitation of an ample *Hausfrau* to stand under her umbrella tent. After some conversation Norlin asked guilelessly, 'But why aren't they burning the Bible? Surely the Jews had something to do with that book.' '*Nein, nein,*' she replied earnestly, with a touch of pity for his ignorance. '*Die Bibel ist von Martin Luther geschrieben!*'

Norlin came home in the summer of 1933, at a time when comparatively few of his compatriots had caught the full import of the Nazi Revolution, convinced that no man who loved justice and truth could remain silent. With characteristic fairness he appreciated the post-war conditions out of which Hitlerism grew, — the starving time, the cruelty of Versailles, the failure of Western Europe and America to show any friendship for the struggling democracy of the Second Reich, — but with equal clarity he saw that the new leaders of the Fatherland have multiplied its ultimate misery by their injustice, arrogance, and falsification of truth. Norlin is too ripe a scholar to regard Fascism as a wicked new departure in history, knowing well that it is atavism rather than novelty — that 'between the Greeks and the barbarians there has ever been and ever will be war.' And as a humanist he subscribes to Burke's saying that it is impossible to draw up an indictment against a whole people, whether German, Italian, or Russian. In fact, his frontal attack has assumed less the aspect of hate against the totalitarians, and more against the apathy of democracies, of what he has lately called 'futilitarianism' — which lacks even the Fascist appeal to the heroic in man, yet con-

nives at the conquest of Ethiopia, the ravaging of China, and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. He has spoken often and bitterly of 'the crucifixion at Munich.' It is fitting that the last Commencement speaker whom he will introduce to his students in June is former President Beneš.

Norlin's utterances on democracy and Fascism, which began with articles in the *New York Times* and the Weil Lectures at the University of North Carolina in 1934, have had an increasingly wide appeal. His address called 'Hitlerism' was reprinted by many American organizations and by 'The Friends of Europe' in England. His speech 'Our National Defenses' was distributed at home and abroad by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. 'American Democracy: A Recapitulation' was printed in the *Congressional Record* and evoked a host of letters to the author, including one from President Roosevelt. Other addresses, both for their trenchant liberalism and for their lucid writing, have lately been included in half a dozen volumes of selected essays for college students.

'I am not for unleashing our dogs of war,' Norlin lately wrote. 'But, in the interest of a tolerable state of peace, I am pleading that the human quality of militancy — the soldier in man, as Plato would say — which now under barbaric régimes is blindly enlisted on the side of the brutish forces of the world, be quickened out of its deathly stupor in civilized countries and marshaled vigilantly in defense of the humanity which lifts us above the brute creation.' In his latest formal address to the University, Norlin took as his text Thomas Mann's challenge, 'Artists we will be, anti-barbarians!' and spoke stirring of 'the belief that man is not a means to an end, not a tool to be exploited either by his neighbor or by his nation, whether for wealth or for war, but an end in himself — the belief in the worth and preciousness of

human life. To be a barbarian is to worship brute power; it is to be like any savage, who so far from standing up and doing battle with the gods who threaten him with drought and flood, famine and pestilence, violence and death, prostrates himself before them, seeking by charms and incantations to win their favor and so to league himself with the chaotic and destructive forces of the world. The artist, on the other hand, when true to himself, strives manfully to push back the messiness of chaos, to reclaim from the vast wilderness of space a habitation fit for man, to dissipate the fogs and mists in which we lose our bearings, by letting in light; in a word, to create a cosmos of order and beauty and sanity to serve both as a tolerable refuge for man and as an outpost in his warfare against all violence, whether of inanimate nature or of the brutishness in man himself.'

George Norlin's life bears a resemblance to that of Isocrates, whose writings he has translated. A philosopher of statesmanship, with no zest for the turmoil of politics, he has helped mould public opinion from the scholar's study and the academic rostrum. To generations of students he has taught Isocrates's lesson that they 'do not desert their true selves and become arrogant, but hold their ground as intelligent men.' Like the ancient Greek, he has ever been a loyal son of his own land and people, yet his sympathies have embraced all Hellas in the hope of a brotherhood of culture rather than the snobbery of race or the *hubris* of imperialism. Although the late tidings of battles 'fatal to liberty' — in the phrase referring to Isocrates in Milton's famous sonnet — have struck him a poignant blow, he has never lost faith in the final victory of democratic humanism. With proud humility he is able to say in the Attic orator's words, 'Throughout my whole life I have constantly employed such powers as I possess in warring on the barbarians.'

THE REALITIES OF SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

BY HENRY E. SIGERIST

I

THE National Health Conference that was held in Washington last summer was welcomed unanimously by all who have the nation's health at heart. It sounded like a bugle call, a signal for action. It meant that the period of surveys had come to an end and that, at long last, definite steps were to be taken to remedy an untenable situation. I may add that the National Health Conference made a profound impression abroad. I was traveling at the time through ten European countries, and wherever I went I found that the recommendations of the President's Interdepartmental Committee to Coördinate Health and Welfare Activities and the attitude of the Conference toward them were discussed eagerly. In Europe, American medicine is regarded as being extremely advanced scientifically and technically, but very backward socially. 'If you are able to carry out this program,' one of my public-health friends said, 'you will surpass European medicine definitely. You will set an example to the whole world and will reduce death rates in a way never dreamed of. Humbly we shall send our students to America to learn from you.'

After ten years of extensive surveys by private and government agencies we know what medical conditions are in the United States. No country has ever had more data available on this subject, and our present health and medical situation

is unmistakably clear. We now have documentary evidence for the fact that one third of the population has no medical service, or at least not enough. We know that 40 million people live on annual family incomes of \$800 or less, which just permits them an emergency standard of living and makes it impossible for them to purchase medical care; on the other hand, it is obvious that this is too large a group to be reached by charity services. We know that there is another third of the population whose family income does not exceed \$1500 a year. This group is perfectly willing and able to pay for part of the medical services it needs, but finds it extremely difficult to budget the cost of illness. There are, furthermore, millions of families whose income is more than \$1500 a year, but to whom medical care presents a serious problem. They are not indigent and are not entitled to free services; they are willing to pay for what they get, but, again, find it difficult to budget the cost of illness. The group that is able to purchase whatever services it needs without economic hardship is infinitely small.

Such a situation is absurd, particularly when we remember that we have available almost all the personnel and technical equipment necessary to provide complete medical services of high quality, in prevention, diagnosis, and treatment. We have more doctors per capita of the

population than any other country in the world. Our medical schools were backward for a very long time, but to-day we have seventy-seven recognized schools which train highly qualified practitioners and produce an enthusiastic medical corps that is eager to serve the public and expects nothing in return but the possibility of making a decent living. We do not need a larger number of physicians—at least not in the near future. We have splendid nurses, and if all of them were permanently employed there would be no immediate need to increase their number substantially. More public-health nurses are wanted, but there are plenty of girls anxious to enter this profession and we have the facilities for training them. The hospital situation was a sore spot for a long time, but conditions have improved tremendously in the last twenty-five years. As a rule the cities are adequately supplied with hospital beds, but more hospitals are needed in rural districts. This, however, is an economic problem that can be solved without much difficulty.

We have excellent research institutions, and since the beginning of the century a generation of medical scientists has grown up that has made valuable contributions to medicine. European physicians who visited this country around 1900 had a superior smile on their lips when they watched our scientists. But conditions have changed. American leadership in medical science is universally recognized, and American publications are studied very carefully all over the world. Our philanthropic foundations are the envy of foreign countries, but let us not forget that medical research is financed to a much larger degree by public than by private agencies. The Federal Government supports some of the most important research institutions of the country. The Department of Agriculture alone is undoubtedly the largest research institute of the nation and probably one of the largest in the

world. Great contributions have come from the National Institute of Health of the United States Public Health Service, and the National Cancer Institute will soon be the undisputed centre in the field. Problems of infant and maternal welfare are investigated by the Department of Labor. The states and communities also contribute substantially to the support of research. Thirty-five of the seventy-seven medical schools are tax-supported, and nobody will deny that many of them compare very favorably with some of the best privately endowed institutions. Seventy per cent of all hospital beds are in public hospitals. While private funds are shrinking steadily, more and more public funds will become available for research, and it seems to me most important that the government has recognized its obligation to support research.

In other words, we have a first-rate medical personnel and technical equipment, but at the same time large sections of the population have no, or not enough, medical care. We are told, however, that health conditions are better in this country than abroad, that in spite of unemployment they were better in 1938 than ever before in the history of the United States. This, we hear, proves that medical services are satisfactory, and that there is no reason in the world why we should bother about the present situation.

Yes, health conditions are, as a whole, better here than they are in France, Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia, or Greece. They are not much better than in England, Germany, Switzerland, or Holland. And they are certainly not better than in the Scandinavian countries or New Zealand. If health conditions are better here than in certain foreign countries it is not because medical services are superior, but because this country was able to develop a higher standard of living. I have just studied conditions in Yugoslavia, where a public-health man of genius, A. Stampar, has organized

a splendid system of social medical services. If, in spite of these services, health conditions there are inferior to ours to-day, it is because the average wage of the industrial worker in Yugoslavia is forty cents a day, and the average-size farm has about ten acres of land. Health conditions have greatly improved there, but health conditions are not determined by medicine alone. Nicotinic acid cures pellagra, but a beefsteak prevents it. And if the United States was able to develop a higher standard of living, it was not because it had a system of its own. It produced food and commodities under the same system as European countries. The higher standard of living was caused by a unique combination of factors that made such a development possible.

II

If health conditions are better in this country, they are certainly not good enough. We still carry an enormous burden of illness, much of which could be prevented. We are far behind other countries in the incidence of venereal diseases. Over half a million people are infected every year with syphilis and over one million with gonorrhea. Annually 60,000 children are born with the handicap of congenital syphilis, and over 50,000 people die from the results of syphilis. There is no justification whatever for having such an enormous number of venereal patients among us. We have the scientific means to diagnose and cure the disease, and there is no reason why we should not eradicate it as Denmark and a number of other countries have done.

We have one of the lowest tuberculosis death rates in the world, but this low rate still means that we have about 400,000 tubercular patients undergoing treatment every year, and that the disease is the second cause of death for the age group between fifteen and forty-five years of age. We have a low ma-

ternal death rate, but in spite of it 12,500 American families are deprived every year of the wife and mother, and we know that at least half of these tragedies could be prevented. Our low infant death rate means that 69,000 children die during the first month of their life, and 75,000 infants are stillborn; in other words, in any given year 144,000 young women go through the trying period of pregnancy and childbirth, and the result is a dead child or one that will die in a few days or weeks.

Every year 600,000 people are disabled by pneumonia and almost 100,000 die of it, but we have a serum and a drug that could reduce the death rate by at least one half. We have 500,000 mental patients in institutions filling one half of all hospital beds available in the country, and about one million mentally deficient persons outside of institutions. An extension of mental-hygiene services would keep many of these patients socially adjusted. One out of eight persons who reach the age of forty-five dies of cancer, and although the cancer problem is not yet solved we have methods of treatment that could reduce the death rate considerably.

Now that many acute diseases have been overcome, the chronic diseases are in the foreground and affect millions of people. Arthritis alone disables one and a half million persons every year, and even more individuals are suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, and lumbago. Diseases of the heart, the blood vessels, and the kidneys kill over half a million people every year, many of whom have been handicapped by their illness for a long period of time.

I think we cannot be ambitious enough in health matters. The fact that the United States has a higher standard of living and a superior technical equipment gives it possibilities of combating disease that no other country has, and there is no reason why we should not set an example to the world and demonstrate that many diseases can be wiped

out entirely and the incidence of many others reduced considerably.

Let us not be sentimental in these matters, nor speak in humanitarian terms. Let us forget that the American citizen has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which by implication should include the means of preserving and restoring health; let us not think of all the mental misery and anxiety that illness creates for the individual and his family, but let us talk plain business. This country, with its good health conditions, loses every year 10 billion dollars as a result of illness. The population spends 3.7 billion dollars for medical care. Every wage earner loses annually eight calendar or seven working days on account of illness, and the loss of earnings amounts to about half a billion dollars a year. Considering the present status of medical science, about one third of all deaths are premature, and the capital value of these preventable deaths has been estimated to be over 6 billion dollars.

I am not a business man, but I know enough economics to realize that 10 billion dollars is a heavy tax, and one which is particularly unpleasant because it could very well be reduced considerably. And who carries this enormous burden? Business and industry, which lose the services of their employees and pay high taxes for public curative services; and also the employee who is sick at home without income and spends his last savings for medical care. Every child knows that prevention is not only better than cure, but also cheaper. Would it not be better business to spend some money to prevent the incidence of illness rather than to spend many times that amount to cure it? If we agree on this principle, why, then, should we not act and organize medical services in such a way that the physicians may reach all the people, whether rich or poor, and that they may apply without restrictions whatever weapons medical science has forged for them?

III

The tendency to organize medical services represents by no means a new development. In the dark days of czarism, as early as 1864, Russia established a complete system of state medicine for the rural districts; since Russia is an agrarian country, this meant that the majority of the population received medical care from salaried district physicians and paid for their services through taxation. In Germany, it was under a conservative régime that Bismarck introduced a comprehensive system of social insurance, including health insurance, in 1883. He did it, not under pressure as we sometimes hear, but because, being a shrewd statesman, he recognized that a healthy working class benefits the employers as well. He found in addition that it was cheaper to make the workers pay for the services they received than to establish public or charity services. Germany's example was followed by one European country after another, by England in 1911, by France in 1928. When Alsace and Lorraine were returned to France, the two provinces had the German social-insurance system and did not dream of giving it up, so the rest of the country followed suit and adopted it.

No country that ever enjoyed the benefits of social insurance has made the slightest move to relinquish them. On the contrary, there has been a tendency to extend social insurance to include ever larger parts of the population. In the eastern European countries which had to reconstruct their public-health work after the war, medical services were organized very thoroughly. In Yugoslavia 3600 of 5000 physicians are in the service of either the government or the social-insurance organizations. Public services and health coöperatives bring medical care to the rural population, while the wage earners and salaried employees receive services from the social-insurance organizations.

The average American does not know Europe, and is convinced that there is nothing he can learn from foreign countries. There is, however, one group of European nations that he openly admires: the Scandinavian countries. He likes their democratic institutions, their high standard of living, and their high educational standard. In these countries, medicine is almost 100 per cent socialized. Public services and health insurance make the doctors available to everybody, and the health standard is remarkably high.

We often hear the naïve argument that if these European systems were superior to our haphazard distribution of medical care, health conditions in Europe would of necessity be better than in America. But, as I mentioned before, the standard of living is an essential factor of health. Most European countries have not enjoyed all the natural and economic advantages of America, and if they had not organized their medical services they would not have the relatively good health conditions they actually have to-day.

We need not look to Europe alone. In New Zealand the legislature in 1938 passed one of the most comprehensive social-security acts that have ever been conceived. It aims to give every individual complete social security and provides an extensive system of pensions for all people who are handicapped economically by illness, invalidity, death of the breadwinner, and old age. It provides, further, all the means required for the protection and restoration of health. The system will in the beginning provide the free services of general practitioners, free hospital or sanatorium treatment, free mental-hospital care, free medicines, and free maternity treatment. It will, as soon as feasible, be extended to include services of specialists. The plan will be financed from three sources: (1) a social-security contribution of one shilling in the pound on the wages and other income of all persons; (2) con-

tinuance of the present registration fee of one pound per annum for males over twenty years of age; (3) subsidy from the Consolidated Fund. The price is not too high considering the many benefits that cover almost any risk. It has been estimated that the general practitioner will make an average income of \$6000 in our currency. He will receive additional compensation for midwifery, anaesthesia, traveling expenses, and so forth. Consulting specialists will be remunerated according to a fee schedule.

On the South American continent one republic, Chile, has developed in the last fourteen years one of the most progressive systems of social legislation. Social insurance is compulsory for all persons under sixty-five years of age whose annual income is less than 12,000 pesos and whose work is more physical than intellectual. This embraces the great majority of the population. Other persons whose annual income is less than 12,000 pesos can join the social-insurance system voluntarily, provided they are Chilean citizens, less than forty-five years of age, and have passed a previous health examination given by a physician of the Insurance Fund. The insurance system is financed through contributions of employer, employee, and state. In the case of employees working under a labor contract, the employer contributes 5 per cent of the wage bill, the employee 2 per cent, and the state $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Insured persons who work independently and those who are insured voluntarily contribute $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent or $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of their income according to the field in which they work, and the state contributes the same amount. The benefits consist of complete medical care, sickness, maternity, and disability benefits, and old-age pensions. Patients are hospitalized in state hospitals and sanatoria, the Insurance Fund paying the hospitals two pesos a day for each patient.

A still more progressive bill, to enforce preventive medicine, was passed in

Chile in May 1938. It requires periodic examination at least once a year, but more often if necessary, for all persons coming under the Social Insurance Act. The chief objective is the eradication of tuberculosis, syphilis, heart diseases, and occupational diseases. The examination must include a Wassermann test and an X-ray. In each case the complete clinical history and social history must be taken and a report must be made on the working conditions of the person examined. If in such an examination the doctors find that an individual is not sick but run-down, they must, as a measure to prevent disease, prescribe for him either a complete vacation or a period of half-time work, wherein the loss of wages is compensated for by the Insurance Fund. And no employee can be dismissed from his job in such a case.

IV

These facts make it evident that the organization of medical services is not a new phenomenon, or limited to certain types of countries. It is a world-wide development. In some countries the process is finished and services are completely organized, others are half-way in the development, and in others it is just beginning; but no country can possibly escape the trend. Some people say, however, that this organization of medical services is nothing but the socialization of medicine, and the word 'socialization' is a bogey — it smells of Communism. We should not be afraid of the word, but should recognize that the socialization of services is the logical and unavoidable consequence of the industrialization of the world. If we are opposed to socialization we must also oppose industrialism and must advocate a return to the Middle Ages.

We must realize that the structure of society has undergone tremendous changes in the last one hundred years as a result of industrialization. A hundred years ago, one out of five gainfully

employed persons was a wage earner, and four owned their own means of production, while to-day four out of five are wage earners or salaried employees, and the number of independent producers has been reduced to a minimum. In a society in which four fifths of the whole gainfully employed population depend for an income on the labor market, there is of necessity a strong feeling of insecurity and as a result a pressing demand for security.

It is to satisfy this demand that social-insurance systems are introduced everywhere in order to spread unpredictable risks among as many people as possible and to pool resources. The insecurity created by illness is merely one aspect of the general insecurity resulting from our general social-economic system. In the period of transition in which we are living to-day more and more aspects of our economic life will become socialized, and we have the choice only between two possibilities, either to socialize gradually or to let things go and wait until the pressure becomes so strong that it bursts forth in revolution.

When we look at the development of medicine in the last hundred years we find another explanation for the present situation. Not only has the cost of medical care increased considerably with the progress of medical science, but medicine, originally a private relationship between physician and patient, is tending to become a social institution. With the progress of medical science, the scope of medicine has broadened considerably. The law could not be administered without the expert advice of the psychiatrist. The sanitation of dwelling places, the protection of society against epidemics, the protection of mother and child, the care of tubercular and mental patients, the hospitalization of the indigent, are tasks of such magnitude that they could not possibly be carried out in an unorganized, haphazard way. They require the power and scope of the state, and therefore public-health services have

increased tremendously. In the United States we already have well-organized efficient state medicine in our public-health services — federal, state, and municipal; and nobody will deny that they are largely responsible for improved health conditions.

The development of industry, on the other hand, has created so many new sources of danger that provisions had to be made to protect the worker, not only in his own interest but also in the interest of the employer. Workmen's Compensation Acts are operating to-day in all but one state, and they guarantee the worker medical care and compensation for the loss of wages. These acts virtually amount to compulsory insurance against sickness caused by industrial accidents and occupational diseases. The principle has been generally accepted, even by the American Medical Association.

A great variety of voluntary insurance schemes have been applied with more or less success, and the tendency to spread the cost of medical care and to make the rich pay for the services given to the poor is expressed in charity services and in the sliding scale commonly applied by physicians. Thus we already have socialized medicine in the country, and I. S. Falk estimates that in normal years over 800 million dollars are spent for medical care through group payments under systems that are more or less socialized.

The problem we are facing to-day is, therefore, not to introduce some basically new principle, but to develop already existing services. The population still spends three billion dollars in a haphazard way, with the result that many millions of people do not have enough medical care. If this same amount of money could be spent systematically, it would carry us a long way, and comparatively few additional funds would be required to provide medical service for everybody and reduce the incidence of illness considerably.

The Technical Committee on Medical Care, which was appointed by the President, presented its report on February 14, 1938. The National Health Conference, consisting of representatives of all groups of the population, met in Washington on July 18–20, 1938, discussed the program, and endorsed it enthusiastically. On January 23, 1939, the President transmitted his annual message on health security to Congress, and on February 28, 1939, Senator Wagner introduced a bill (S. 1620) 'to provide for the general welfare by enabling the several States to make more adequate provision for public health, prevention and control of disease, maternal and child health services, construction and maintenance of needed hospitals and health centres, care of the sick, disability insurance, and training of personnel.' The bill is an amendment to the Social Security Act. It aims to provide funds to put the National Health Program into practice and sets minimum standards.

We no longer need discuss the health situation in abstract terms. We have a precise program before us, and the question is whether we shall accept or reject it. The initiative is up to the states. The Federal Government does not try to impose a definite scheme upon them, but is ready to subsidize any state that develops a sound health program which meets with the minimum requirements established by federal legislation. The National Health Program aims to extend existing facilities and to develop principles that have already been accepted by the people.

What are its recommendations? Public health services have developed tremendously in the last few decades and nobody can deny that they have proved their usefulness. They are primarily responsible for the reduction in the infant death rate, death rate of tuberculosis, incidence of venereal diseases, and similar achievements. An extension of such services will of necessity improve

health conditions still further. This is merely a question of funds and personnel. The state health budgets average eleven cents per capita, which is not enough. The municipal budgets run from a few cents to one dollar per capita, but very few cities can boast of the latter figure. Less than one third of the counties and still fewer cities have a full-time professional health officer. With federal subsidies the states could develop their public services, and the results would be felt very soon. Such services in no way interfere with the private practitioner. Their task lies in a totally different field, and, as they address themselves primarily to the needy population, they relieve the practitioner of a burden he could not possibly carry.

The second recommendation provides the extension of hospital facilities, particularly in the rural districts. More than 40 per cent of all counties — a population of 17 million — have no registered general hospital. Many counties have hospitals, but they are small and are neither financially nor technically prepared to admit a larger number of free patients. Many needy patients, therefore, have to be hospitalized in the large cities, or they are not hospitalized at all, as happens very frequently. It has been estimated that the establishment of 360,000 new hospital beds would solve the problem, and the Federal Government is ready to give grants-in-aid to construct and improve needed hospitals and to provide special temporary grants toward defraying the operating costs in the initial period. At the same time, outpatient clinics could be developed and diagnostic centres established, particularly in the rural areas where there is a definite lack of such facilities.

Another recommendation that seems to be generally accepted concerns the compensation for the loss of wages due to illness. Once we accept the principle of unemployment insurance, there is no reason why we should not extend it to unemployment resulting, not from eco-

nomic crises, but from illness. The causes may be different, but the result is the same, and the hardship on the worker just as great. The fear that such a scheme would lead to malingering is not justified. Compensation would amount to only a percentage of the wages and would be granted after a waiting period of a few days. And even if it should induce a few unbalanced individuals to malingering, it would bring tremendous benefit to the whole working population.

Two other recommendations are controversial, and indeed they touch problems which are infinitely more difficult to solve. We know that one third of the population live on an emergency standard, and it is perfectly obvious that they cannot possibly purchase medical care in the open market. It is equally obvious that medical services provided for this group can be financed only through public funds. I think everyone agrees that such services should be complete, including physician, dentist, nurse, hospital, drugs, and appliances, and that they should be of high quality. In a democracy the welfare of every individual counts, and every life is valuable. If we are unable to overcome poverty, unable to provide a job for every man and woman willing to work and to guarantee a decent standard of living to everybody, we are collectively responsible for such a condition, and the least we can do is to provide the means of protecting and restoring health to everyone who needs them.

The question is what form of services should be provided for this needy group, and this is best discussed in connection with the medical problem of the middle class. Many millions of otherwise self-supporting families — as a matter of fact, the overwhelming majority of the population — find it very difficult to budget the cost of illness, and many a budget has been wrecked by sudden illness, with very serious results. A plan that would permit families to finance the cost of treatment through periodic pay-

ments in proportion to their income would guarantee the regularity of medical services and necessarily improve health conditions. The Federal Government is willing to subsidize states that develop such a plan.

V

The possibilities of organizing medical care are limited. They are, to put it briefly, public services, health insurance, or a combination of both. Medical services can be made public services, financed through taxation and available to all without charge, like education or the administration of the law. This is, in my opinion, the ideal solution to which every country will come ultimately. This country, however, is not yet prepared to take such a far-reaching step. The next possibility, therefore, is health insurance, which can be voluntary or compulsory — compulsory for all or only for certain groups.

Many experiments have been made in recent years with voluntary insurance, and Coöperative Health Associations, once the initial difficulties were overcome, have given satisfaction to all persons involved. Their great advantage is that they practise group medicine, which is a superior form of medical service, the only one that permits the application of all resources of medical science. They are a solution of the problem wherever there is a large, economically homogeneous group to be served. They do not represent a general solution, however, because they do not reach all the people who need protection. Still less do the voluntary insurance schemes initiated by Medical Societies in order to compete with Group Clinics and Health Associations. They are not health-insurance but fee-insurance plans, and perpetuate the present haphazard form of medical service.

If health insurance is to be effective it must be compulsory. Compulsory for whom? For all those who need help and

protection — that is, first of all, the wage earners and salaried employees up to a certain income. Most European systems include only low-income brackets. We must do more. The Capper Bill (S. 658), introduced in the Senate on January 16, 1939, — a bill that sets minimum requirements for the approval of a state system of health insurance, — provides compulsory insurance for all manual laborers and such employees whose wages do not exceed \$60 per week, which is a fair limit. For some reason unknown to me, it excludes farm laborers and domestic servants, who need protection just as badly. It does not exclude them entirely, but permits them to join voluntarily, as may all such persons whose weekly income does not exceed \$100. Persons who are receiving old-age or unemployment benefits or relief could be included under such a system, whereby the premium would be paid by the agency distributing the benefits.

Under any insurance scheme the benefits must be available to the insured persons and their family members, and must include complete medical service with emphasis on prevention (immunizations and periodic physical examinations), maternity benefits, and cash benefits to compensate for the loss of wages. Funds should be used for health education and research.

The fairest way to finance such a scheme is to have all those groups contribute who benefit by improved health conditions — namely, the state, the employers, and the employees, whose contributions should be in proportion to their wages. The Capper Bill foresees employees' contributions scaled from 1 to 3 per cent according to whether the weekly wages amount to \$20 or less, \$21 to \$40, or more than \$40.

The Capper Bill has had very little publicity. It has some weak points, but as a whole is a very sound and constructive project that certainly deserves to be widely discussed. It is undoubtedly a great improvement on all European

schemes and demonstrates that the overwhelming majority of the population, including the needy group, can be embraced by such a combination of compulsory and voluntary insurance.

Every system of distribution of medical care requires the coöperation of the physicians. The collection of premiums and the distribution of cash benefits are administrative matters, but the medical benefits are entirely in the hands of the doctors. So far the American Medical Association and its constituent societies have violently opposed the idea of compulsory health insurance. It is not easy to understand this opposition. The A. M. A. has accepted the principle of compulsory insurance for accidents and occupational diseases. In other words, it agrees that if a worker suffers from lead poisoning, as a result of his occupation, it is unobjectionable for him to be treated under an insurance plan by a doctor who may be a salaried physician and not the doctor of his own choice. The personal relationship between physician and patient will not suffer, and the patient may be compensated for his loss of wages. If, however, his lead poisoning is due to adulterated food, the A. M. A. considers that the situation is entirely different and that insurance is undesirable. This discrimination is not very logical.

One very important reason for the physician's opposition must be that the doctor is ill-informed in these questions. He is trained as a scientist and knows very little about economics and sociology. As long as the A. M. A. had purely medical problems to solve, it did a very good job, but now it is facing a problem that is also social and economic. The *Journal* of the A. M. A. was biased in these matters from the very beginning, precluding any open discussion.

I have read dozens of articles and pamphlets written against health insurance in the last few years, and I found them full of mistakes and wrong statements. Men who are critical scientists in their own fields seem to lose every

critical sense as soon as they approach a social problem.

There must be some reason for this vague fear of socialized medicine. Some doctors are afraid of mistakes and abuses that are apparent in European systems. There is no reason why we should copy these mistakes. On the contrary, we should be grateful to Europe for having done the experimental work so that we can learn from it.

Some fear political interference. Granted that this may be a menace — it is one that can be avoided. If the people have no confidence in the men whom they themselves elect to governmental positions, they can make the health-insurance system an independent corporation managed by representatives of all the groups involved: employers, employees, physicians, and government.

Others are afraid of bureaucracy. Whether there is much bureaucracy or not in such a system depends entirely on the physicians. If they are willing to serve on salaries — which can be differentiated considerably according to experience and responsibility — there will be a minimum of red tape. It will be tremendous, however, if doctors insist on being remunerated on a fee-for-service basis which requires an extensive system of checking.

But the quality of medical care will suffer under any such scheme, we are told. Is it really so very high to-day? Is it adequate in rural districts, where many doctors practise the horse-and-buggy medicine they learned in a third-grade medical school forty or fifty years ago? Quality will not be improved if insurance funds are used merely to pay the doctor's bill under the present haphazard system. It will be improved considerably, however, if funds are used to develop group medicine in health centres.

But then, we hear, the free choice of physician will be limited. The idea of unlimited free choice of physician is fine, but the fact does not exist and

never has existed. The indigent patient who seeks help in a dispensary has no choice at all, but the A. M. A. has never objected to that. The patient in rural districts where only a few doctors are available has a very limited choice, and in cities the pocketbook sets definite limits to the free choice.

Some members of the medical profession are afraid of the economic consequences that health insurance may have upon them. They do not know that in every country where it has been established health insurance has always brought more money to the doctors. They pride themselves that every day they are giving one million dollars' worth of medical service free of charge. That is, they pride themselves publicly. Privately, I have heard many a doctor bitterly complain that he could not collect his bills. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care revealed that doctors with high incomes in the cities collected as much as 80 per cent of their bills, but those with low incomes in small towns collected only 20 per cent. This is not just. There is no reason why the physician should not be remunerated for honest work. Health insurance would ensure that he would be; it would relieve him of a great burden.

By systematically obstructing experimentation, the American Medical Association has greatly harmed the reputation of the medical profession. Its indictment by the District Court of the United States for the District of Columbia has deeply impressed the public. Lawyers will have to decide whether the Sherman Act can be applied to the practice of medicine, but, whatever the outcome of the trial may be, the fact will remain that medical organizations have applied methods of coercion that are condemned when business applies them. The public, however, should know that the rank and file of the medical profession do not blindly follow

their leaders. They feel greatly disturbed and do not know what policy they should follow. The Medical Society of the County of New York recently held a poll asking its members whether they would favor compulsory health insurance or not. The result was significant: two thirds of the members had no opinion and abstained from voting; only $24\frac{1}{3}$ per cent were opposed and 9 per cent in favor of compulsory insurance. The rank and file will continue to perform their duty, and I have no doubt that they will coöperate joyfully the moment they are convinced that socialized medicine benefits the patient as well as the profession.

Health insurance is not a panacea. It is not the ideal system, but I think that, under the present social and economic conditions of the country, compulsory health insurance combined with an extension of public-health services is the best possible solution.

Medicine has had a very short history, of but 5000 years, and it has become really efficient only in the last 100 years. For 5000 years people fell sick and, once they were sick, called for a doctor. It is time that we should change this relationship and devise a system under which the doctor will call on the potential patient in the home, in the workshop, or on the farm. Such a program will not lead to regimentation, but, on the contrary, to an application of the principle of family practice never before realized.

I am confident that our medical problem will be solved in a not distant future. I believe in the common sense of the people. I know that new problems call for new leaders, and that physicians of great reputation and integrity such as Dr. Hugh Cabot and Dr. John P. Peters find an ever-increasing audience. And, most of all, I have faith in the young medical generation that is growing up under our eyes.

IN MEMORIAM: IRA DUTTON

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I THINK it was that owlsh and truculent editor, the late George Harvey, who first in our time gave voice to the now traditional nostalgia for Vermont. Frostbitten by his dear Woodrow Wilson during the chill of the 1912 campaign, Harvey had stalked off in his wounded pride down a road so strange and sorry that it led him, by way of a smoke-filled hotel room in Chicago, even unto the Court of St. James's. Speaking there at the Guildhall dinner of the Royal Society of St. George, his thoughts ran back to a morsel of the Eighteenth Century left behind and forgotten in the Green Mountains — the tiny, unchanging village of Peacham, whence, years before, he had gone forth to make his fortune. Next day sundry ink-stained wretches of the New York press (including a cub named Frank Sullivan) were rushed to this lost Atlantis to investigate our Ambassador's boast that it contained 'no man, woman, or child of other than English blood.' These inquirers found the point already up for discussion by the farmers (mostly of Scotch and Irish descent) who were loitering in Peacham's general store. The storekeeper, a man of German birth, expressed the sense of the meeting. 'Ach,' said Herr Richter, 'George has again through his hat been talking.'

Three months later the same attention was caught and transfixed by an event which invaded the quiet of a village called Plymouth, not far down the valley from Peacham. Shortly after an August midnight in that year, old John Coolidge was awakened by the noise of a motorcar

which had snorted importantly the three twisting miles from Bridgewater. Leaning from his second-story window, he got the tidings which had just come over the wires from San Francisco. It was he who had to wake his son with the news that Warren Harding was dead. 'Well,' said Calvin, 'I guess I'd better get up.' A little later — toward three it was, and sunup not far off — the witnesses gathered in the living room below: wife, secretary, chauffeur, a few hangers-on.

I do solemnly swear . . .

'I do solemnly swear . . .'

It was old Coolidge, notary public, administering the oath of office by lamp-light.

. . . that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States. . .

' . . . that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States. . . '

Less than ten years later they brought him back through the January rain to lie in that grudging, wind-swept half-acre where Coolidges have been buried since time out of mind. His stone differs from the others chiefly because the local stonemason carved an eagle on it in bas-relief. He had copied it from a quarter someone loaned him.

In no more critical spirit, sixty years before, the same Vermont crossroads, one after another, had gazed in noncommittal curiosity when Jim Fisk came slowly back to Brattleboro. A handsome, high-toned blackmailer named Stokes had shot down that buccaneer on the gaudy staircase of the Broadway Central Hotel

in New York and there had already been an elegant lying-in-state in the foyer of his own Grand Opera House at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. Now, with Jay Gould forgotten, — and Black Friday and Josie Mansfield, too, — Jim was coming home to Brattleboro, whence he had taken to the road as a jaunty peddler less than twenty years before. He lies there to-day on high, lovely ground which looks out across the Connecticut River into New Hampshire. His grave is marked by a tasty obelisk of Italian marble at the base of which several vapid marble maidens wait for eternity. One of them has a locomotive graven on her headpiece in memory of the Erie Railroad, and in her stony hands another holds a steamboat, as if it were a diploma. You are left to mischievous speculation as to what the next one may once have held. Whatever it was, some passing vandal — happening, perhaps, to have a pneumatic drill with him — has carried it off.

George Harvey, Calvin Coolidge, and Jim Fisk — these three had one thing in common. They were born in Vermont but achieved their fame by (or, at least, after) leaving it. Indeed, that has been true of all the Green Mountain boys. Thus Stephen A. Douglas was born in Vermont — his bronze head still glowers down the main street of his native Brandon — but he went to the Senate from a quite different commonwealth. And certainly Joseph Smith, who was from over Sharon way, and his trusty Brigham Young — Vermont lads both — are still remembered for the sowing of a seed which would have had a tough time taking root in the scornful soil of their native state. Neither was ever brought back to that soil. Young was far from Vermont when, at the age of seventy-six, he was laid low with cholera morbus after an injudicious snack of green corn and peaches. To the anxious and considerable family gathered at his bedside he murmured, 'I feel better,' and gave up the ghost. But though they buried him

there in Salt Lake City, certain pious Mormons made a pilgrimage to his Vermont birthplace, a bleak mountain farm near Whitingham, and marked it with a tablet. Now slightly askew and half-hidden by brambles, that tablet is still legible enough to startle the passer-by. 'Brigham Young,' it gravely records, 'Born on this spot in 1801. A man of much courage and superb equipment.'

If so many of his like, with their possessions in a handkerchief on the end of a stick, have gone out into the world, it has been under the same compulsion that put wind into the sails of the Vikings long ago. The snowbound homeland was too crabbed and lean to feed them all. In a Viking household only one son could hope to stay at home. For each of the rest there waited, when he came of age, a ceremony. An arrow would be tossed into the air, and as it might be pointing when it fell, so must the youth go forth. Southeast to Muscovy? Southwest to the vineyards of the Franks? West to Albion and beyond? No matter. Go he must. Thus it has ever been with the Green Mountain boys. As a result, Vermont is even now little larger in population than Jersey City or Louisville. Indeed, it can hold up its head around Washington in the proud consciousness that at least it contributes only one member to the House of Representatives.

As for the *émigrés*, they sigh like the Irish for the cleaner, greener land from which they have let themselves be driven. From time to time, on the seamy face of some prosperous old codger watching the New Year's Day carnival at Pasadena — Roses in January! Good God! — you may note an expression of incredulity mixed with distaste. Be sure there is being borne to him across the years the faint distant sound of sleigh-bells on the road that winds its way from Burlington to Montpelier. Or consider that pursy banker chap out in Chicago. His stenographer will tell you that in the fall the old boy always wears a faraway

look. I think he is seeing Lake Dunmore as it lies turquoise under an October sky. I suspect he is wondering if that big silly house of his on the shore at Evanston is not just a mess of pottage.

Of all these lives that began in the Green Mountains but were spent elsewhere — lavished, perhaps, or even squandered might be a better word than spent — the one that has ever taken the strongest hold on my interest and stirred most my speculative wonder is that of a man named Dutton. Designed for an improbable use which he was long in discovering, Ira Dutton came into the world in 1843 at the fairest spot in all Vermont. That is the town of Stowe, which is a reserved seat at the endlessly enchanting spectacle presented by Mount Mansfield. His father, Ezra Dutton, was the shoemaker at Stowe, and his mother, Abigail Barnes, had been the schoolmarm at Rochester in the next valley. By a twisting road which no one now can chart completely, the destiny of this son of theirs took him at his appointed time to a 'gray, lofty and most desolate island' — the one called Molokai. That is the distressful colony which was the scene and witness of the martyrdom of Father Damien — a martyrdom that first became known on a certain Sunday when, in the rude wooden church which his parishioners had built with their own rotting hands, Damien changed the familiar beginning of his sermon. On that Sunday the sermon did not begin as usual with the salutation 'My brethren.' Instead the first words were 'We lepers.'

If the story of that laughing and violent peasant with the burning eyes soon spread to the ends of the earth and is still familiar in *partibus infidelium*, thanks are in no small measure due to an evangelical clergyman named C. M. Hyde. The Reverend Dr. Hyde was one of those early missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands of whom it has been said that they went out to do good and did well. From his luxurious manse on

Beretania Street at Honolulu, he made an injudicious effort to nip the Damien legend in the bud. Indeed, he issued a statement to the effect that Damien had been a coarse, dirty, and bigoted fellow who — as Dr. Hyde reported with unconvincing regret — was no better than he should have been. To-day Dr. Hyde is remembered at all only because this statement of his brought down upon him the generous wrath of Robert Louis Stevenson, to whom Hyde's name must have seemed vaguely familiar. In an open letter to him written at Sydney in Australia just fifty years ago this August, R. L. S. administered one of the most exhilarating and generally satisfactory thrashings in all literature.

One day, at a time when Damien was no longer able to walk and therefore, in order to meet the Honolulu boat which would drop off the mail for Molokai, had to have himself wheeled down to the shore in a cart, he saw disembarking a rugged giant who, judging from his luggage, had apparently come to stay. He had, as it turned out, come to stay for four-and-forty years. This was the lay brother who, when Stevenson visited Molokai after Damien's death, was to serve as his guide and informant. This was the Brother Joseph who nursed Damien through his last hours, buried him with his own hands, administered his estate, and then dedicated the rest of his own life to taking Damien's place among the lepers. Brother Joseph's real name was Ira Dutton.

A good deal must have happened in and around Ira Dutton along the road that led from Stowe to Molokai, and there have been several recent attempts to reconstruct that journey. But none of them gets at the heart of the man. We see him as a young officer in the Union forces during the Civil War and later as an unhappy husband. There was a scandal, a divorce, and a subsequent conversion to the Catholic faith, for back in Stowe he had been born into a good Baptist household. It was at this, his

second christening, that he took the name of Joseph.

Among the wild surmises about Brother Joseph there was common talk for many years that he was a renegade Trappist. Indeed, I have had it confided to me in a deafening whisper that he was the very one who inspired the tale of the faithless monk which Robert Hichens wrote and called *The Garden of Allah*. This explanation of him labors under the disadvantage of being untrue. It has as its basis only the fact that, not long before he took ship for Molokai, Dutton had spent twenty months of retreat in the voiceless monastery of Gethsemane in Kentucky. But in returning to the world, still haunted by that from which he was in flight, he broke no vows, for he had made none. It was in New Orleans a little after this that he first heard of Father Damien — came across some account of him in a magazine he chanced upon. The next thing we know he was bound west from San Francisco, and these shores knew him no more. All this is part of a long-familiar record. What none of these accounts supplies is any clue to the trouble that was in his heart. If those forty-four years were offered as an expiation for some act of his back home, he told no one save the leprous priest to whom it was his privilege to make confession.

Brother Joseph never set foot again on the soil of these United States, but always, in front of his home on Molokai, the Stars and Stripes was run up the flagpole by his own hands and by them taken down at the end of every day.

They say that in these sunset ceremonies there always came a moment when, for the space that a breath is held, the gaunt exile would pause with the tumbling folds resting on his shoulder. It was as if he felt a caress. Indeed, the picture of Brother Joseph that emerges from the mist whenever I hear his name mentioned shows him standing there beside that flagpole of his on a certain July day in 1908, twenty years after the death of Damien. That was the year in which Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world. After it had started across the Pacific, troubling word reached the White House that Brother Joseph, in the innocence of his faith, had been promising his charges at Molokai that they should see the battleships when they passed by. But the fleet was not scheduled to go near Molokai at all. The great Theodore, bless him, set the cables humming with a change of sailing orders that caught the Admiral at Honolulu.

I like to remember that hour when the line of battleships passed Molokai in single file. Up there on a promontory where his house was built, with all the leper boys gathered around him, Brother Joseph stood — an old man, by this time, with the white beard of a patriarch. Very straight he stood, and his flag snapped in the breeze. As each ship in the passing fleet went by, her flag dipped in salute.

I find myself wondering now if Brother Joseph knew the battleships by name. I hope he knew that one of them was the *Vermont*.

LONE HUNTER

BY LESTER ROWNTREE

I

IT took adversity to bring me the sort of life I had always longed for. Not until after my domestic happiness had gone to smash did I realize that I was free to trek up and down the long state of California, to satisfy my insistent curiosity about plants, to find them in their homes meeting their days and seasons, to write down their tricks and manners in my notebook, to photograph their flowers, to collect their seeds, to bring home seedlings in cans just emptied of tomato juice.

I use the notes in magazine articles and books, and some of the thousand and more photographs illustrate them, while others are made into colored slides for flower lectures. I absorb the knowledge of native plants and natural plantings which is so necessary for landscape work — and that, too, is what the seedlings are for. I grow them in plant house or lath house and finally set them out in the open on my windy hillside, to prove to me and to the world what good they can be in the garden.

The seeds, which come home unthreshed in big white bags, looking like my laundry, arrive in the seed house, to hang clean and tidy in labeled alphabetical rows. From there they go to every state in the Union, to Canada, and especially to England and the Continent, where ardent gardeners are always on the lookout for something new. Cold-country enthusiasts want alpine from the Sierras, the Trinities, and the Siskiyou; South Africans, Australians,

and southern Europeans ask for valley and foothill flowers; only the seeds of the non-cactusy desert plants, least known and most fascinating of all, go a-begging, because very few gardening regions have the sand, gravel, heat, and sun which they require.

I didn't take up this job for the poetry of it. I had no ambition to become a Picturesque Lady-Gypsy. I honestly wanted to find out about California wild flowers. There was little written about them in their habitats and nothing at all about their behavior in the garden, so I made it my job to discover the facts for myself.

I live, when I am under a roof, on a steep hillside. In front, beyond the tops of Monterey pines, stretches the Pacific Ocean. It is so quiet up there that I can faintly hear the hum of week-end traffic far below me on the coastal highway which runs south from Carmel.

But I inhabit my hillside only from November to February, while the winter storms are blowing and the winter rains pouring. In March and April I have long shining days on the desert, in May happy weeks in the foothills, where a chorus of robins wakes me and my morning bath is in a rushing stream of just-melted snow. In June I am in the northern counties scented with new-mown hay and wild strawberries, in July in the higher mountains, and in August and September up in the alpine zone with mule or burro.

'Stay at home and be safe,' my friends

urge me. 'No woman ought to travel about alone the way you do!'

'What is safe?' I question, and the annual argument is on again. There are so many 'What if?' people to deal with.

'What if a mountain lion came and ate you in your sleeping bag?'

'Mountain lions aren't supposed to eat people.'

'What if a bear came?'

'Bears don't hurt you unless you bother their cubs.'

'What if you met a rattlesnake — or a sidewinder?'

'I've just got to look out for them. I can't stay at home because of a few snakes.'

Then, most terrible thought of all, 'What if a *man* came?'

Men do come. But they are usually quite harmless. Fishermen and hunters are on the whole a decent lot, and I feel much safer with country people than I do in crowded cities.

Early in the spring my travels begin, but first I must load the car. There are no large seats in my car, only my own little leather driver's seat, which stays with me when one model is turned in for the next. Because on rainy or snowy nights I leave the ground and crawl into the car to sleep, it must have a flat floor; and since it is my home for weeks at a time, it must have room for a great many things — flower presses, books, photographic gadgets, canteens, tools, and seed bags. Each year I take a long-handled shovel and a forbidding-looking axe on a 10,000-mile ride. They go along only because the Forest Service requires it — both are far too big and heavy for me to handle.

Ten thousand or fifteen thousand miles doesn't sound like much for a season's work, but in my case it isn't the automobile mileage which counts. It's the distances covered on foot, alone or with pack animals. A person who studies plants doesn't work on the highways. The road is just the place where you

leave your car — a point to start from and come back to.

The first trip of the year generally finds me a bit rusty on car packing. The luggage looks all right when I first start out, but that long steep hill down to the highway at Wild Cat Cañon bridge tests my technique, and by the time I am down on the level all the junk has settled round my neck or congregated behind my shoulders. The presses and seed bags, which should be kept dry, make straight for the slightly drippy canteens, my precious camera mixes in with the sharp picks and shovels and trowels, and I have to stop and repack.

Modern boys and girls are born with an instinctive knowledge of cars which I lack entirely. All that I know has been learned by hard experience. For instance, I found out that water is bad for brakes by driving through twenty-four successive fords on a mountain road and subsequently whizzing down one descent after another without the slightest control over my speed. I was stuck for two days and nights in the sand of a desert cañon wash before I found that I might have a chance to pull out if I lowered the tire pressure. A Highway Division man told me to put a wet rag on a certain spot under the hood when my car had vapor lock. I marked the spot with a red cross which the wet rag washed off, and pretty soon I was poulticing the engine practically all over.

However, I have come to think that there is a guardian angel for car-ignorant wandering women. The angel generally employs Highway Division or Forest Service men as instruments, and I have come to love the bright orange-red truck of the first and the dark green pickup of the second.

II

One of the trials of my life is the difficulty of combining the arrangements of a lady with those of a gypsy. I don't want to give up either sort of existence,

and yet they just don't mix, especially when I must be both on the same trip. The flower presses scratch my good luggage, the canteens drip on my handbag, my hat flies out of the window, and I have to go to a town and buy another. A large and benevolent steamer rug is supposed to cover the manifold trappings in the car, but a sudden jolting stop is sure to bring all the disgraces tumbling out into the light, and before I have tucked them back in again my nice clean hands are dusty and there is a run in my silk stocking.

One night I sleep with a Port Orford cedar at my feet and an incense cedar at my head, with a lake for a bathtub and bread and cheese for breakfast. The next I am in a dainty guestroom, start the day with a scented bath (after lying awake since dawn), and breakfast luxuriously in bed, propped up by many downy pillows. This is all very amusing and pleasant, but the evenings are a difficulty. In the field I creep into my sleeping bag at dusk, but when I am a lady I must sit up till midnight, making desperate efforts to hide my yawns and talking incoherently through a haze of sleep.

The plants I go to look for grow along little-used roads, narrow, rutty, sandy, muddy, or dusty, or roads which in the desert are scarcely more than tracks and in the mountains not much more than ledges. (In the matter of roads it is simply 'Nothing venture, nothing have.') They are terrible from the tourist's point of view, but the botanist usually looks upon them and finds them good. They may be one-way mountain thoroughfares with an almost perpendicular bank on one side and an abrupt drop of many hundreds of feet on the other, but I have my happiest times upon them, though they do possess certain drawbacks, chief of which is the practical impossibility of parking. Also they are bad to be caught on at night. Because I always feel that just around the corner there is sure to be a place

wide enough to pull off and sleep, I go on and on with dumb persistence, — along this ridge, across that spur, — till it sometimes ends in my trusting to luck that no one will be traveling that night, and going to sleep right in the middle of the road.

Local people take it for granted that a car parked at the roadside indicates some grief for the car or its owner, and their first thought is to offer help. On the whole I think I have suffered more from being offered help than from needing it. There is so much explaining to be done, and the dear people are so sure something must be wrong, otherwise I would never have stopped. '*Sure* you ain't got no trouble?' they ask reluctantly as they move away.

Once I was milling inquisitively about in the manzanitas and wild lilacs of a mountain side, with raisins in my pocket and water close by in a mountain stream, all set for a happy day. About mid-morning a car came along the road, slowed up just below me, then went on.

In the late afternoon, just as I was collecting my belongings for a regretful descent, a second car came slowly up the mountain, halting every now and then. Opposite me it stopped; two men got out and began working their way up through the chaparral.

'Are you the woman that's lost in the mountains?' they yelled.

'No!' I said indignantly.

'You *must* be,' they said.

'I'm *not*!' I shouted.

Ignoring this, they announced, 'We've come to find you.'

'You can't,' I said, 'because I'm not lost. My car is just a few miles along the road, down by the stream bed.'

'Better come with us,' they pleaded. 'They sent us out to find you. A man brought the news to town this morning.' I remembered the loitering car.

'I won't,' I said firmly. 'I'm not lost and I won't be found.'

'Good-bye,' they said reproachfully, and turned to go.

'Good-bye,' I said, at last becoming polite. 'It was sweet of you to come, anyway.'

When you live out of doors day in and day out, especially if you do not carry a tent, things of no importance when you live in a house become of great moment. Such matters as sunlight and shadow, cold and warmth, take on unexpected proportions, and when you are photographing flowers the behavior of the wind is a vital thing. Sight and hearing grow more alert at need. Stands of plants must be identified a long distance away, and when one is keen on privacy — particularly when taking a sunbath — the approach of wagons or cars, the sound of horses' feet or of men's voices, make subconscious listening a part of one's life. My sense of smell also becomes highly developed, which is sometimes inconvenient; but I can smell a desert lily from afar, and in northwest California and southern Oregon in May I drive for days through the fragrance of azaleas.

It would seem as though there should be some kinship between my life and that of the Indians, but their methods get me nowhere. Evidently I need a different cultural background. I put my ear to the earth, but I hear no better; I cannot carry anything on my head; I cannot even mesmerize a rattlesnake. Cornbread is the only form in which I like maize, and I don't eat bulbs or acorns, though I once lived for a day on cascara berries with rather unhappy results.

Delightful as much of my work is, it isn't all sweetness and light. There are times when I actually get lonely and begin talking to the faces in the old newspapers which hold my pressed flowers. There are times when I tire of cold nibbles for meals, times when the ground is very hard (it gets harder every year).

But the mere experience of lying on the earth really does help you to drive fears away. You feel yourself a bit of the nice old round ball. The wind, the

streams, and the coyotes sing to you, and in migrating season quantities of birds fly overhead and make twittering noises, sometimes coming so low that you can easily catch their continual conversation and even hear the swish of their many wings, sometimes flying so high that their talk sounds like distant water coming quickly over rocks.

Occasionally — only very occasionally — I come upon men, or men and women, of like mind to myself, and bent on the same sort of work. Then how our tongues wag as we compare notes and specimens and recommend good hunting spots to each other. These few meetings are bright spots on my journeys.

My trade is a constant source of amazement and curiosity to the natives. Since I am neither hunting nor fishing nor looking for gold, I can't be catalogued, and sometimes in desperation they come right out and ask bluntly, 'What sort of person *are* you, anyway? What do you *do*?' And it isn't the easiest thing in the world to explain to them.

One morning I was sitting on the ground beside a mountain trail with my arms inserted in the flat black bag in which I take exposed films out of their holders and put in unexposed ones. No matter what happens, when I once begin this performance I dare not take my arms out till it is over, lest light should get in. Three children on horses came clattering down the trail on their way to school, and at the sight of this strange apparition every horse dropped into a walk and then stood still while the youngsters began to speculate in low voices.

'Playing cards,' said one; 'ain't it funny?' 'No, she's hiding something,' said another. Then the shrill voice of the smallest child: 'No! She's a witch! I'm scared!' And she beat her horse with the reins and was off.

One of the questions people ask me is 'What horrible experiences have you had?' There have been none which were

really horrible, though some seemed close to it at the time. These incidents always sound more exciting to other people than they do to me, for they are just parts of my life and all in the day's work. I have learned now not to pick up hitchhikers, no matter how clean and good-looking or how tired and dirty they are. Lumbermen, trappers, and miners often ride on my running board, but seldom get inside the car.

One August when I left for the mountains a friend thrust a bundle of magazines into the car. 'Here,' she said, 'you can read these when you're having car trouble.'

I did have car trouble and I read the magazines, which contained a murder-mystery serial. After I had once started it I couldn't stop, and its effect on a one-track mind (and that track horticulture) was devastating.

I read as long as there was a vestige of light and then went to bed in a little opening in the woods. I had just nestled in when two men came down a trail from another direction. Ordinarily, on a storyless night, I should have turned over and gone off to sleep, thinking nothing of this. But now I recalled the ghastly doings in the serial, and with a stealthy hand I drew the flap of the sleeping bag over my head. This attracted the men's attention.

'Hello,' said one. 'Get anything?' By this I knew that they were deer hunters and took me for another.

'Naw,' I grunted, on what I hoped was the right note of masculine disgust.

'Mind if we settle down here?' asked the second.

'Sure,' I growled, in what was meant to be a firm and hospitable though sleepy tone; it sounded pretty quavery to my ears. I followed it up with what I hoped would be taken for a snore, which at least discouraged further conversation. I was too scared to go to sleep, and until I heard unmistakable sounds of slumber from their direction I had some grim and unpleasant thoughts.

When I woke the next morning it was broad daylight and I had forgotten all about my neighbors. When I suddenly remembered them and cautiously turned my head to peep, they had gone. As soon as I was dressed I went back to the car, took out those magazines, and left them in a neat pile by the roadside.

I once had a king snake living with me for several days. His name was Charles. He was very lovely, — black banded with yellow, — and he came out of a hole at the foot of a tree close to my head and straight into my sleeping bag as though I had sent for him. 'Hello,' I said. 'Hope I haven't kept you waiting' — at which he put out his tongue cheerfully. I have Dr. Ditmars's word for it that king snakes will kill rattlers and that they are entirely immune to snake venom, so I thought I had at last solved the rattlesnake problem. Also I felt that in time Charles could be taught to work. He used to go swimming with me, eyeing me as we swam, his long thin body wriggling gracefully and making me feel horribly awkward, and I noticed that he always held his head well out of the water. 'How do you do it?' I would ask him, but Charles only blinked in a superior manner. Now my only way, at times, to get a plant or seeds growing on steep rocks overhanging the water is to swim across and bring them back, folded in a paper, in my mouth, and that would have been a nice little job for him if only he had stayed with me. But he disappeared just as I thought I had him well tamed.

III

It is especially pleasant to go up through the mountains on these journeys of mine, rising from one sort of surroundings to another, exchanging the plants and birds of one zone for the quite different plants and birds of the next higher zone, passing through the Kumfy Kamps and Drop Inns of the yellow-pine belt and coming out into the open meadows of the higher reaches, breathing

air quite free of gasoline and exhaust fumes, sleeping on heather and the young branches of conifers, getting up in the early morning to plunge into the stinging cold water of a mountain stream, stepping out on a mossy bank into the first rays of the sun and then following the mountain trails for flower finds.

I was questing about on one of these trails when I heard an unexpected noise and a tread too heavy for a deer — and it wasn't bear country. Then a man appeared coming down the trail. He was quite toothless, with a smile such as Mr. Dick must have worn — a mad, lovable, aimless smile. In one hand he carried a crooked manzanita stick and in the other he swung, with rather cruel carelessness, a gay bunch of pentstemons, mimulus, and sulphur flower. 'Here,' I thought, 'is someone as dotty as I am.' But when I said admiringly, 'Oh — nice!' he answered, not with 'Yes, aren't they?' but with a stern command quite out of key with his guileless face: —

'Praise the Lord!'

By this time we were alongside each other and I was realizing that his madness lay in a different quarter from mine.

'Praise the Lord!' he reiterated with an ominous flourish of the manzanita stick.

'All right! All right! *Praise the Lord!*' I soothingly agreed, hurrying my steps with anything but praise in my heart. By and by I began to wonder if I had dreamed him, but on my way back I found his bunch of flowers discarded by the side of the trail.

A very different sort of person was the gentleman who offered me the rabbit stew — an offer I have always been sorry I lacked the nerve to accept. I met him striding over the lower Tehachapis, gun in hand and a very alert semi-fox-terrier at his heels. It was getting dusk and I was following a sheep lane in search of a good bedding-

down place. He was tall and lean and wiry.

'I'm out to get me a rabbit stew,' he said with a Southern drawl. In spite of the drawl they were keen Irish eyes that looked me over and through.

'Don't you go above that dark place,' he said. 'If a rain come up you'd be stuck there for ten days.'

That was discouraging, for I was headed for a soft crease in the hills which promised a good view and pleasant surroundings. I asked about water, and he led me over a fence to certain mysteriously foreign-looking pipes and tubes which I had been pondering over and which, synthesized, turned out to be an electric pump whose workings he carefully explained while I kept my fingers crossed and prayed that I might remember what I was told. Then I thanked him, said 'Good night,' and pushed on a little way. As I might have known, when I walked back to the pump I couldn't make it work at all and had to depend on the canteens for my bath.

When I woke the next morning the clouds were heavy in the sky and I saw that further advance up that sheep lane was indeed a very bad idea.

In a patch of lupine and mallow seven hares were at play, their long pale ears tipped with brown, agility in every limb, and a sort of apologetic levity in their eyes. I was scarcely dressed before my friend of the previous evening appeared.

'I was going up the hills a piece,' he explained, 'and I just thought I'd see how you was getting on.'

After half an hour of chat he turned round and started back, making no attempt to go up the hills any farther, but before going he tore the corner off one of my newspapers and wrote his name on it.

'Good-bye, little lady,' he said. 'Good-bye until to-night. Come back to-night and we'll take the mules and go up into the hills. I'll make a bunfire — know what a bunfire is?' I nodded. 'I'll have

the rabbits and we'll make that rabbit stew *and* I'll tell you the story of my life.'

I tucked the bit of paper carefully away. But presently I was off down the road toward the Salton Sea, missing forever both the story and the rabbit stew.

A bit later that spring I sat on my bedroll in the chilly dawn beside a narrow rutted country road — waiting. At last I heard wheels and got stiffly to my feet.

'Hitch, lady?'

It seemed a rather elegant car and driver for those rural parts. Probably a salesman taking a short cut back from Imperial Valley, I thought, and certainly quite a contrast to me. He was sleek and well-groomed, and his car was shiny. I was clean, personally, from a morning plunge in the river, but my clothes were a torn and grimy mess and my gone-but-not-forgotten car was a lump of crumpled wreckage.

With a sense of fitness I took the rumble seat, for my bedroll and I were in about the same condition and best kept together. Also I did no more explaining than was absolutely necessary — I was beginning to realize how tramps and hitchhikers feel. And a few hours later, when I sat at the edge of a suburban Los Angeles drive-in market, waiting for friends to come and retrieve me, I sympathized with every homeless wanderer in the world.

I had been gayly heading north after a glorious trip into the mountains at the edge of the desert. In my car were many tin cans, once filled with beans and peaches, now holding seedlings of native plants for a rock garden which was being evolved out of an abandoned quarry near Carmel. In a big water-filled tin was a fine assortment of cut wild flowers for a show which was just about to open. The river below me pranced seaward singing a happy song, and there were lovely places to stop; but a bed with clean white sheets awaited me, and the flower show started next day.

Briskly rounding a curve, the car met a huge boulder fallen from the mountain side. The road was narrow — too narrow for car and boulder both. The car swerved, bounced to the side of the road, and balanced itself on the brink.

Should I jump? No — all those nice cut flowers were between me and the safe level ground, and I might damage them. But another look down into the cañon and a last teetering of the car convinced me that those flowers would never see the show anyway. So I jumped — just in time.

I went one way and the car went the other. As I landed on hands and knees I heard the slow deliberate crunch, grind, crish, *crash* as it turned over and over on the way down to the cañon bottom and subsided there among boulders and poison oak.

It seems that you behave oddly at such times. I looked down at the dear departed, bade it a calm though heart-broken farewell, and took quite casually to picking wayside flowers and singing a gay and futile little song. But gradually the situation dawned on my clouded mind and sent me climbing down the swath in the cañon side, remembering a certain admonition: 'The first thing to do when your car turns over is to shut off the engine.' I had done this before when my cars turned over and had won approval. So I hoisted myself to the upper side of the car, crawled through the window, and duly shut off the engine, but I felt no better for it, nor did the car, so far as I could see. Then I extracted my camera from the hash of mud, glass, stones, books, flower presses, and clothing, and tried unsuccessfully to drag out my sleeping bag.

Back on the road and perched on a wayside rock, I began to listen for wheels, longing for once in my life for thicker traffic. Nothing passed for what seemed half a day — probably about two hours. Then a horse jogged by bearing an Indian, quite friendly but totally blind to my situation, who smiled

beamingly at my remarks and passed on, probably thinking I was talking about the weather. At last I heard car wheels. It was a Ford, driven by another Indian, with a large squaw bouncing about loosely in the rear seat; they were going to the bedside of a dying mother 'up on the Reservation' and gave me a lift to the nearest telephone, six miles away, where I waited till a wrecking car from the little mountain town of Julian, famous for its apples, picked me up.

Night was coming on now, and I felt a little low as I climbed to a seat beside the driver. He was a jovial chap with a face as round and rosy as a Julian apple, and when we reached the spot marked by X he knew exactly what to do.

'I gotta build a road,' he announced, 'and I gotta have more light. This searchlight of mine ain't enough. Now you build a nice bright fire and we'll git to work.' So I gathered twigs and struck matches and threw on dry branches while he toiled and perspired among the rocks and poison oak, swearing cheerfully because he had no helper. The road completed, he wove a spider-like web with pulleys and tackle and hawsers and heavy chains, spinning back and forth from the wrecking car to a big oak on the bank, then down to my misshapen car, spilling out its load of treasured freight. He leaped and ran to the accompaniment of grinding and clanking noises while I felt extremely feminine and useless.

The most I could do was to build my fire brighter. It made a really pretty little domestic scene — he powerful and masculine, using brain and brawn, I quite literally keeping the home fires burning as a woman should. The flames leaped gayly, the searchlight peered about, the stars looked down and blinked; the place took on quite a cozy look, and I began to grow attached to it. I made a mental note to retrieve

my sleeping bag and camp there until morning.

Far into the night the rosy-cheeked garage man worked. He must have made a hundred trips from point to point of his triangle — wrecking car to oak tree to wrecked car and round again. The tackle creaked and groaned, and my own car too, as though coming out of an anæsthetic, began to make simply ungodly noises. At last came the moment when uncannily, and rather like a movie running in reverse, it arose to its wheels, slowly mounted the incline, teetered once more on the spot where we parted company, and alighted on the road. For the last time the Julian Apple went down the well-worn track into the cañon and scrambled back; he collected his tools, lit a cigarette, and departed.

I watched my car wobble off into the dark, hanging from the derrick of the wrecking car like a mouthful of unmasticated prey from the muzzle of a dinosaur backing into his den; then I spread my bedroll in a sandy trench and went to sleep. I generally seem able to sleep pretty well, whatever happens.

I'm just collecting my working dunnage and packing the car to drive down to Mexico and go flower hunting there. I've been reading any number of books on Mexico and receiving advice from all manner of people; but nobody seems to know much about the flowers, and there are so many different opinions on the roads, seasons, natives, food, and weather that I've simply got to find out the truth about it.

I expect the going will be tougher than anything I've had so far, but I've heard so many terrible tales about the dangers to a lone woman on desolate Mexican byways that I've stopped believing any of them — things *cannot* be as bad as they say. At any rate I'm surely going to find new flowers and see new country, and, as my friends often remind me, 'Sensible people don't have adventures.'

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

BY THOMAS WOLFE

I

YOU would have loved Daddy. He was so wild and beautiful, everybody adored him. That was the trouble: things came too easy for him; he never had to work for anything.

The year before Daddy died, Richard Brandell made a production of *Richard III*, and he sent my father tickets for the performance, with a very urgent and excited note asking us to come to see him before the show began. At this time my father had not played in the theatre for almost a year. His deafness had got so bad he could no longer hear his cues, and Uncle Bob had given him a job as his secretary at Police Headquarters. I used to go there to meet him every Saturday — the policemen were very nice to me and gave me bundles of pencils and great packages of fine stationery.

Mr. Brandell had not seen my father for several months. When we got to the theatre we went backstage for a few moments before the curtain. As my father opened the door and went into the dressing room, Brandell turned and sprang out of his chair like a tiger; he threw both arms around my father and embraced him, crying out in a trembling and excited voice as if he were in some great distress of mind and spirit: —

'Choe! Choe! I am glad you have come! It's good to zee you!'

When he was excited he always spoke like this, with a pronounced accent. Although he insisted he was English by birth, he had been born in Leipzig, his

father was a German; his real name was Brandl, which he had changed to Brandell after becoming an actor.

He had the most terrific vitality of any man I have ever seen. He was very handsome, but at the moment his features, which were smooth, powerful, and infinitely flexible, were so swollen and distorted by some convulsion of the soul that he looked like a pig. At his best, he was a man of irresistible charm and warmth; he greeted me in a very kind and affectionate way, and kissed me, but he was overjoyed to see my father. He stood for a moment without speaking, grasping him by the arms and shaking him gently; then he began to speak in a bitter voice of 'they' and 'them.' He thought everyone was against him; he kept saying that Daddy was his only friend on earth, and he kept asking in a scornful and yet eager tone: —

'What are *they* saying, Joe? Have you heard *them* talk?'

'All that I've heard,' my father said, 'is that it's a magnificent performance, and that there's no one on the stage to-day who can come anywhere near you — no, that there's no one who can touch you, Dick — and that's the way I feel about it, too.'

'Not even His Snakeship? Not even His Snakeship?' Mr. Brandell cried, his face livid and convulsed.

We knew he was speaking of Henry Irving and we said nothing. For years, ever since the failure of his tour in England, he had been convinced that

Irving was responsible for his failure. He had become obsessed with the idea that almost everyone on earth hated him and was trying to get the best of him, and he seized my father's hand, and, looking very earnestly in his eyes, he said:—

'No, no! You mustn't lie to me! You mustn't fool me! You are the only man on earth I'd trust!'

Then he began to tell us all the things his enemies had done to injure him. He said the stagehands were all against him, that they never got the stage set in time, that the time they took between scenes was going to ruin the production. I think he felt his enemies were paying the crew to wreck the show. Daddy told him this was foolish, that no one would do a thing like that, and Mr. Brandell kept saying:—

'Yes, they would! They hate me! They'll never rest now until they ruin me! *I know! I know!*' in a very mysterious manner. 'I could tell you things. . . . I know things. . . . You wouldn't believe it if I told you, Joe.' Then, in a bitter voice, he said: 'Why is it, then, that I've toured this country from coast to coast, playing in a new town every night, and I've never had any trouble like this before? I've had my scenery arrive two hours before the performance and they always set it up for me on time! Yes! They'll do that much for you in any one-horse town! Do you mean to tell me they can't do as well here in New York?'

In a moment he said, in a bitter tone: 'I've given my life to the theatre, I've given the public the best that was in me — and what is my reward? The public hates me and I am tricked, betrayed, and cheated by the members of my own profession. I started life as a bank clerk in a teller's cage, and sometimes I curse the evil chance that took me away from it. Yes,' he said in a passionate voice, 'I should have missed the tinsel, the glitter, and the six-day fame — the applause of a crowd that will forget about

you to-morrow, and spit upon you two days later — but I should have gained something priceless —'

'What's that?' my father said.

'The love of a noble woman and the happy voices of the little ones.'

'Now I can smell the ham,' my father said in a cynical tone. 'Why, Dick, they could not have kept you off the stage with a regiment of infantry. You sound like all the actors that ever lived.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Brandell with an abrupt laugh, 'you're right. I was talking like an actor.' He bent forward and stared into the mirror of his dressing table. 'An actor! Nothing but an actor! "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life — and thou no breath at all?"'

'Oh, I wouldn't say that, Dick,' my father said. 'You've got plenty of breath — I've never known you to run short of it.'

'Only an actor!' cried Mr. Brandell, staring into the mirror. 'A paltry, posturing, vain, vile, conceited rogue of an actor! An actor — a man who lies and does not know he lies, a fellow who speaks words that better men have written for him, a reader of mash notes from shopgirls and the stage-struck wives of grocery clerks, a fellow who could not go into the butcher's to buy his dog a bone without wondering what appearance he was making, a man who cannot even pass the time of day without acting — an *actor*! Why, by God, Joe,' he cried, turning to my father, 'when I look into the glass and see my face I hate the sight of it!'

'Where's that ham?' said Daddy, sniffing about the place.

'An actor!' Mr. Brandell said again. 'A man who has imitated so many feelings that he no longer has any of his own! Why, Joe,' he said, in a whispering voice, 'do you know that when the news came to me that my own mother was dead, I had a moment — yes, I think I really had a moment — of genuine sorrow. Then I ran to look at my face in the mirror, and I cursed

because I was not on the stage where I could show it to an audience. An actor! A fellow who has made so many faces he no longer knows his own — a collection of false faces! . . . What would you like, my dear?' he said to me ironically. 'Hamlet?' — instantly he looked the part. 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?' — here his face went through two marvelous transformations: one moment he was a benevolent-looking gentleman, and the next the deformed and horrible-looking monster. 'Richelieu?' — all at once he looked like a crafty and sinister old man. 'Beau Brummell?' — he was young, debonair, arrogant, and a fop. 'The Duke of Gloucester?' — and in a moment he had transformed himself into the cruel and pitiless villain he was to portray that night.

It was uncanny and fascinating; and there was something horrible in it, too. It was as if he were possessed by a powerful and fluent energy which had all been fed into this wonderful and ruinous gift of mimicry: a gift which may have, as he said, destroyed and devoured his proper self, since one got fleeting and haunting glimpses between these transformations of a man — a sense, an intuition, rather than a memory, of what the man was like and looked like — a sense of a haunted, lost, and lonely spirit which looked out with an insistent, mournful, and speechless immutability through all the hundred changes of his mask.

It seemed to me there was a real despair, a real grief, in Mr. Brandell. I think he had been tormented, like my father, by the eternal enigma of the theatre: its almost impossible grandeur and magnificence, its poetry and its magic which are like nothing else on earth; and the charlatanism and cheapness with which it corrupts its people. Richard Brandell was not only the greatest actor I have ever seen upon the stage, he was also a man of the highest quality. He possessed almost every gift a great actor should possess. And yet his

spirit was disfigured as if by an ineradicable taint — a taint which he felt and recognized, as a man might recognize the action of a deadly poison in his blood without being able either to cure or to control it.

He had an astounding repertory of plays which ranged all the way from the great music of *Hamlet* to grotesque and melodramatic trash which he had commissioned some hired hack to write for him, and he would use his great powers in these parts with as much passion and energy as he used in his wonderful portrayals of Iago, Gloucester, or Macbeth. Like most men who are conscious of something false and corrupt in them, he had a kind of Byronic scorn and self-contempt. He was constantly discovering that what he thought had been a deep and honest feeling was only the posturings of his own vanity, a kind of intoxication of self-love, an immense romantic satisfaction at the spectacle of himself having such a feeling; and while his soul twisted about in shame, he would turn and mock and jeer himself and his fellow actors bitterly.

II

That night was the last time Mr. Brandell ever saw my father. Just before we left he turned to me, took me by the hand, and said very simply and earnestly: 'Esther, earn your living in the sweat of your brow, if you have to; go down on your hands and knees and scrub floors, if you have to; eat your bread in sorrow, if you have to — but promise me you will never attempt to go on the stage.'

'I have already made her promise that,' my father said.

'Is she as good as she's pretty? Is she smart?' said Mr. Brandell, still holding my hand and looking at me.

'She's the smartest girl that ever lived,' my father said. 'She's so smart she should have been my son.'

'And what is she going to do?' said Mr. Brandell, still looking at me.

'She's going to do what I could never do,' my father said. He lifted his great hands before him and shook them suddenly in a gesture of baffled desperation. 'She's going to take hold of something!' Then he took my hands in his and said: 'Not to want the whole earth, and to get nothing! Not to want to do everything, and to do nothing! Not to waste her life dreaming about India when India is around her here and now! Not to go mad thinking of a million lives, wanting the experience of a million people, when everything she has is in the life she's got! Not to be a fool, tortured with hunger and thirst when the whole earth is groaning with its plenty. . . . My dear child,' my father cried, 'you are so good, so beautiful, and so gifted, and I love you so much! I want you to be happy and to have a wonderful life.' He spoke these words with such simple and urgent feeling that all the strength and power in him seemed to go out through his great hands to me, as if all of the energy of his life had been put into his wish.

'Why, Dick,' he said to Mr. Brandell, 'this child was born into the world with more wisdom than either of us will ever have. She can go into the Park and come back with a dozen kinds of leaves and study them for days. And when she gets through she will know all about them. She knows their size, their shape and color — she knows every marking on them; she can draw them from memory. Could you draw a leaf, Dick? Do you know the pattern and design of a single leaf? Why, I have looked at forests, I have walked through woods and gone across the continent in trains, I have stared the eyes out of my head trying to swallow up the whole earth at a glance — and I hardly know one leaf from another. I could not draw a leaf from memory if my life depended on it. And she can go out on the street and tell you later what clothes the people wore, and what kind of people wore them. Can you remember anyone you passed by on

the street to-day? I walk the streets, I see the crowds, I look at a million faces until my brain goes blind and dizzy with all that I have seen, and later all the faces swim and bob about like corks in water. I can't tell one from the other. I see a million faces and I can't remember one. But she sees one and remembers a million. That's the thing, Dick. If I were young again I'd try to live like that: I'd try to see a forest in a leaf, the whole earth in a single face.'

'Why, Esther,' Mr. Brandell said. 'Have you discovered a new country? How does one get to this wonderful place where you live?'

'Well, I tell you, Mr. Brandell,' I said. 'It's easy. You just walk out in the street and look around and there you are.'

'There you are!' Mr. Brandell said. 'Why, my dear child, I have been walking out and looking around for almost fifty years, and the more I walk and look, the less I see that I care to look at. What are these wonderful sights that you have found?'

'Well, Mr. Brandell,' I said, 'sometimes it's a leaf, and sometimes it's the pocket of a coat, and sometimes it's a button or a coin, and sometimes it's an old hat, or an old shoe on the floor. Sometimes it's a little boy, and sometimes it's a girl looking out a window, and sometimes it's an old woman with a funny hat. Sometimes it's the color of an ice wagon, and sometimes the color of an old brick wall, and sometimes a cat creeping along the back-yard fence. Sometimes it's the feet of the men on the rail when you pass a saloon, and the sawdust floors, and the sound of their voices, and that wonderful smell you get of beer and orange peel and angostura bitters. Sometimes it's people passing underneath your window late at night, and sometimes it's the sound of a horse in the street early in the morning, and sometimes it's the ships blowing out in the harbor at night. Sometimes it's the way you feel at night when you wake up in wintertime and you know it's snow-

ing, although you can't see or hear it. Sometimes it's the harbor, sometimes the docks, and sometimes it's the Bridge with people coming across it. Sometimes it's the markets and the way the chickens smell; sometimes it's all the new vegetables and the smell of apples. Sometimes it's the people in a train that passes the one you're in: you see all the people, you are close to them, but you cannot touch them; you say good-bye to them and it makes you feel sad. Sometimes it's all the kids playing in the street: they don't seem to have anything to do with the grown-ups, they seem to be kids, and yet they seem to be grown up and to live in a world of their own — there is something strange about it. And sometimes it's like that with the horses too — sometimes you go out and there is nothing but the horses; they fill the streets, you forget about all the people; the horses seem to own the earth; they talk to one another, and they seem to have a life of their own that people have nothing to do with. I know all about this and what is going on inside them, but it's no use telling you and Daddy — you wouldn't know what I was talking about. Well — there's a lot more — do you give up?

'Good God, yes!' said Mr. Brandell, picking up a towel from his dressing table and waving it at me. 'I surrender! O brave new world that has such wonders in it! . . . O, Joe, Joe!' he said to my father. 'Will that ever happen to us again? Are we nothing but famished beggars, weary of our lives? Can you still see all those things when you walk the streets? Would it ever come back to us that way again?'

'Not to me,' my father said. 'I was a Sergeant, but I've been rejected.'

He smiled as he spoke, but his voice was old and tired and weary. I know now he felt that his life had failed. His face had got very yellow from his sickness, and his shoulders stooped, his great hands dangled to his knees; as he stood there between Mr. Brandell and

me he seemed to be half-erect, as if he had just clambered up from all fours. And yet his face was as delicate and wild as it had ever been; it had the strange, soaring look — as if it were in constant flight away from a shackling and degrading weight — that it had always worn, and to this expression of uplifted flight there had now been added the intent listening expression that all deaf people have.

It seemed to me that the sense of loneliness and exile, of a brief and alien rest, as if some winged spirit had temporarily arrested flight upon a foreign earth, was more legible on him now than it had ever been. Suddenly I felt all the strangeness of his life and destiny — his remoteness from all the life I knew. And I felt more than ever before a sense of our nearness and farness; I felt at once closer to him than to anyone on earth, and at the same time farther from him. Already his life had something fabulous and distant in it; he seemed to be a part of some vanished and irrevocable time.

I do not think Mr. Brandell had noticed before how tired and ill my father looked. He had been buried in his own world, burning with a furious, half-suppressed excitement, an almost mad vitality which was to have that night its consummation. Before we left him, however, he suddenly glanced sharply and critically at my father, took his hand, and said with great tenderness: —

'What is it, Joe? You look so tired. Is anything wrong?'

My father shook his head. He had become very sensitive about his deafness, and any reference to the affliction that had caused his retirement from the stage or any suggestion of pity from one of his former colleagues because of his present state deeply wounded him. 'Of course not,' he said. 'I never felt better! I used to be Joe the Dog-Faced Actor, now I'm Joe the Dog-Faced Policeman, and I've got a badge to prove it, too.' Here he produced his policeman's badge,

of which he was really very proud. 'If that's not a step up in the world, what is it? Come on, daughter,' he said to me. 'Let's leave this wicked man to all his plots and murders. If he gets too bad, I'll arrest him!'

We started to go, but for a moment Mr. Brandell stopped us and was silent. The enormous and subdued excitement, the exultant fury, which had been apparent in him all the time, now became much more pronounced. The man was thrumming like a dynamo; his strong hands trembled, and when he spoke it was as if he had already become the Duke of Gloucester: there was a quality of powerful cunning and exultant prophecy in his tone, something mad, secret, conspiratorial, and knowing.

'Keep your eyes open to-night,' he said. 'You may see something worth remembering.'

We left him and went out into the theatre.

III

When we got out into the auditorium the house was almost full, although the people were still going down the aisles to their seats. Because of my father's deafness, Brandell had given us seats in the front row. For a few minutes I watched the people come in and the house fill up, and I felt again the sense of elation and joy I have always felt in the theatre before the curtain goes up. I looked at the beautiful women, the men in evening clothes, and at all the fat and gaudy ornamentation of the house; I heard the rapid and excited patter of the voices, the stir and rustle of silks, the movement — and I loved it all.

Then in a few minutes the lights darkened. There was a vast, rustling sigh all over the theatre, the sound of a great bending forward, and then, for a moment, in that dim light I saw the thing that has always seemed so full of magic and beauty to me: a thousand people who have suddenly become a

single, living creature, and all the frail white spots of faces blooming like petals there in a velvet darkness, upturned, thirsty, silent, and intent and beautiful.

Then the curtain went up, and on an enormous and lofty stage stood the deformed and solitary figure of a man. For a moment I knew the man was Brandell; for a moment I could feel nothing but an astounded surprise, a sense of unreality, to think of the miracle of transformation which had been wrought in the space of a few minutes, to know that this cruel and sinister creature was the man with whom we had just been talking. Then the first words of the great opening speech rang out across the house, and instantly all this was forgotten: the man was no longer Brandell — he was the Duke of Gloucester.

With the opening words, the intelligence was instantly communicated to the audience that it was about to witness such a performance as occurs in the theatre only once in a lifetime. And yet, at first, there was no sense of characterization, no feeling of the cruel and subtle figure of Richard — there was only a mighty music which sounded out across the house, a music so grand and overwhelming that it drowned the memory of all the baseness, the ugliness, and the pettiness in the lives of men. In the sound of the words it seemed there was the full measure of man's grandeur, magnificence, and tragic despair, and the words were flung against immense and timeless skies like a challenge and an evidence of man's dignity, and like a message of faith that he need not be ashamed or afraid of anything.

'Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. . . .'

Then, swiftly and magnificently, with powerful developing strokes of madness, fear, and cruelty, the terrible figure of Richard began to emerge; almost before the conclusion of the opening speech it

stood complete. That speech was really a speech of terror, and set clearly the picture of the warped, deformed, agonized Gloucester, for whom there was no beautiful thing in life, a man who had no power to raise himself except by murder. As the play went on, the character of Richard became so real to me, the murders so frightful, the lines filled with such music and such terror, that when the curtain rose on that awful nightmare scene in the tent, I felt I could not stay there if one more drop of blood was shed.

That evening will live in my memory as the most magnificent evening I ever spent in the theatre. On that evening Richard Brandell reached the summit of his career. That night was literally the peak. Immediately after the performance Brandell had a nervous collapse: the play was taken off; he never appeared as Richard again. It was months before he made any appearance whatever, and he never again, during the remainder of his life, approached the performance he gave that night.

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC WORLD

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

I

THERE is a very good reason why the relation of poetry to political revolution should interest our generation. Poetry, to most people, stands for the intensely personal life of the individual spirit. Political revolution stands for the intensely public life of a society with which the individual spirit must, but must not, make its peace. The relation between the two implies a conflict our generation understands — the conflict between the personal life of one man and the impersonal life of many men.

But there is no very good reason why our generation should interest itself in the current political debate about the relation of poetry to political revolution. The believers in many men say that poetry should be part of political revolution. The believers in one man say that poetry should have no truck with political revolution. Neither position is interesting. The real question is not whether poetry *should* have to do

with political revolution or whether it shouldn't. The real question is whether poetry is of such a nature, and political revolution of such a nature, that poetry *can* have to do with political revolution. For it may be said that poetry *should* do this, or should not do that, only when it is meant that poetry *can* do this or cannot do that: poetry has no other laws than the laws of its own nature.

The only intelligent discussion of the question, therefore, is a discussion in terms of poetry, and of the nature of poetry. It is a discussion which should begin by asking what the nature of poetry is, and specifically whether poetry is, by its nature, an art or whether it is of some other nature. For if poetry is an art, then poetry can do whatever an art can do. But if poetry is not an art, then the limitations of poetry are of a different kind.

Much has been written on that subject and much said by men of many generations who have published books or talked

in evenings or on roads walking or at other times. There are those on the one hand who say that poetry cannot be an art because it is something more than an art, being a kind of revelation of Truth or Beauty or Goodness. To these people it is clear that poetry can have no relation to political revolution, because political revolution is outside in the air and sky and not inside in the spirit where poetry can reveal it. There are those on the other hand who say that poetry cannot be an art because poetry is something less than an art, being nothing but another way of writing what can also be written in prose. To these people also poetry can have nothing to say about political revolution, because prose can say it better. There are, finally, those who say that poetry is neither something more than an art nor something less than an art, but simply an art. To these last, poetry has to do with political revolution if art has to do with political revolution: otherwise not.

But though there are three possible opinions, and though all three of these opinions are held by numerous and respectable people, all three are not of equal value. The opinion, for example, that poetry is something more than an art is an opinion widely taught in schools and broadly held among English-speaking people. But it is an opinion difficult for readers of poetry to credit, for it leads to definitions like the definition offered recently by an English poetess, that a poem is 'an uncovering of truth of so fundamental and general a kind that no other name besides poetry is adequate except truth.' Poetry, in other words, is not the poem itself, but some content the poem makes available, as a bank check makes available a sum of money. It is a truth which the poem reveals as the boy in the fairy story discovered the giant's heart in the duck's egg in the church well on the lake isle. The trouble with this definition of poetry is that it applies to certain poems only. There are

poems in which 'an uncovering of truth' occurs. Some of them are good poems. Many of them are written by women. But not all poems are of this kind. In Homer, for example, there is not only 'an uncovering of truth': there are also descriptions of the shapes of men and animals and the color of water and the revengefulness of gods. And the greatest poems in all languages are remembered not for their messages but for themselves.

In the same way the opinion that poetry is something less than an art, being no more than a sort of conventionalized prose, is difficult to accept. Those who hold to this opinion believe that poetry is not different in kind from prose, but different only in verbal form: it is merely another way of saying the same thing. Thus there are old poets who say to young poets: 'Never write in verse what you could write in prose.' There are teachers who say to students: 'This is prose because it is not poetry.' There are critics who say to readers: 'Poetry is dead. Prose is driving it out of our modern world.'

To say any of these things you must, of course, believe that poetry is merely another way of saying what prose can also say, a competing way of writing. You can only talk about prose driving poetry out of our modern world if you think of prose and poetry as competing ways of writing. You can only talk about not writing in verse what you could write in prose if you think of verse and prose as alternative methods of accomplishing the same thing. But anyone who has ever tried knows of his own knowledge that prose and poetry are not merely alternative ways of saying the same thing, but that they are different ways of saying different things. What can be said in one cannot be said in the other. The attempt to undo a poem into prose leaves nothing but a little silly heap of words like the dust into which the antiquities of tombs disintegrate at the touch of air. A poem is not a way in

which something may be written, but *the way* in which something may be written. And the thing which may be written in this way is the poem.

It seems likely, therefore, that those people are right who believe that poetry is neither more than an art nor less than an art, but an art only, and that the relation between poetry and political revolution is a relation to be discussed in these terms. But in terms of art it is difficult to agree that poetry is of such a nature, and political revolution of such a nature, that poetry can have no truck with political revolution.

II

Art is a method of dealing with our experience of this world, which makes that experience, *as* experience, recognizable to the spirit. There are other methods of dealing with our experience of this earth which translate it into intellectual terms or extract from it moral meanings. Art is not such a method. Art is not a technique for extracting truths, nor a system of signals for communicating explanations. Art is not a diver's glass for seeing inward, nor a mathematic for arriving at an ultimate understanding of our lives. Art is an organization of experience in terms of experience, the purpose of which is the recognition of experience. It is an interpreter between ourselves and that which has happened to us, the purpose of which is to make legible what it is that has happened. It is an organization of water in terms of water, an organization of faces in terms of faces, an organization of streetcars and vermillion and death in terms of streetcars and vermillion and death. It is an organization of experience comprehensible not in terms of something else, but of itself; not in terms of significance, but of itself; not in terms of truth even, but of itself. The truth of a work of art is the truth of its organization. It has no other truth.

Art, therefore, is not selective. It is

catholic. There are not certain experiences which are fit for art and certain other experiences which are not fit for art. Any experience, whether of violence or of contemplation or of sensuality or of wonder or of disgust, of which the spirit demands recognition may be brought to the labor of art. And if this is true of all art it is true also of that form of art which is poetry. There are not certain *kinds* of experience which are proper for poetry; nor, conversely, are the experiences which poetry makes recognizable experiences peculiar to poetry alone. The experience which poetry makes recognizable may be the experience of anything. It may be, as it has most frequently been in the practice of the art, the experience of love or of the idea of God or of death or of the beauty — the always and in each new generation newly astonishing beauty — of this world. But it may also be, as it has often been, a very different experience. It may be any experience whatever which requires for its intensity the intensity of the poetic line, the shock of the poetic association, the compression of the poetic statement, the incantation of the poetic word. It may be any experience of which the intensity is so great that only a corresponding intensity of order can give it shape, as the tension of flight gives form and beauty to the beating of wings.

Poetry is to violent emotion what the crystal is to the condensing salt or the equation to laborious thinking — release, identity, and rest. What words cannot do as words because they can only speak, what rhythm and sound cannot do as rhythm and sound because they have no speech, poetry can do because its sound and its speech are a single incantation. Only poetry can produce that absorption of the reasoning mind, that release of the listening nature, that solution of the deflections and distractions of the surfaces of sense, by which intense experience is admitted, recognized, and known. Only poetry can present the closest and

therefore least visible experiences of men in such form that they, reading, may say: 'Yes . . . Yes . . . It is like that. . . . That is what it is truly like.'

There is therefore, if poetry is an art, no religious rule, no critical dogma, which excludes from poetry the political experience of men. There is only a question. Is the political experience of our time an experience which requires for its intensity the intensity of poetry? Is the political experience of our time an experience personal and immediate and intense as are the experiences to which poetry, and poetry alone, can give shape and order and recognition?

Certainly there was a time in the lives of those of us who are now no longer young when political experience was neither close nor personal nor in any meaning of the word intense. Politics in the years before the war were external happenings which made no part of the personal lives of men but were rather like games or diversions or contests. A man lived in his house and his street and his friends, and politics were elsewhere. The public world was the public world and the private world was the private world. Poetry in that time concerned itself with the private world. When it dealt with the public world it dealt with it in private terms, presenting, for example, the public problem of the state in terms of the private mystery of kingship. Either that or it surrendered its rights as poetry and entered the political service of the government as did Kipling and the poets of the British Empire School.

But because it was true thirty years ago that the public world was the public world and the private world the private world, and because it was true thirty years ago that poetry in its quality of poetry had very little traffic with the public world, it does not follow that either is true to-day. Indeed the evidence not only of our own eyes but of those who speak to us with authority tells us that what was true thirty years

ago is now not true but the contrary of the truth. Thomas Mann says to us that whereas twenty years ago, at the time when he wrote his *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*, he opposed political activity with all his power in the name of freedom and culture, he has now come to see 'that the German bourgeoisie had erred in thinking that a man of culture could remain unpolitical . . . that the political and the social are parts of the human: they belong to the totality of human problems and must be drawn into the whole.' We too have begun to see this. We too have begun to know that the public world is no longer on one side and the private world on the other.

Indeed the public world with us has *become* the private world, and the private world has become the public. We see our private individual lives in terms of the public and numerous lives of those who live beside us, and we see the lives of those who live beside us in terms of the lives we thought once were our own. We live, that is to say, in a revolutionary time in which the public life has washed in over the dikes of private existence as sea water breaks over into the fresh pools in the spring tides till everything is salt. The world of private experience has become the world of crowds and streets and towns and armies and mobs. The world of many men equaling man, of every man equaling men, has taken the place of the world of the lonely walker, the self-searcher, the single figure staring by night into mirrors, into stars. The single individual, whether he so wishes or not, has become a part of a world which contains also Austria and Czechoslovakia and China and Spain. The victories of tyrants and the resistance of peoples halfway round the world are as near to him as the ticking of the clock on the mantel. What happens in his morning paper happens in his blood all day, and Madrid, Nanking, Prague, are names as close to him as the names by which he counts his dearest losses.

This we know to be true of our own knowledge. And since we know it to be true, we know also the answer to the question we have asked. If our life as members of society, which is to say our public life, which is to say our political life, has become a life which moves us to personal indignation, which fills us with personal fear, which suggests to us also private hopes, we have no choice but to say that our experiences of this life are experiences of intense and personal emotion. And if our experiences of this life are experiences of intense and personal emotion, then they are such experiences as poetry can make recognizable — such experiences as perhaps poetry alone can make recognizable.

III

But if we know this to be true, then the whole question of the relation of poetry to political revolution is a different question from the question commonly discussed. The real wonder is not the wonder which the literary dilettantes say they feel — the wonder that poetry should deal so much with a public world which concerns it so little. The real wonder is that poetry should deal so little with a public world which concerns it so much. What requires explanation is not the fact that a few contemporary poets have attempted to give poetic order to the political experience of our time, but the fact that no contemporary poet has yet succeeded in that effort — the fact that no contemporary poet has yet presented to us, in the personal and yet universal terms of poetry, our generation's experience of the political world. Some of the greatest — Yeats most notably — have touched it. But not even Yeats has presented the contemporary experience of the political world *as* experience, in terms of experience — so related, in such words, with such implications both of meaning and of sense, that we have recognized it for what it is. Not even Yeats has done what poetry

must do; what poetry has, in other periods, done.

In a valuable paper on 'Hamlet and the Nature of Reality,' Professor Theodore Spencer of Harvard has shown how the greatest of English poets reduced to poetic order and made recognizable the common experience of his age. He has shown how the conflict of appearance and reality which gives *Hamlet* its dramatic tension relates to the conflict of appearance and reality characteristic of the thinking of the time: the conflict between accepted Ptolomaic notions of cosmology on the one hand and Copernican ideas of the universe upon the other; between orthodox Aristotelian conceptions of the morality of rulers and Machiavelli's theories of 'realistic' government; between Renaissance beliefs as to the position of man in nature and Montaigne's views as to man's total dependence upon the divine grace. Shakespeare's play is such an organization of the moral confusion and intellectual anxiety of his contemporaries as a great poet can accomplish, and Hamlet remains to our day the one figure in which we recognize the experience of intellectual doubt at that extremest point where doubt is no longer possible and only belief can be supported. His words are the words in which we still speak to ourselves of the pain of believing that the true appearance may be only the apparent truth.

What is really remarkable about the experience of our generation is the fact that no comparable organization of the public yet private life of our time has been attempted by contemporary poetry. It is this fact, and not the fear that poetry may be misused for political purposes, which should trouble the lovers of poetry. They will not dispose of it by explaining mockingly that such a task requires a Shakespeare and that contemporary poetry has produced no Shakespeare.

It is true that the labor is difficult. Difficult at all times, the labor of poetic

organization becomes almost unbearably difficult when the appearance to be mastered is an appearance private in its nearness, public in its form. Poetry, however some of its practitioners may talk of it, is not a magical art, and poets, like others, must understand before they can create understanding. They must themselves see the shape and meaning of experience before they can give it shape and meaning. And there are few among us of any occupation who know the shape and meaning of the time in which we live. The difference between the chaos of unordered perceptions and the order of the poetic perception is the difference of the poetic act; and the poetic act, however swift, however easy, however genial it may seem, is an act as laborious as any accomplished by men, for it is an act in which there are no aids, no tools, no implements, no mathematics, no sextants — an act in which one man alone struggles with an appearance which will not show its true and actual face until he forces it. The Greek myth of Proteus is the true myth of this labor. The poet's struggle is to constrain the live thing in the net to leave its changing forms and take its actual form, which is the god's form, and be known.

The pelt falls from him and the sea cow's shape,
The fish's scarlet, the shark's wrinkled skin,
The seal's eyes and the brine-encircled nape,
The foam's evasion, the down-diving fin —
All cheats and falsehoods of his vain escape:
Changed to himself, sea-sleeked and dripping yet,
The god lies caught and naked in the taking net.

But though it is certain that the struggle to compel the false appearance to be true is peculiarly difficult in a time like ours, when the god to be forced is a god we have never seen and even the appearances are appearances with which we are unfamiliar, it is not the difficulty alone which stands in the way. Labor as difficult has been done before this, and not by Shakespeare only. The characteristic achievements of poetry are not reserved for the great-

est poets alone, but appear also in the work of lesser men.

The true explanation of the failure of contemporary poetry to bring to poetic recognition the experience of our time is the nature of the influences which continue to dominate that poetry and the character of the models on which it is formed. More precisely, it is the fact that the poetry we call contemporary — the poetry, that is to say, to which we apply the word 'modern' — is not actually contemporary or modern, but belongs to a time earlier than our own and was formed by necessities which are not ours. It is a poetry which belongs, in its French originals, to Verlaine and Laforgue and the last decades of the last century; in its English derivations, to T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound and the first two decades of this. It is a poetry formed not by the human and political necessities of our own world but by the literary necessities of the world before the war.

The poetry we call contemporary was originally, and still remains, a poetry of literary revolt. As such it is a poetry adapted not to the creation of new poetic organizations of experience, but to the destruction of old poetic organizations. As the common experience of men changes from one generation to the next, the organizations of experience in poetry must change also. But the new organizations are never new beginnings, new constructions, but always reconstructions. The physical materials of which they are made — the words, the accents of the words, the sounds of the words, the meaning, the syntax — have all been used before: they have all been built into work now standing. Before they can be used for new work they must first be knocked free of the old mortar, pried loose from the old nails. It is for this reason that the revolutions in poetry, as in other arts, are necessary and must take place. Whenever the experience of a new generation differs so widely from the experience of the previous genera-

tion that the organizations of experience which were previously useful are no longer useful, whenever a truly different organization of experience is demanded, the old organizations must first be dismantled and taken down.

IV

'Modern' poetry in English, like its French *Symboliste* prototype, is poetry of this kind. The French poets called *Symbolistes* had one thing in common and only one — a common hatred of the formal and rhetorical poetry of Parnasse '*avec sa perfection technique, ses vers sculpturaux, ses rimes opulentes, son archéologie hellénique, romaine et hindoue.*' Their common purpose was, as Verlaine put it, to '*tordre le cou à l'Eloquence.*'

Pound, the first of the American poets justly called 'modern,' was also a hater of rhetoric and a twister of tails. Pound was the great dismantler, the great wrecker of brownstone fronts, the great tearer down of imitation French châteaux and imitation Gothic railroad stations. He was a wrecker to whom not merely the politely dead poetry of the generation immediately prior to his own, but the whole world which accepted that poetry, was an obsolescence, a solecism calling for the crowbar and the sledge. He was a dynamiter who hated not only the Georgian Anthology and the over-stuffed verse of the years before the war, but the whole Edwardian organization of experience out of which all the experience and most of the poetry had long since leaked like the horsehair out of an old family sofa, leaving nothing but a stiff brittle shape which dogs avoided and even lovers would not use. He was, as he himself said of Laforgue, an exquisite poet, a deliverer of the nations, a Numa Pompilius, a father of light. His dreams at night were of words chipped clean of the rhetoric which staled them, words planed clean of the literary varnish which had tinted them to golden oak, words scraped back to

the white pine with the white pine odor. He was, and he still is, one of the great clearers and cleansers of cluttered earth. If a new generation does not see him in these terms it is because a new generation does not know the architecture he has overthrown. These poems which are wall ornaments now that the old buildings have gone down were tools once — hooked iron crowbars and mallet-headed sledges and cold steel chisels of destruction.

Eliot also, who will perhaps be remembered for other reasons, was a wrecker of poetic forms at the time when he was writing the poems which have so influenced this generation. More effectively even than Pound, Eliot was then engaged in breaking down the existing combinations, the 'poetic' associations of words and images and sounds. He heaved the present-tense, commonplace modern world, with its suburban boredom, its Sunday-afternoon hopelessness, its park-bench despair, through the glass windows of academic poetry as Pound was never able to heave it. He was more destructive than Pound because he cared more than Pound; he had lived in the house himself. Eliot in his heart loved the academic traditions he attacked, and he did what he did in bitterness and a curious inward-turning revenge rather than in hope of a better poetry to follow. He worked, not as Pound did, to clear the earth and air for a different structure, but in a kind of passionate disgust with himself and his time, hating the necessity of destruction and destroying only to make its hatefulness more plain. The fact that it was his own time he hated, and not the poetic past with which his own time was at war, gives his work the cold, premeditated violence of the suicide.

Modern poetry is the poetry of these masters, and of the war and pre-war generations which formed them. It was, in its own time, a needed and cleansing poetry of literary revolt. But it was never a poetry capable of the new labor

of construction which must now be done. Revolutionists are rarely successful rebuilders of the worlds they have brought down, and the continuation of the pretense of revolution beyond the victory of revolution produces a peculiar frustration and sterility with which we in our time are only too familiar. Contemporary poetry is in large part such a continuation of pretended revolution. The early attitudes and idioms of Eliot are imitated long after their relevance has vanished, not because a new relevance has been found for them, but because their flavor is delightful — irony is a speech which can be bold without responsibility, and rejection is an attitude which can be wise without risk. So too Pound's early demands for innovation are still in fashion; not because the conditions of Pound's demands still exist, but because innovation is a delightful criterion of accomplishment — it relieves the poet of all other duty.

It is this characteristic of contemporary poetry which explains its failure to make recognizable to us our experience

of our time. To write in faith and credit of such experience as ours, and to bring it to recognition, requires the responsible and dangerous language of acceptance and belief. The responsible language of acceptance and belief is not possible to the poetry of literary revolt. The Hamlet of Shakespeare was the acceptance of a difficult age and the demonstration of the place, in that age, of poetry. The Hamlet of Laforgue, and after him of Eliot and after him of the contemporary generation, is the rejection of a difficult age and a contemptuous comment upon the hope of poetry to deal with it. Not until contemporary poetry ceases to be the 'modern,' which is to say pre-war, poetry of literary revolt, and not until contemporary poetry writes the Hamlet of Laforgue and Eliot out of its veins, will poetry occupy, and reduce to the order of recognition, the public-private world in which we live. When that happens, the true poetry of our own time will be written. There are already indications in the work of young poets, American as well as English, that the time is near.

FURNACE WHARF

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

BRISK as a plague of frogs, the pale-skinned lads,
Who have no pool, splash in the green canal,
Which summer sunset, and great forges, puffing
Under the water their long coils of steam,
Have warmed to the luxurious feel of spas.
Some dive, some dog it, and some brightly souse
The shrinking milksop while he gasps revenge,
And all intensely happy, unaware,
Blessedly so, of what abides their play —
The blind Machine more terrible of maw
Than any Oriental idol, Siva
Or Moloch, that will take them, body and soul,
Even as it took their fathers, body and soul,
Then cast them from it with its mounds of slag.

Still let them play and dream. Seal in your heart
Your bitter mood; glide like a ghost, be gone;
Leave them at least illusions: the great coal-barges
Lining the wharf are to their kindled eyes
Lovelier than all Venetian gondolas.
This is their only river, yet more a marvel
Than fabulous Hydaspes, holy Ganges.
And those cloud-cupolas, fretted in sharp fire
On wizardries of smoke that branch like palms,
Are poised on spells which one bleak word would shatter,
Are their last joy before their daylight dims.

NEUTRALITY OR BUST

BY DAVID L. COHN

DEEP SNOW PLANTATION
IVANHOE, MISSISSIPPI
April 15, 1939

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA: —

My dear, I'm confused myself. I thought that my long association with rural Negro preachers who, like all fascists and some of our politicians, are masters of the *non sequitur* would enable me to follow the debates on neutrality in the Congress and the country. I was wrong. I fear I shall never catch up. 'Debating neutrality,' you say, 'seems to be an old American custom. What is your foreign policy, anyhow?'

Debating neutrality is indeed an old custom of ours. We've been doing it since 1809, and, although it has never kept us out of a world war, we go on debating. At least every tenth boy baby born in the country (every third one in the South) is born with a silver tongue, and he makes it ring with oratory until he dies. Generally, however, we get so balled up in the debate that we end it by wading in and fighting. It seems easier, even for so garrulous a people as ourselves, than to go on talking forever. As for our foreign policy, I once put this question to an ex-Secretary of the Navy.

'If the Navy is an instrument of foreign policy,' I asked, 'and you don't know what the policy is, how do you know what kind of Navy to build?' His answer was short and sweet. 'We don't,' he said.

But you've asked me to tell you what I think and I'll tell you. If at the end

you are more confused than ever, take the two aspirin tablets enclosed.

Let's look at the parties to the neutrality debate. First, the people. It is they who will get the tax bills and the death notices in the event of war. What do they want? Three fourths of them want to stay out of war. (All the figures are from the Gallup polls.) But what they want and what they think they will get are altogether different things. Three fourths of the people believe that we shall inevitably be drawn into a world war. Therefore: while we want to stay out of war, our people believe they can't stay out.

Then note this extraordinary confusion. The people, having decided they want to stay out of war, desire at the same time to take measures that will make it difficult or impossible to stay out. More than three fourths of them (82 per cent) want to give economic help to Britain and France in a war with Germany and Italy. Yet for years we have said that giving economic help was the cause that brought us into the last world war. Next, as if driven by some dark fate that will put a people into war who don't want to go to war, more than half the population is in favor of selling arms to Britain and France during war-time. This again lessens our chance of keeping out of the conflict.

These are concrete measures that the people would take. Let's look now at the all-important matter of the American mood as measured by the polls.

American hatred of Germany is in-

creasing. To the question 'Do you feel least friendly toward Germany?' 17 per cent said yes in 1935; 31 per cent said yes in 1937. This hatred grows with the increase of Hitler's conquests.

And now we come to an astounding fact of American opinion. To the question 'Will we fight Germany again in your lifetime?' nearly half the people (46 per cent) said yes.

The direction of the wind is shown by another opinion of our people. There may be many in Britain and France who feel that Germany's lost colonies should be restored, but Americans take the opposite stand. Over three fourths of the people believe they should *not* be restored.

Now we come to a question that is of direct interest to you — a Russian. If there should be a war between Germany and Russia, 83 per cent of the American people would favor Russia to win.

There is no point in discussing whether the people are right or wrong; whether they think straight or crooked; whether they are wise or foolish. The hard fact is that they are thinking and feeling the things I have pointed out, and eventually they will act according to their thoughts and their moods. It was the great virtue of Lincoln that he could often understand when he did not necessarily comprehend. Perhaps that virtue is now the virtue of the whole people in this crisis. One thing is clear. *They do not want Germany victorious in a world war. They do not want Britain and France to be crushed by Germany.* And with these desires, while they humanly want to stay out of war, they know that they cannot translate them into action and yet stay out.

Now let's look at the Congress, which is busy debating neutrality. It would take all night to delineate the various schools of neutrality and their exponents. So let's skip most of them and examine two of the leaders.

First, there's the Isolationist school led by Mr. Bernard Baruch. He believes that during a world war the whole

United States should be made into a chain grocery store on a cash-and-carry basis. Let him who wants our prunes walk into our store, plank down the money, and haul his prunes away. Mr. Baruch's theory is that in 1914-1917 we delivered groceries, sent our delivery boy among fighting people who slapped his face and snatched or destroyed the parcels he was carrying, and naturally we had to back him up by slapping the slappers. But if another war should come we'll keep the boy at home, and the rowdies will have to walk into our store on our premises and behave themselves. So much for groceries. But what about hardware — things like rifles and ammunition? O. K., says Mr. Baruch. We'll sell hardware, too, on the same basis as flour. He can't see any difference between feeding a soldier and outfitting him. And flour is just as much contraband as rifles.

All customers look alike to Mr. Baruch. He looks at their cash, not their complexions; he hears the clinking of coin, not the tongues of men. Behind his wartime counter he could not distinguish a Japanese from Anthony Eden; a German from Eve Curie; an Italian from the King of Sweden. This is not because Mr. Baruch is color-blind or tone-deaf. It is because he believes that to pick customers during wartime is to pick a quarrel. And to the argument that, whatever the neutrality laws of the country, we shall be drawn into war, he answers in the words of Gershwin's song, 'It Ain't Necessarily So.'

On the other side is Mr. Henry L. Stimson, an Internationalist, who was Mr. Hoover's Secretary of State. He believes that insularity, like familiarity, breeds contempt. What moves him is this. 'I believe,' he said at a recent Neutrality hearing, 'that our present Caucasian civilization is threatened by the gravest danger with which it has been confronted for centuries.' What, then, would he do? Precisely what Mr. Baruch would forbid. That is, he

would let the President pick our customers; let him refuse supplies to treaty-breaking, aggressor nations and offer them to their victims — which is to say that we would sell goods to Britain, France, and their associates; we would not sell to Italy, Germany, Japan, and their associates. This means, in turn, two things. One, that naming the aggressors would be tantamount to fixing the responsibility for war and to that extent align us, morally at least, with Britain and France. Two, that in the event of a long war American supplies might decide the victory.

Why does Mr. Stimson want to pick customers? First, because he believes that the United States, the mightiest and richest single power on earth, ought not to conduct its foreign relations on the same basis as El Salvador. Second, that in the event of war Germany and Italy in all probability could not trade here because of the superiority of British and French sea power. But this probability does not necessarily extend to Japan. Consequently, if we do not shut her out of her markets, we should be helping Japan to defeat Britain and France, to hold down China, to take the Netherlands Indies, British Malaysia, and anything else she could grab while the British and French were struggling for life in Europe.

It was Mr. Stimson, you remember, who in 1931–1932 when Japan seized Manchukuo — the first of the great territorial grabs of these times — proposed to the British Government a joint British-American *démarche* against Japan; who pronounced the doctrine of non-recognition of territory seized by force, a doctrine we are now applying in eastern Europe and Asia; and who, employing the words of M. Litvinoff, the Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, said peace is indivisible, and that wars beginning anywhere may spread and eventually endanger the peace and prosperity of the United States. Recent history has come along to prove that he was right.

And finally there is the attitude of President Roosevelt. It is an attitude — whatever its merits — of overwhelming importance because the President under our Constitution is charged, in collaboration with the Secretary of State, with the conduct of our foreign relations. He is, in addition, the commander in chief of our armed forces. He may dismiss any ambassador or minister accredited to Washington; negotiate treaties with foreign countries; order the armed forces to come and go at will. And he may do all this without consulting anybody. It is only when a treaty is to be ratified, war is to be declared, and appropriations for the carrying on of war are to be made, that Congress must act. The President — any President — may, therefore, set in motion a train of events that would put the country into such a position that it would be almost impossible for the country and Congress not to follow through with a declaration of war. That is why so many efforts — destined to futility because of his broad powers under the Constitution — are being made to tie the President's hands.

What, specifically, does President Roosevelt believe? (a) That 'we have an interest wider than that of the mere defense of our sea-ringed continent.' (b) That war, whether we engage in it or not, would be a catastrophe for the United States. (c) That the constant threat of wars — the week-end bullyings and seizures — are almost as intolerable as war because they halt business, disturb public tranquillity, threaten personal happiness, make the whole world into an armed camp. (d) That the freedom of all peoples to trade anywhere in the world on a basis of equality is a freedom that is a condition precedent to American prosperity. Such freedom is now sharply curtailed. It will vanish in the face of war. (e) That the collapse of the British and French empires would endanger the peace of the United States and cause such convulsions that our own

political and economic structure would be shaken down. (f) That fascist ambitions are not limited to Europe. They take the world, including South America certainly and North America possibly, for their province. (g) That we shall inevitably be drawn into war. (h) That, whatever the result of war, we shall undergo a revolutionary transformation in America. And (i) that common sense dictates, in the face of these premises, that the stupendous power of the United States should be used, not to punish the fascist states or rescue the so-called democracies, but to *prevent* a war. How? By making it perfectly clear that in the event of war the power of the United States will be thrown against the fascists and in all probability encompass their defeat. (This is on the assumption that Britain and France will not start a war without aggressions against them.) If this warning is heeded, the President suggests a definite ten-year period of peace during which the controversies among the nations may be adjusted by rational conference.

Note that the President is not talking the Wilsonian doctrine of 'making the world safe for democracy.' He is talking the language of 1776: 'If we don't hang together, we shall all hang separately.' And he knows that while the people believe that Washington made the speech about avoiding entangling alliances he would have been entangled with a rope in British hands if the French navy had not rescued him.

Now let's see if we can make head or tail out of this remarkable situation. The people — that is to say, the victims of war — not only believe that they cannot stay out of war, but are willing to give Britain and France the kind of help that Mr. Baruch, the isolationist, is sure will get them into war. Here they are in agreement with the President. They don't want the fascists to win a war; it is silly to suppose that a people who believe they will have to fight

Germany will not do everything in their power to help those who are fighting Germany; and, consequently, will thereby clinch the assurance that they themselves will fight. The people and the President, therefore, are practically of one mind. And in no respect is their oneness more marked than in that neither wants war.

But the Congress? What is its contribution to the United States and the world in this period of terrifying crisis? On the one hand it votes ever-mounting sums of money for a greater army and navy. It feels that war may come. It fears that we cannot stay out of war. How, then, does it go about assuring that we shall not engage in war? By emulating the policy of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Stores. It differs from this corporation in only one respect. The A & P will sell to anybody. One Congressional group would follow that policy. Another would pick its customers. It follows, then, that in an era of wars, revolutions, and terrors, with millions of men under arms, with the happiness and security of every individual on earth imperiled, with the peace and prosperity of the United States endangered, the utmost contribution that Congress can make is to debate whether or not we shall deliver dried apricots and to whom. This is not a foreign policy. It is a storekeeper's policy.

This absurd situation is made the more absurd by the fact that if we really want neutrality, if we really want to stay out of war, we can have neutrality and stay out. One way is to sell nothing to anybody; keep our ships off the seas; forbid our citizens to travel; order those abroad to come home or remain at their own risk. Japan avoided war in this manner for centuries. We could do it now. Naturally it would cost something: economic collapse and perhaps a dictatorship. But an adult man or nation knows, or ought to know, that you can't get something for nothing. Or we might try to have our cake and eat it too by

selling groceries à la Baruch. Suppose, then, that war does come, that we sell and grow rich, and the war ends. What then?

It is not written in the stars that victory will go to Britain and France. Remember the World War. We have a right to assume that victory may just as likely go to the fascists. So now the war is over, and Hitler and his associates are the masters of Europe and Africa. He holds such power as no man ever held in the modern world. (Mussolini is predestined to be a side-show clown in Hitler's circus.) The British Empire in the East, China, the Netherlands Indies, fall to Japan. Australia and New Zealand become outlets for the teeming Japanese population. Russia, if not militarily conquered, is impotent and imprisoned in Asia. South America falls under the swastika shadow. We are isolated in the Pacific at Hawaii. If we have not lost Guam and the Philippines, it is because Japan is not ready to take them. Nobody pretends that they could be held against Japanese attack in their present state of defense. Nobody pretends that our navy successfully and alone could attack Japan in Japanese waters. How long we should continue to hold Hawaii thereafter against perhaps three fleets is another question, and a vital one, because it is our first line of defense for our Pacific shores. And our goods and citizens would thereafter move across the world at the sufferance of the dictators. Well, what of it? Is that any skin off our teeth? Shouldn't we have stayed out of war?

These assumptions, which seem fantastic as I put them on paper here in the quietude of the plantation, may seem insane to many of my countrymen. But not to you. For you have suffered through wars and revolutions and witnessed empires crashing about your ears. Nor will they appear fantastic to diplomats and military authorities. It would seem indeed, in the light of the history of the past twenty years, that

no prediction, however visionary, might not be realized or exceeded in our world. Who in 1933 would have said that by 1939 the little figure named Hitler would soon terrify the great French and British empires; that enormous areas of Europe would lie under his heels; that Spain would be the scene of a horrible civil-international war; that Japanese armies would spread the length and breadth of China; and, finally, that the world would wait with fear and trembling upon the spoken word of one man — Adolf Hitler? Yet it is so. Is it, then, too violent to assume that Hitler will win the next war and become master of the world?

But if we want neutrality, then this cannot matter to us, because the very essence of neutrality is indifference to what happens beyond our borders to other nations. If war is the greatest of all evils, then no price is too high a price to pay for avoiding it. If, however, there are things and conditions more intolerable than war, then a people must be prepared to pay a price for their avoidance.

Let's take the next step. After the war, friendless and alone, we shall face the most powerful and ruthless dictator the world has ever known. Does anyone believe that fascist conquests will stop with Europe and Africa? If he does, let him read *Mein Kampf*, where the author says in plain German that the time to talk peace is when Germany has conquered the world.

Our answer to that is simple. The hell it can. Or, in the words of the distinguished Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, addressing the Loyal Order of Moose in Boston: 'We will protect every inch of American soil, from the Arctic to Cape Horn, against industrial, economic, or political invasion.'

It doesn't occur to the Senator that we are now having a hard time doing what he says we will do in the future, and he omits entirely the possibility of military invasion. But let's waive the point. He who fools with the Monroe Doctrine, we say, fools with dynamite.

Very well, then. We triple our navy. We spread our ships, to match the Senator's spread-eagle words, from 'the Arctic to Cape Horn.' Then, strangely, the fascists do *not* want to land troops anywhere. They merely want to trade in South America. Well, we can't fight about that. So Japanese, German, and Italian vessels sail peaceably by our battleships as they go to and from South America. We can't trade right now in the areas conquered by Germany and Japan, — try to sell a pair of our shoes in Slovakia or Manchukuo, — but they insist on trading everywhere. Why can't we trade, too, in South America? We can. But there's this difficulty.

We've had the Monroe Doctrine a long time, but it has given us no monopoly, nor even a lion's share, of South American trade. Nor has it ever been our great trade area. Thus, in 1936, 42.5 per cent of our total exports went to Europe and 16.2 per cent to Asia — principally Japan. Contrast this with the 8.3 per cent taken by South America. Ah, that golden continent! Our savior when all else is lost.

With our European trade lost, we should need our southern trade more than ever. So we double or triple it. This would be only half our present exports to Europe. But — and this is the point — even if our competitors stepped aside we should find it hard to increase that trade enormously. The reason is simple. The lowering of our standard of living as the result of war and the loss of great trade areas would sharply contract our demand for goods. And our southern trade is limited by this rigid factor. The products of that area compete with ours: wheat, meat, cotton, hides, vegetable oils, corn, and minerals, notably copper. Are we going to exchange automobiles for these things when we are already up to our necks in them? No. But Hitler and Company will, because they will need them.

The logic of the situation, then, is that if Hitler wins the world war he

will win South America. He will not have to fire a shot. He will dominate it economically simply because that area, like the Danubian area at the moment, will have nowhere else to turn for a market. And economic domination in these times means political domination. If, then, we should attempt to keep the fascists out of South America by force, it would not be long before the South Americans would demand that we either take their surplus products or remove our ships. We couldn't take the products, just as Britain and France cannot now take the products of Rumania. And we couldn't keep our ships strung around South America against the will of the South Americans. What becomes, then, of the Monroe Doctrine? But — to repeat — if war is the greatest of all evils, and we can escape war through neutrality, then the loss of South America, body and soul, is not too high a price to pay for it.

Now all this is very curious, because it means that we who live in a war-torn revolutionary world are seeking to escape its risks and yet enjoy its privileges. And who are we? We are a people born of taking risks. The first settlers preferred the dangers of the unknown ocean and an unknown continent to the conditions under which they lived in Europe. Later they preferred the risks of war — the little colonies against mighty Britain — to the conditions of living imposed upon them by Britain. A few years pass and we are again at war with Britain following our futile efforts at neutrality during the Napoleonic wars. The very city of Washington where Congress debates neutrality was burned by the British in the War of 1812 that neutrality did not prevent. Then our people took the risks incurred in winning the West. Our clipper ships, manned by young New Englanders, made perilous voyages to China and made New England rich. Our navy put down pirates off the African coast. And

shortly before and after the Civil War our industrialists — call them pirates or grabbers if you will — threw railroads and telegraph wires across the continent, dug the mines and canals, tamed the rivers, built roads, borrowed millions of dollars in Europe, and imported millions of Europeans and Asiatics to do the work. They took big risks — sometimes with their own money and sometimes with the money of others. Many grew rich; others went broke. But America was built.

Is it possible that this once hardy, adventurous, and risk-taking people will not stir now beyond the portals of their federal bonds, their life insurance, their old-age pensions? Is our passion for security so great that we shall lose it because we dare venture nothing in its protection? For security, paradoxically, is dynamic and not static; like liberty, it is something for which one must ever be on guard.

Our foreign policy? It has never been, to my knowledge, defined. It is the Monroe Doctrine. It is the defense of our shores and the shores of our territories overseas. Once it was the defense of our commerce and nationals all over the world.

Beyond this the United States does not, and perhaps cannot, have a fixed foreign policy. The world is on notice concerning the things I have mentioned. The great question mark in every chancellery of the earth, and in the mind of every American, is: What will the United States do in the event of a world war? The answer hangs upon a multiplicity of emotional, practical, hysterical, logical, religious, and economic considerations inextricably intertwined.

Perhaps we can guess the answer if I ask you a question. What do *you* think will happen when the world war begins? It will be reported vividly and photographically by radio. Into millions of homes will come voices describing bombs falling on London; the destruction of Oxford University in an attempt to de-

stroy the big automobile works in the town of Oxford; fires in Liverpool and Leeds; the collapse of the Opera House in Paris and the burning of the Louvre; the recital of wounds suffered by women and children; and, for all we know, their cries and groans brought across the ocean. From the Pacific will come reports of attacks on the Netherlands Indies; of Japanese naval movements near the Philippines; or of ghostly Asiatic battleships off the California coast. Hour after hour, day after day, the people will glue their ears to the radios; hour after hour their anger will rise, and since we are a sentimental, generous people strongly moved by moral outrage, how long do you think it will be before they go to war? Do you think they will then be restrained by legalistic arguments? Or that neutrality will hold them back? On such occasions the voice of the people is indeed the voice of God.

A time comes in the affairs of men and nations when they are faced with the question that Samuel Butler put to himself. 'Is life worth living?' he asked. And he answered: 'That is a question for an embryo; not for a man.'

As I write, American battleships responsive to the mind's hard impulse slip past peaceful New York Harbor bound for the Pacific, where empires sway in the gusts of threatened conflict; we store raw materials against The Day; our President begs the dictators for a ten-year respite and Congress for greater military appropriations; Congress debates neutrality, and a bank clerk in Kansas registers his opinion that we ought to but cannot stay out of war, while our hearts whisper to God that war may not come.

But however much the wings of our hearts beat against the cage of the world into which we were born, and through whose bars we shall escape in death, we shall never escape in life. Only the high heart and the hard mind can save us now.

Affectionately,

DAVID

THE BLOW THAT HURTS

BY GENE TUNNEY

A PUNCH in the nose might seem to be an intensely personal thing — much more so, for example, than pushing the queen's rook's pawn on a board of checkered squares. Yet I have been astonished to hear of enmities and feuds in the game of chess, that epitome of abstract combat. The queen's rook's pawn seems to have occasioned a surprising lot of rancor and fury. I find it difficult to understand, but then I have been merely a boxer, a devotee of one of the most noted of all physical-contest sports.

Some years ago a great international chess tournament was staged in New York, with an imposing array of the grand masters of the game. Newspaper files will reveal that this tournament made the front pages in a spectacular way, though chess is hardly of headline popularity. The tournament was ornamented by the presence not only of Capablanca, then at the height of his genius, but also of Dr. Emanuel Lasker, the venerated adept who for so many years was the champion. Dr. Lasker had a peculiarity — he loved strong black cigars and smoked them always. Other grand masters charged that when they played him he would blow clouds of acrid and noxious smoke across the board and into their faces, thereby disconcerting them and throwing them off their game. Foul play, they roared. This state of affairs was only exacerbated by the popularity and honored regard that the almost legendary chess master enjoyed in New York. His admirers, knowing his love for strong black cigars, sent him

many gifts of them — the strongest and the blackest. In consequence, the Doctor had an abundance of acrid and noxious smoke to blow into the faces of his opponents. The more deeply he became absorbed in profound combinations at the chessboard, the harder he would puff away and the more wrathfully other chess masters would protest to the officials. As for the merits of the case, I surely am not one to adjudicate at this late day, but I'd suppose that where there's smoke there's fire — or at any rate some heat.

By way of contrast, take prize fighting. Few human beings have fought each other more savagely or more often than Harry Greb and I. We punched and cut and bruised each other in a series of bouts, five of them. In the first Greb gave me a ferocious beating, closed both eyes, broke my nose, chipped my teeth, and cut my lips to pieces. He did everything but knock me out. In our last fight I beat him about as badly, so badly that he was helpless in the latter rounds. He seemed like a dead-game fighter, wanting to be spared the indignity of being knocked out. Pain meant nothing — he didn't want the folks back home to read of his being knocked out. From the beginning of our first to the end of our last bout, Greb and I went through the ferocious gamut of giving and taking, hitting and being hit. We were always the best of friends; never any ill will or anger. You see, we were not chess players.

Harry was bitter about one fight, our fourth. I won the decision, and this enraged him. He was sure he had beaten

me, felt to the depths of his soul that he was the victor. It was one of those newspaper-decision affairs of the period, sports writers giving the verdict in their stories. Cleveland was the place; and Regis Welsh of the *Pittsburgh Post*, one of Greb's best friends, in his newspaper story the day after the fight gave the decision to me, putting my photo on the front page with the caption 'Too Much for Our Boy.' Greb never spoke to him again. They were enemies ever after. All the bitterness the battle had stirred in Greb was directed, not against me, not against the antagonist who had been in there hitting him, but against his newspaper friend who had merely tapped a few keys on a typewriter. He didn't resent the physical pain of being murdered, he resented losing — losing unjustly, as he thought.

It isn't physical pain that hurts so much, it's the blow to one's vanity. But what is vanity? What are we most proud of? A whole lot of things, among which physical prowess in a fight is by no means the most important. Intellectual pride, as any theologian will tell you, is the most damning; and the vanity of artists is famous in the literature of history and comedy alike. As a boxer I should say that it's in the realm of the intellectual and artistic that a blow is the most painful, where feelings are hurt the most. For example, I think the man I hit the hardest in my whole boxing career was onetime heavyweight champion of Europe, Erminio Spalla, but I never hurt Spalla's feelings. Yet I might have — I'm sure I could have turned him into a rancorous enemy, but he remains an excellent friend. I knocked him out in a bout at the Polo Grounds back in 1924. He was no boxing master; he was crude, but he could hit. I didn't want him to lay that powerful right of his on my chin — it might be uncomfortable, and so it was when it eventually landed. After being hit I boxed him carefully, waiting for a decisive opening, and then hit him with every ounce of strength I had. I knocked

him out with what I imagine was the hardest blow I ever struck. But, as I have remarked, I never hurt his feelings.

One day last fall I was having dinner in New York at Christ Cella's place of unceremonious hospitality, and heard a couple of Italian waiters chattering about Spalla. He had been Italy's pride, and my presence made them recall him. But they were by no means talking about boxing — their topic was opera, the newest operatic star in Italy. They were discussing what they had read in their Mulberry Street newspapers — that prize fighter Spalla, former champion of Italy and all Europe, had just made a resounding success in his debut at La Scala in Milan singing 'Amonasro' in Verdi's *Aida*. This did not surprise me a bit, because the very point on which I remembered I had never hurt Spalla's feelings was his singing.

Several years before I fought him, he and I had trained together with other boxers in the same quarters in New Jersey — and he was always singing. He told me he was studying baritone, and when we were not sparring in training bouts he was caroling operatic arias. He had a rich and beautiful voice, and I used to ask him to sing for me, which he did with a lusty good will — *Pagliacci* and *Trovatore*. After we fought and the knockout brought Spalla's pugilistic career to an end, he went back to Italy. Later on he wrote to me, and told me that with the money he had earned in the prize ring he was pursuing his studies for an operatic career. I suspect he was grateful because that hardest punch I ever hit finished him in pugilism. We corresponded on and off, and he kept me informed how he was getting along with the arias and the high notes. Then came a letter in which he told me that he was soon to make his debut at La Scala — which he did with first-rate success.

Just a few days ago I had a letter from my old prize-ring antagonist. It's worth quoting: 'Dear Gene: Following the hostilities between America and Italy in

the cinema world I was urgently called by the La Scalla Film Company to play the role in many of their films. And so to quote the old proverb — "It is an ill wind that blows, etc. etc." I am enclosing my autographed photograph, and I trust you will send me yours, as I always want to see you in the best of health. My wife has had another son and so I am the father of five. And how is your family progressing? Quite nicely, Erminio, quite nicely.

What I am quite sure of is this — if, instead of hitting Spalla so hard, I had made disparaging comment about his singing, he would have hated me. Remarks about faulty production, vibrato and flatting on the top notes — that's the sort of thing which creates those embittered vendettas in opera companies. I liked Spalla's singing, but even if I hadn't I should never have told him so. I would have punched him in the nose instead, for I don't like to make enemies.

Among people who have no contact with the boxing tradition of the English-speaking world, a blow in the face is a deadly insult — while a wound with a sword may be taken with equanimity. Our boxing tradition has ameliorated the innate combativeness of man, has taken much of the homicide out of fight and physical clash. The fistic exchange has become conventionalized. It's not good sportsmanship to resent with abiding rancor a punch in a fight. So a prize fight, being the epitome of the boxing tradition, is decidedly impersonal — a thing of abstraction.

I recall a scene the morning after my first fight with Jack Dempsey as one of the strangest I ever experienced. It had me disconcerted, as well as considerably embarrassed.

After that bout in the rain in Philadelphia it seemed to me proper to go and pay my respects to Jack. He had been severely punished, and must feel pretty blue after losing the championship. The next afternoon I went to his hotel. He had a suite of rooms, and when I got

there Jack was in an inside bedroom. In the outer room were gathered the Dempsey entourage of manager, handlers, trainers, and disappointed followers. They greeted me with an instant bristling of hostility. I was the focus of scowls and angry, sullen glances. Gene Normile was in tears. Jerry the Greek came to me, shook his fist, and mumbled hoarsely, "You can't lick the "Chump," you can't lick the "Chump." Jack Dempsey always inspired loyalty, and this was it. They bitterly resented my defeating him.

I had the nervous feeling of being in the camp of the enemy, surrounded by smouldering hatred. I had only one impulse — to get in there to Jack. I found him sitting on a bed, and then I realized how badly he had been battered in that downpour the night before. He put out his hand, and said, "Hello, Gene." It was as if we were visiting casually, in the course of commonplace acquaintance. Before that Jack and I had never been friends particularly. In fact, I think he rather resented me as a challenger. But after we had fought and I had defeated him for the championship — Jack was the only friend I had in the camp of the enemy.

Of all the sports, it is my opinion that boxing, though the most physically injurious, is the most impersonal. I indulge in golf, tennis, squash rackets, and shooting, and can conscientiously say that my resentment in defeat in any of them is far greater than anything I ever felt or experienced in a long career of boxing. There is a subconscious mutuality of respect engendered by the give-and-take of the prize fight that has a certain spiritual quality to it which leaves no room for rancor, resentment, or jealousy. It is true that prize fighting seems sheerly physical and elemental, but what other sport or art has as little bitterness or envy among its devotees? Could the answer be that the more elemental we become in sport and art, the closer to the spiritual we get?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BANDUSIA

BLESSED be the spring
From the moss-green rock,
Where if no nymph sing
And shepherd guard no flock,
At least music gushes
Lovely as the search
Of water toward the sea
Where flowing waters end.
Though brute Time crushes
The forest, oak and birch,
Though brute Time be
A foe and then a friend,
The little spring is clear,
The little spring is cold,
And though this year
My heart feels old,
It still sings on
As when the forest stood
Before the hurricane
Crushed down the wood.
It still sings on
Where nymphs and shepherds pass
In time long gone,
In time that never was.

ROBERT HILLYER

THE HAPPY VALLEY OF SERTIG

WHEN as a young man I came first to the Clavadel Sanatorium above Davos Platz, I would often hear people talking of Sertig-Dörfli, a little isolated mountain village that is situated immediately beneath the three remarkable peaks — Mittaghorn, Plattenhorn, and Duncan — at the very top of the beautiful valley. These three sheltering peaks, in form so similar the one to the other, outline themselves against the sky like jagged dogteeth.

The sides of these mountains are often so precipitous that even in midwinter there remain places where it is too steep for the snow to lie, places from which the stern face of the adamantine granite frowns out upon the innocent snow that so completely mantles the rugged deformities of the encompassing landscape. To the eyes of the earliest Ala-

mannic settlers these peaks must have presented much the same appearance as they do to-day, as indeed they have done to the peasants of the valley for centuries, to the Ambühls, Kindschis, Baelis, and Gadmers who so many times must have raised their heads for weather signs to these eternal hills of their familiar locality.

Only once as a young man did I visit Sertig. This was on a mild summer afternoon in the year 1910. The old cartway along which I then drove has long been abandoned for a better-constructed road. The more ancient thoroughfare can, however, still be traced as occasionally it raises its grassy causeway a little above the natural level of the meadowlands, above the level of those fat meadowlands which in June, before the first mowing, are parqueted thick with flowers beyond all conception. I was not sufficiently well at that time to explore the valley as I wished, but from the seat of the little carriage I gazed at it long enough to carry away with me a clear memory of the ancient peasant holdings, and of the steeped church so adroitly roofed with compactly adjusted, perfectly fitting shingles, expertly squared out of the wood of Alpine timber. Also I never forgot the white gleam of the waterfall at the farther end of the valley, bursting down from the rocks of the Duncan in a cascade of ice-cold water, to begin its wild career through sunless gorge and by dark forest, down to the Rhine, down to the sea!

More than a quarter of a century went by before I saw the valley again. In the meantime I had been half over the world; but not in the equatorial ranges of Africa, nor in the Rocky Mountains even, had I found anything to equal the undisturbed seclusion of this remote Swiss valley. During this, my second sojourn in Clavadel I have come to know Sertig well and have been able narrowly to observe the effect of each season upon its life.

Of so high an altitude is it that visiting it in midwinter is like stepping upon the roof of the world, a rooftop that carries upon its levels accumulations of snow astounding for

any lowlander to contemplate. From the month of December, snow falls from the heavens, now in flakes small and clustering as bees, and now in flakes large as goose feathers. Higher and ever higher it is piled, covering rock and tree, house and hay shed, until after a prolonged fall the whole acreage of the valley is smoothed out under a nativity coverlet twenty or thirty feet thick. And it is not only from the high heavens that the snow — this strange form of matter so mysteriously transformed out of the drops of silver rain — descends into the valley. I have been told by one who has wintered in Sertig-Dörfli how, after an exceptionally wild tempest, the very foundations of the valley were all night long shaken and shaken again by successions of avalanches that came thundering down from the topheavy slopes, each with its own peculiar reverberation of awful disaster. I myself have walked along a lane kept open by the peasants through the snow, the banks of which must surely have been higher than those blind watery walls that long ago penned in the children of Israel when they crossed dry-shod through the Red Sea.

With the approach of spring, all is suddenly altered. Swiftly and surely, as though by magic, the Sertig River draws the snow into its tossing currents, until everywhere patches of green grass begin to show, and the marmot's whistle is again to be heard as these woodchucks of the mountains emerge, loose of skin, from their hibernating holes to nibble and romp and leave upon the snowdrifts the marks of footfalls flat and clawed as those of miniature grizzly bears. It is then that long-sighted peasants may be seen standing stock-still in the garden or meadow, intent upon watching the movements of chamois tracking along the dizzy ledges of the topless mountains in search of fresher herbage.

A few more weeks pass, and, from a crystal cup deftly poised against the celestial space of an azure bright cosmos, Sertig has suddenly been changed to the valley of 'many-colored grasses' of the poet's imagination. How secluded, how beautiful Sertig can then be in its native fertility, in its virginal native simplicity! First come the crocuses, tender and brittle as delicate porcelain trumpets, piercing through the last thin layer of unmelted snow with the spearheads of their folded petals. And after the crocus comes the whole honor of the fields — buttercups, pink

champions, campanula, snakeweeds, rampions, great burnets — together with the vernal wealth of the Swiss pastures, of pastures that have been dunged and dunged again by the industrious, large, gripping hands of steadfast workaday women as much at their ease when holding rake or scythe as when perched upon a weaving stool. The grass begins to prosper, and once more life returns to the valley — cows are driven back to upland stalls, horses are housed again in summer stables, sheep bleat and baa at the doors of their summer sheds, and pigs grumble in their sties. The desolate winter whiteness is forgotten, and the gigantic shoulders of the Mittaghorn and the Plattenhorn, covered now with Alpine roses, echo and echo again the voice of man and of beast rising upon the air from the valley below.

When the snow has gone it is possible for the smallest boy herder to clamber to the bottom of the waterfall, where in turmoil and torrent the river roars its way over the rocky precipice. The climatic change, since winter, has been so extreme that it allows for the appearance of creatures of the most unexpected kind. On the way to the river at the edge of the willow scrub through which the roe-deer come silently, daintily stepping at twilight, I once surprised a salamander. The heat of the sunshine, almost tropical in its intensity because of the rarefied nature of the atmosphere, had made it possible for this beast out of an infinite past to be found lolling, with reptile somnolence, by the margin of a sunny Sertig pool!

Then when the summer days with their swallows and butterflies, and the summer evenings with their moths and silences, are over and gone — behold the autumn is suddenly present! The heaviest labor of the year is now over for the peasants, and before they finally leave the valley they can afford, for a few weeks, to sit about in the inn playing jass and drinking *Vellliner*. This is the time of the open hunting season, and many a red deer, in the pride of his grease, is brought to his knees in the steep forest; and many a chamois, with hooked, backward-curling horns, is carried down from the mountain heights on shoulders stiffened by the weight of its tub-like body wonderfully plumped out on its scant diet of grass, fir shoots, and the edible seeds of the trees. There is scarcely a back shed now where a marmot, fat as butter, may not be seen, suspended from a beam, its

mild beaver-like countenance pitiful in the heavy patience of death.

The valley during the last weeks before the first blizzard is supremely beautiful, each larch tree silently standing in the centre of its own golden circle of fallen needles, the branches of the mountain ashes laden down with scarlet berries, and the ground of the mountain slopes blue with juniper and ruddy with the tiny leaves of the fading whortle-berries. Soon, soon will lichen, moss, toadstool, snail shell, and fallen feather lie hidden from the sun and glittering stars, beneath a snowy tonnage pressing them down and ever more down to a forlorn prostrate flatness.

Last year on a sparkling May morning I again visited Sertig-Dörfli. This time I was with an old lady of nearly eighty years. Her father and mother had been peasants in the valley and had owned one of the mountain cottages. All was sunshine, the grass was crocus-white as is an English down with daisies. Sheep and goats herded by laughing children grazed and browsed near the banks of the Sertig River, whose waters, clouded by the melting snows, went swishing past beds of marsh marigolds bright as guineas in the yellow sunshine. My companion presently pointed to a small window in one of the swart, log-built peasant houses and told me the following memory.

As a small child she always came to Sertig before the rest of the family, alone with her mother. This was a great joy to her. It was a fairy change after a winter's imprisonment in the old Gadmer house farther down the valley. The life at Sertig was freer. The mother's winter spinning was over, and the little girl associated the romantic valley with a luckier existence. All day long she had to do nothing more onerous than to gather snail shells for the chickens and in careless sort mind a few goblin goats. The mother, whom I remember well as an old woman of nearly a hundred, was at that time in the middle of her active life, and Fida, her last-born child, was a great favorite with her. They would sleep together in a single wooden bed, young bones knocking against old bones, behind the little square window that my old friend indicated. In her later life she told me her mother had been often used to recall how once, on the occasion of her awaking in the Sertig dwelling, she had sat up in her child's homespun shirt and, looking out of the

window to where the waterfall sparkled across the flowered grass, had cried out in the dialect of the valley: '*Muotter, Muotter, simer nid glücklich!*' ('Mother, Mother, aren't we happy!')

They were simple words to have been recorded and pondered upon in the old peasant woman's shawled head, and yet that morning they seemed to me strangely apposite to the happy mountain retreat, which, though never far removed from the cark and care of husbandry, is a valley having little enough to do with the clamor, clutter, and fret of our present troubled and broken times.

LLEWELYN POWYS

COMMAND

COME to the forest, O step softly
Where the doe in the fern has slept.
Leave, O leave the shining fields
And the wind on water;
Wind in the pine has a water-sound,
Foam in the sheaves of shadow.

Come to the forest, O divide its sleeping
Into the dreams of the ancient beeches,
Gray dreams, sea dreams,
Waving anemones rooted in coral
In the shadow-deep pool of moss and bracken.
Fold your empty arms on the wind:
Darkness and shelter
Are your love and your breathing,
Hemlock drift your sleeping,
Sea-anemone in silence swaying,
Night-fire, dawn-fire, your dreaming.

Gather up the underbrush,
Break the fallen boughs on your knee,
Blow on the birch-bark, O blow softly.
Not a tree shall crash to your axe,
Not a green living branch to your fire;
Can a man cut the sound of water
Running through the sun-shed pines,
Can a man take foam for his flame?

Come to the forest, O step softly
Where the doe in the fern has stepped.
Turn, O turn from the corn and the wheat-
field,
Turn to the wind in running leaf-water.
Wind in the pine spills a fountain of light,
Wind in the pine has a water-sound,
Foam in the hollows of shadow.

BEREN VAN SLYKE

THE UMBRELLA

In 1925 I finished a short course in fortune telling and that summer started to work for my tall Uncle Kareem, who had been a general in the war and who afterwards became one of the town's leading merchants in the dry-goods business. He was tall and not very fat and very bald. He used to say that the reason he was bald was because during the war he would run across a field with his helmet on, and the vibration rubbed his hair off. Everybody in the family was bald at forty, but that didn't change his story.

The fortune-telling school was a correspondence affair. We lived across the street from it, on Green Street, and all I should have had to do was go over and take my lessons. But the president, Mr. Paul, said that a correspondence school it was, and a correspondence school he wanted to keep it, so that I had to walk to the post office to mail my lessons.

Sometimes I would be coming home from mailing them when I would see the mailman taking them into the school across the street. But it was a good course and I learned a great deal, though when I started in to work for my Uncle Kareem I had to keep what I had been doing a secret. He was against such things. He was very practical.

I got \$4.83 a week. And the eighty-three cents I had to give back to my uncle. He was building a pigeon coop in the rear of the store and needed the money for material. He said he had a lot of buddies scattered all over America, and instead of writing them letters he would send them notes via pigeon. 'It's more personal. And poetic,' he'd say.

Pigeons kept flying in and out of the store waiting for their coop to be built. It was a beautiful sight.

After I had been there two months, my Uncle Kareem raised my salary to \$6.00. This gave him a dollar and eighty-three cents for the pigeon coop.

His customers were few. But I always had plenty of work to do and never had a chance to practise my fortune telling. My uncle sometimes went out of the store for hours at a time, sneaking in without my knowing it and hiding behind a counter, where he watched me make sales. He never told me he did this, but I used to see him. He was trying me out so that when it came time to bequeath the store to someone he could

bequeath it to me, provided I did the right things and was honest in all my dealings. My Uncle Kareem hated dishonesty.

Customers came in, looked around, went out. My uncle would scratch his head and frown. 'I can't understand it,' he would say. 'I have everything here.' He made a sweeping gesture with his long, poetic hand, pointing to wheelbarrows, to kegs of nails, to boxes of soap, to gingham and outing flannel, to Turkish towels and spools of thread, to candy canes for the children and to some winesap apples he had in a bushel basket in the centre of the floor. 'What haven't I got?'

I looked around. 'Everything,' I said.

A pigeon carrying a make-believe note flew past me. I guess they were getting impatient waiting for the coop to be finished. They were carrying bits of paper around and delivering them to my uncle. Nothing was written on the bits of paper, but my uncle was very pleased. 'They're practising up,' he said.

Sometimes a whole day went by without a customer.

Then one day a man came into the store. It was raining outside and it was raining very hard, and the man wanted to buy an umbrella. He was dripping wet and had his collar pulled up around his neck. Before he had a chance to look around and walk out I locked the door.

'I want to see something in an umbrella,' said the man. 'It is raining outside.'

I knew we didn't carry umbrellas. That was one thing my Uncle Kareem always said we didn't need. 'Either they have an umbrella or they don't go out in the rain,' was what he always said. In fact, I was about ready to tell the man this very thing when my uncle came running from the back room.

'Umbrellas?' my uncle said. 'Did I hear the gentleman say he wanted an umbrella?'

'That's right,' said the man.

My uncle cleared his throat, pushed me aside, and, taking my place behind the counter, smiled at the man. 'Just how much did you wish to pay for one?' he said, rubbing his hands together as merchants who are eager to make a sale sometimes do.

'Well,' said the man, 'that depends upon the size, color, and shape of the thing. Primarily I want anything of a serviceable nature, to keep the rain off my new hat.'

My Uncle Kareem looked at the man's hat. 'I have some fine hats here,' he said.

'It's an umbrella I want,' said the man, 'not a hat!'

'Very well,' said my uncle, and ran out of the store into the back room.

In a few minutes he returned with a very old umbrella. It was one that my Uncle Karem's Aunt Freda had given to him on his twenty-first birthday twenty-five years ago.

'Here is something that is bound to keep you dry,' said my uncle. He approached the man and gave him the umbrella to examine.

'Fine,' said the man. 'How much for it?'

'How much?' said my uncle. 'Now let's see.' He thought a long time, adding figures on a piece of paper.

'Hurry,' said the man.

'Eleven dollars,' said my uncle, who wanted to make up for the sales he never got.

'Eleven dollars?' yelled the man. He started to go for the door.

'Wait a minute,' my uncle said. 'Eight.'

'Eight dollars?' yelled the man. 'I could buy eight umbrellas for that.'

'Make it a dollar and a half,' said my uncle, perspiring.

'That's more to the point,' said the man, preparing to open it for close examination.

'Don't open it!' screamed my uncle. 'It is bad luck to open an umbrella inside a house. It's bad to open one.'

'All right,' said the man. 'I'll take it for a dollar and a half.'

'That's the way to act,' said my uncle. Then he turned to me. 'Wrap it up for the gentleman,' he said.

'But you don't have to do that,' said the man. 'I am going to use it. Leave it as it is.'

My uncle raised his hand for silence. 'Wrapping parcels is a policy of this store. Go ahead and wrap it, Gilbert.'

'But the man doesn't want it wrapped,' I said. 'He is going to use it.'

My uncle became furious. 'Do as I say,' he said. 'Our business is founded on rules and regulations and honesty-is-the-best-policy, and we stick to all the rules.'

I wrapped the umbrella in brown paper, went to the door and unlocked it, and the man went out. It had almost stopped raining. The sun was coming out.

'Lock the door,' my uncle said, 'or he will want to have a refund!'

I locked the door.

Hardly had the man left the store when my Uncle Karem sat down on a box of perfumed soap and began to feel ashamed of himself.

'I shouldn't have sold him the umbrella,' he said. 'It was old and filled with moth and no good to anybody.' He put his head in his hands and was very downcast.

I knew how he felt. He was not a dishonest man.

The pigeons stopped carrying fake messages and everything was quiet in the store. We were thinking.

Finally I remembered a part of my fortune-telling course.

'Leave everything to me,' I shouted, 'and do exactly as I tell you. Put on your hat and coat and walk outside to the edge of the town. There is a woods close by.'

'Yes,' said my uncle, still ashamed.

'Go to the biggest tree in the woods,' and when you find it,' I said, 'walk around it twelve times and say, "Honesty is the best policy" as fast as you can in the time it takes you to walk around the tree.'

'You are the craziest kid I ever heard tell of,' he said, 'but I shall do it.'

So he put on his hat and coat and went out in a hurry. I went to the door and watched him running toward the edge of town.

It had started to rain again. Dark clouds hung over everything.

In half an hour the man who had purchased the old umbrella came in.

'I think there has been a big mistake,' he said. 'Where is the manager?' He looked everywhere for him.

'The manager,' I said, 'is outside walking.'

'Just the same,' the man said, 'I want my money back. The umbrella is a strainer.' He threw it on the counter.

I rang up a 'no sale' on the cash register. The man took the money and went out.

Presently my uncle came in. He was very wet, and I showed him the umbrella.

He threw his hands into the air and shouted.

'You are a fine one,' he cried. 'I am still an honest man.' He put his poetic hands on my shoulders and was very happy.

The pigeons continued to fly about in the room, and nobody came in the rest of the day; but my uncle took the old umbrella into the back room, and when he came out he said, 'I am going to give you another raise in salary. I am going to give you ten dollars a week.'

This allowed him a great deal more to spend on the material for the pigeon coop, which was a long way from being finished.

GEORGE H. FREITAG

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

A WORD FOR THE DISCREDITED SCHOOLMARM

SHE taught us to use *may* for permission and *can* for ability. ('*May* I smoke?' '*Can* you swim?') When she got through with us we made firm distinctions between *infer* and *imply*, *admission* and *admittance*, *uninterested* and *disinterested*, *adopted* and *adoptive*, *recreation* and *re-creation*. She convinced us that *less* properly applies to quantity, and that when we mean a smaller number we should use *fewer*. She made us incapable of saying 'the *oldest* of the two,' 'All of us looked at *each other*,' 'One must do *his* best,' 'different *than*,' 'no doubt but *what*,' 'I can't *locate* this reference,' and '*between* the three of them.' At 'The reason is *because*' and 'one of the strangest discoveries that *was* ever announced' she succeeded in making us shudder delicately with her. She instructed us with rigor in the position of the negative until we could be depended upon to notice the difference between 'All of us are not so wise as he' and 'Not all of us are as wise as he.' A strict constructionist, a parser, a believer in rules and drill and the importance of reliable habits, she grounded us thoroughly in the distinctions that she believed to be those of correct and incorrect, right and wrong. And what has been her eventual public reward for these efforts? Why, she is to-day a byword and a hissing, a synonym for narrow pedanticism based on half-knowledge or sheer ignorance. All the scientific liberalism that is now brought to bear on the study of the language denounces her with one voice as an exponent of arbitrarily invented rules, as the purveyor of Latin grammar unnaturally applied to English, as the agent of an absurd organized attempt to fetter and strait-jacket our speech.

I realize that the schoolmarm, in the day when the words 'grammar school' were no misnomer, was a little addicted to erecting her pet aversions into linguistic laws. Nevertheless, I am willing to incur whatever odium may be attached to the opinion that she did incomparably more good than harm. The harm was both trivial and transient, whereas the good, being fundamental, was enduring. What is more, her very mistakes and exaggerations conferred benefits more important than any damage that ever resulted from them.

She looked askance, say, at the sentence ending with a preposition. A little reading and observation showed us, quite as soon as we could profit by the knowledge, that no consensus supported her in this. But meanwhile her nonexistent statute had served us as the opening wedge of a really important truth: to wit, that the end of a sentence is a position of natural emphasis and the place for a bigger load of meaning than the preposition will generally bear. Thus her teaching, even where it most lacked scholarly breadth and accuracy, did tend toward discrimination and the habit of self-criticism. If she insisted on a half-truth here and a pedantic prejudice there, these, like the wooden moulds of a construction job, were certain to be knocked down in the end. What stood was the reënforced concrete of the idea that language finely used has something to do with teachable standards of workmanship.

Of language as a spontaneous growth, a phenomenon to be studied objectively, a palimpsest of the quaint, chaotic, always amusing human mind, she was not so aware as her successors are expected to be. But her sharp categories of right and wrong accomplished one result not too commonly produced under our more philosophical dogma that whatever is is right. She fought illiteracy and actually made headway against it, where we just broad-mindedly understand it. The pupils who

learned the Facts of Pronouns from her are interested to this day in the tangible means of speaking and writing better. Are we sure that they would be as keenly or as intelligently interested if she had taught them the fallibility of the grammatical approach and a few fascinating curiosities of folk etymology?

THE DRAGNET

SINCE. From a professional translator — 'The proper use of language is what I live on,' he remarks incidentally — arrives a comment to which I can add nothing:—

Some day you may want to print a note on the tense that goes with *since*. I should have thought the wrong use a mere illiterate blunder, but yesterday I came on three examples in the morning's *New York Times*, so I decided to write to the *Atlantic*. My guess is that such mistakes as 'Since 1920 he was town dogcatcher at Dummerston' are German-Judaisms, hence perhaps most prevalent in New York. Anyway, they are an assault on delicate ears that I hope you will repel.

— BARROWS MUSSEY, *Morristown, New Jersey*

WHOMEVER. Also from the *Times* (Sunday magazine section of April 23, p. 7) is a sentence that will be clipped for me by at least half a dozen readers before this note of it is print:—

A chain smoker, he rarely has a cigarette of his own, and he is constantly asking for one from *whomever* happens to be with him.

What a lively American invention, by the way, is the phrase *chain smoker*!

LAYS. 'The shell section in horsehide is found only in that part that *lays* over the horse's hips,' begins a clipping from a correspondent who says:—

The enclosed paragraph was clipped from a full-page advertisement in the April number of the *Country Gentleman*, a leading farm publication. Under the State of the Language what is the standing of the word *lays*?

— CHARLES H. WHITE, *Cortland, New York*

It is without standing, I should say. But anyone who thinks that *lay* and *lie* are always easily extricable by the fairly literate should try to reach finality about the popular phrase *to lay for*. It, among other oddities, is the subject of a neat note on pp. 128-131 of *We Who Speak English*, by C. A. Lloyd.

LIKE, AS. Earlier this month I clipped, from a magazine article by Mr. Philip Guedalla, this astounding sentence: 'For those were the days when men behaved *like* they are behaving now in Central Europe.' My mail brings me this very sentence, together with one from the advertisement of a perfume: 'The sky is deep blue . . . *like* her eyes should be,' from a correspondent who implores:—

Won't you please do something about the barbarous and growing use of *like* for *as*? [I wish I could.] I realize that the English have sanctioned the misuse of *like* for a long time, but I'm sure you will agree that they are hurting the language, rather than helping it, by allowing this error to pass unchallenged.

— BERNICE KENTON, *Bailey's Bay, Bermuda*

The hope for the preservation of the respectable usage, if there is any, is in the number of persons who writhe at every breach of it. It is an encouragingly vast number if this department's correspondence is any clue; but can a minority, however vast, maintain the dikes?

WILSON FOLLETT

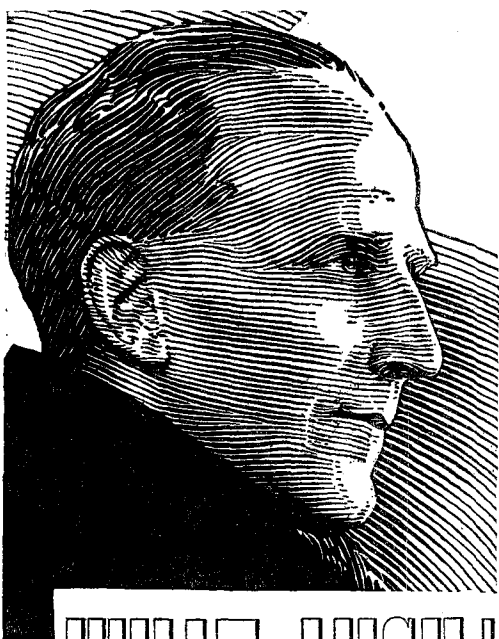
The
Atlantic Serial

WHAT
LUCK!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
A. A. MILNE

CHAPTERS 32-44





WHAT LUCK!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

A. A. MILNE

A. A. MILNE had the good luck to grow up in a family which was remarkable both for its courage and for its happiness. His father, John Vine Milne, was a schoolmaster after the heart of Erasmus, and so successfully removed from orthodoxy that he felt it a mission to make education an interesting art. His own products, Barry, Ken, and the irresistible youngest son Alan, took to his system like ducks to water, and as the father's school flourished, so did the boys.

Ken and Alan Milne were brothers inseparable. They both won scholarships to Westminster, and there the two sunk happily into the fascinating extracurricular society of an English college. Thanks to his wit and a facility in expressing himself, the younger moved out ahead: Alan took honors at West-

minster, while poor Ken was articled to a London solicitor.

Meantime the brothers amused themselves by writing light verse for *Punch*, and, when *Punch* was not hospitable, the verse went into the school magazine instead.

'All this was fun,' writes A. A. Milne, 'but it never occurred to me that it might be a lifetime's occupation.' For it had been assumed that he was to be a mathematician, get a Cambridge First in the Mathematical Tripos, and graduate into the heroic world of the British Civil Service.

But printer's ink had already begun to work its spell. At Cambridge A. A. Milne proved himself an indifferent mathematician but a highly skillful editor. Against his tutor's protests he edited the undergraduate periodical, the *Granta*. After his graduation (he had taken a Third instead of a First) his verses were noticed in London. So finally, through a tolerance rare in fathers, he was given his patrimony of £320 and allowed to try his luck as a free lance on Fleet Street. At the end of his first year he had spent his allowance and earned a total of £20. *St. James's Gazette*, the *Daily Mail*, *Punch*, *Country Life*, and the *Hibbert Journal* had been bombarded, mostly in vain. But at the end of the second year there was a glimmering of hope. He was invited to become Assistant Editor of *Punch*.

WHAT LUCK!

The Autobiography of A. A. Milne

XXXII

ALTHOUGH I was (undoubtedly) Assistant Editor of *Punch*, I had not been given a seat at the *Punch* Table. The *Punch* Dinner, at which the cartoons for the next number were planned, was held every Wednesday evening at seven, on the floor below the editorial offices. Wednesday was a busy day, and I was generally in my room when the diners began to congregate. Most of them would put their heads in to say 'Good evening'; some of them would stay for a little talk; just so, one felt, would kindly uncles who had come to dine look in on the nursery to say good-night to the children, before joining the other guests in the drawing-room. I was too young to dine downstairs. There was no precedent for putting a child of twenty-four on the historic Table. There was also no precedent for removing anybody from the historic Table, once he had carved his initials on it. Any proprietor of any paper might quail at the thought of giving me a seat at the Table at twenty-four and finding me still there at seventy-four.

This, however, was not the reason given for my exclusion. The business of the dinner was the discussion of the cartoons. My political competence was doubted; my political competence, said the Proprietors, must be proved before I could come downstairs. When the Spirit of Nelson was saying to John Bull: 'The ships are different, but the spirit of the men remains the same,' what would Milne be doing? Sucking

his thumb in the corner, and saying, 'Who was Nelson?' — or making the idiotic suggestion that the legend should be: 'The walls of England are no longer wooden, but the heads of the Admiralty remain the same.' Encouraged by Seaman, I thought out cartoons by myself in the nursery, which he took down to dinner to show the grown-ups how serious I could be. Sometimes they were used just as I had suggested them; sometimes they were adapted; but I remained upstairs.

A year or two later I emphasized my value to the Table in a more striking way. The first copy of *Punch* was printed on Sunday morning, and sent to the Editor. The machines continued to go round, and other copies to tumble out of the press, but it was not too late for any small correction to be made, if such were necessary; a harmless error in the first five thousand copies could be eliminated from the remaining hundred thousand. It was our final precaution against the misprints which we derided in others. This first copy came to whichever of us was in London or nearer to London for the week-end. Imagine, then, my horror to discover one Sunday that not a simple comma but a whole cartoon had got out of place. The 'senior cartoon' (Partridge's) was in the front of the paper, the 'junior cartoon' (Raven-Hill's) in the middle. I hurried round to the office and became authoritative. The copies which had been printed must be scrapped; the

pages must be set again, with the cartoons changed. The printer insisted that this was the order in which the pages came down to him on Friday night. That might be so — I had corrected each page separately and had never seen them together; but if it were so, then the Editor had made a mistake. Did I accept full responsibility now? Absolutely. So the machines stopped work at my word, and I, in the silence, felt extremely important, and wondered how much I had cost the Proprietors.

A good deal, I hoped. For it appeared that at the Wednesday dinner Partridge's cartoon, having been drawn in advance before he went on holiday, and being in consequence untopical, had been deliberately made the junior cartoon. I had deliberately, and at some expense to the Proprietors, made it the senior cartoon. This, I felt, was the best argument for my admission to the Table which I had as yet produced. The argument was not effective, but in recognition of the fact that I was spending about three times as many hours at the office as had been bargained for, my salary was raised by fifty pounds.

Friday was my busy day. I sat down after breakfast to make my own personal contribution to *Punch*: a gay (I hoped) article of twelve hundred words, with a smile in every paragraph, and a laugh in every inch. (I was paid by the inch.) I might have sat down for this purpose on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday morning; I regretted now that I hadn't, but it was too late. By four o'clock on Friday my article must be sent down to the printer, and the knowledge that it must be finished by four o'clock on this very day made both the writing of it possible and the writing of it earlier impossible. Ideas may drift into other writers' minds, but they do not drift my way. I have to go and fetch them. I know no work, manual or mental, to equal the appalling, heartbreaking anguish of fetching an idea from nowhere. The expres-

sion of it in writing is comparatively easy. A sort of agaphia may come over me sometimes, a terrifying inability to compress thought into a sentence; but normally I can follow up an idea with an enjoyment — at times lazy, at times eager — which may awake no echo in the reader's heart, but is doubtless audible to him. First, however, the idea. On Friday morning at 9.30 I sat down to search for it.

At 11.30, my brain in ruins, I was still searching. At 11.30, I was telling myself that, even if I did find it, I had to find fifty-one more before the year was over; and that if I stayed on *Punch* until I was seventy, as everybody seemed to do, then I should have to find about 2500 ideas before I died. Yet now, in my prime at twenty-four, I couldn't even find one. Why hadn't I become a schoolmaster?

At twelve I was saying: 'Well, it's not very good, but I may as well begin, and see what happens.' I began.

At 12.30 I was saying: 'It's not so bad.'

At 1.30 some variation of the idea came to me, and I began again. It was now definitely going to be good.

At 3.30 it was finished. I dashed to the *Punch* office, sent it down to the printer, and went out again in search of something to eat.

Soon after four I was back in the office, 'doing the paragraphs.' The paragraphs were cuttings from other papers, with appropriate comments. (As an example: 'Peacock and Peahen for sale: unrelated: 1906 chicks,' with the comment: 'Then it's quite time they were related.') After I had really got the thing going, cuttings poured into the office from all over the world, and I enjoyed myself enormously with them. Some, of necessity, were unprintable. I liked the one, and carried it about with me for a long time, which said of George V on his yacht: 'The King has a delightfully keen sense of humor, and it is a joy to hear his hearty laugh when a

sailor runs across the deck and catches his toe in a ring-bolt.' We were much too loyal to print this sort of thing, but loyalty can be carried too far. An enthusiastic clergyman wrote to his local paper of a never-to-be-forgotten experience which he had just had. 'Our Great Leader' (Mr. Balfour, no less) had traveled to Edinburgh the night before, and his train had stopped at the local station for a few minutes. 'Probably I was the only person in the neighborhood in possession of the information. I hurried round on my bicycle, and for five minutes had the inestimable privilege of gazing upon the face of the revered statesman.' Unfortunately Seaman's loyalty extended to Our Great Leader, and the picture of Balfour wondering, under that fixed gaze, who the lunatic was remained my private joke.

The paragraphs were finished by six o'clock, and I had the day's contributions to go through. These consisted of articles or verses, jokes for illustration, and press cuttings. Few of them were of any value. The possible paragraphs I kept for the following Friday, and the best of the other contributions were passed on to the Editor with appropriate comments. Sometimes a joke would be 'going the rounds,' and a hundred people would send it up, most of them alleging that it had happened to themselves last Tuesday. When Winston Churchill talked about a 'terminological inexactitude,' every other envelope contained some supposedly humorous substitution of this phrase for the more ordinary word 'lie.' When Tommy Bowles won a famous City of London election, the number of people who probed to its depths a joke based upon 'a game of bowl(e)s' was only less than the number who thought it made the matter clearer if they described it as a game of 'bowls (Bowles).' One old gentleman wrote: 'Dear Sir, On my seventy-seventh birthday last week a young friend of mine who is

a great footballer' — 'footballer' was crossed out, and 'cricketer,' in pencil, substituted — 'said to me, "Seventy-seven not out!" I think this is clever wit.' It was difficult in this welter of clever wit to keep one's head; difficult not to feel, on one day, that anything which didn't try to be funny was funny, and on the next that nothing would ever be funny again.

At seven o'clock my own proof would come up. It was — and I never know why this should be so — an entirely different article in print, and, as such, needed critical appreciation. I gave it this, finished off the contributions, and went out to dinner at eight.

At ten o'clock Owen and I were back in his room. The paper had been set and the pages were beginning to come up. They came up three or four at a time. Every now and then I managed to get hold of one, and then waited . . . and waited . . . for the next one. All Owen's past life (or something) came before his eyes as he corrected a page of *Punch*, but through it all he read doggedly, very slow, very sure, until I wanted to scream: 'For heaven's sake, what's it all about? Time isn't a thing you do this to.' I suppose it was because my day had been so frantic until now that I could not bear these wasted hours. Leisured idleness is a lovely thing, but idleness without leisure is an invention of the devil. They think highly of it in the army.

By one o'clock we were through. It had been interesting to cut ten lines out of somebody else's article, and annoying to have to cut two out of my own. I had verified a quotation, explained the point of one of the paragraphs: —

'Not more than twenty people will see it. Can't you make it clearer?'

'Easily. But it will spoil it for the twenty.'

'We can't edit a paper for twenty readers.'

'Wouldn't it be heavenly if we could? . . . Is that better?'

'H'm. It isn't too clear now.'

'One must keep it funny somehow.'

'Oh well, all right. You may find a better one to-morrow.'

'Can I have some more pages?'

'Can't you find anything to do? You'd better pick out some books.'

'Right.'

I went into my room and picked out half a dozen books for review, read them all, lit my tenth pipe, and was in time for the next page.

On Saturday morning the corrected pages came back for final correction. We were due at the office at eleven. I got there at ten, had all the pages to myself, corrected them, and waited impatiently for Owen to come. I was playing cricket at twelve, or I was catching an 11.40 into Sussex for the week-end, or I was going to Lord's, or Twickenham, or — anyway —

'I've done all the pages.'

'H'm. Do you want to get off?'

'Unless there's anything else I can do?'

'When's your train?'

'Eleven-forty.'

'Plenty of time. You'd better enter up the books.'

'I have.'

'What about that paragraph? You were going to find a better one. Anything in the post?'

'Three. They're on your desk.'

'Right. Well — good luck,' and with it that sudden charming smile which turned him in a moment from a cold schoolmaster into the delightfully warm-hearted human being which he so nearly was.

He was a strange, unlucky man. All the Good Fairies came to his christening, but the Uninvited Fairy had the last word, so that the talents found themselves in the wrong napkin and the virtues flourished where graces should have been. Humor was drowned in Scholarship, Tact went down before Truth, and the Fighting Qualities gave him not only the will to win but the determination to explain why he hadn't

won. There is a story of him as a golfer, making an excuse for every bad shot until he got to the last green, when he threw down his putter and said, 'That settles it. I'll never play in knickerbockers again.' It could have been so delightfully said — but it wasn't. He had, truly, a heart of gold, and if it had been 'concealed beneath a rugged exterior,' as so often it is in novels, it would have been more patent to the world than the veneer which was so nearly gold allowed it to be.

If anybody, reading this, says, 'And now, to make the portrait complete, I should like to know what he thought about *you*,' he would be justified. I must have maddened him. I did ask him once whether he was happier with my successor, a man of his own age, than he had been with me, and he said that there was nothing much in it — which meant, of course, that he preferred the other. 'You had a much lighter hand with the paragraphs, and you didn't let so many bad contributions get past you, but he is tidier and more businesslike, and he doesn't want to dash away on Saturday mornings.' He might have added, 'And you were an unpatriotic Radical, and he is a patriotic Conservative.' For my politics also maddened him.

Owen was one of the many non-party politicians of those days who took the strictly impartial view that all Radicals were traitors and all gentlemen Conservatives. He did honestly believe that *Punch* under his editorship was a non-party paper. At the Table, Rudie Lehmann and E. V. Lucas did their best for Liberalism, but Rudie had been there so long that he had almost given up hope, and E. V. had always a sardonic tolerance for his opponents and a quick recognition that 'the sense of the Table' was against him. Lehmann, of course, had German origins; Lucas, poor fellow, had never been to a Public School or University — their politics could be understood. But Milne was in a dif-

ferent case. Sheer, willful wrong-headedness. A young man from one of the Eight Public Schools and the Only University, who certainly dashed off on Saturdays, but dashed off to play cricket at country houses—it was ridiculous.

It may seem odd, but politics were like that in the great days of Lloyd George's Penal Budgets, when income tax soared up to—was it 1/10*d.* in the pound?—and a supertax, if you can believe it, was actually put on employment-giving incomes over £5000 a year. In all my contacts on dance floors, cricket fields, and at country houses in those days it never failed to be assumed that I shared my companion's estimate of the Government's perfidy.

Owen discovered all too soon that I didn't. I had given up submitting my contributions to him before sending them to the printer, but until I was on the Table he had a right of veto over them. Over the contributions of members of the Table he had none. When the slogan of the day was '*We want eight (battleships) and we won't wait,*' and Navy Leaguers were crying for Three and Four-Power Standards, without which we were at the mercy of our enemies, I suggested to Rudie Lehmann that he should rewrite the Ballad of the *Revenge* on the assumption that Sir Richard Grenville had refused to put to sea until he had a 53-power standard:—

And the sea went down, and the stars came out in
the wake of the setting sun,
And ever the gallant fight went on 'twixt the
Fifty-three and the one.

When the pages came up on Friday, Owen was more slow, more thoughtful over them than he had ever been. At last he said, in his most cold voice: 'Have you seen Rudie's verses?' Naturally I said that, though I hadn't seen them, I knew what they were about, as I had given him the idea. 'Then,' said the cold voice, 'you have done *Punch* and your country a great disservice.' Possibly: but in those days I resented

the assumption that Englishmen could only be accepted as lovers of England if they discussed Germany in terms either of adulation or of terror. Unfortunately the war, which made the world safe for democracy and England fit for heroes to live in, did not succeed in changing permanently the stigmata of patriotism. Once again the true-blue Englishman feels this profound admiration for Germany—an admiration too profound for anything but the very deepest bombproof cellar.

I am too old now to resent it, but I do find it funny.

XXXIII

Being now a man of means (or so it seemed to me), I moved from Wellington Square to a flat which had the high-sounding address 'St. James's Park Chambers, Queen Anne's Gate,' but which was more easily identifiable by cabmen as '31 Broadway, Westminster.' It had its inconveniences. In order to get to the long living room in front, it was necessary to pass through either of the two rooms at the back—which gave visitors an immediate acquaintance with one's bedroom or one's bathroom, as preferred. In these days this might be supposed to strike the right note of intimacy at the start, but in those days one kept something in reserve. I decided, therefore, to sleep in the bathroom, or, as I chose to put it, to have the luxury of a completely fitted bath in my bedroom. The other room thus became the anteroom or library. Through this visitors were shown, little knowing that for their sakes I was sleeping with the geyser.

Ken was married and living on two hundred pounds a year in Ealing. Always once and often two or three times a week I went down to dinner with them. While Maud stayed at home and boiled the potatoes, Ken and I would go out and buy sardines, tongues, tinned fruit, soft drinks, and, more adultly,

cherry brandy. Then, while Maud washed up, we men sat in front of the fire, replete, and smoked and chattered. So it was often, but not always. There were days when Maud was not well enough for domesticity, and then it was for the men to take over her responsibilities. Many a time we have gone to the butcher's and moved on equal terms with him from one undressed and much-slapped piece of beef to another, haggled for four pounds of rolled ribs, taken our booty back, cooked it and served it up triumphantly — no better beef on any table in England.

The weekly article in *Punch* left me with a certain amount of time but very little inspiration for other work. Owen used to suggest that I should spend the time in writing serious articles for the reviews; so did Father. As schoolmasters, they felt that I was not taking full advantage of my education. Owen made it perfectly clear in his verses that he was a classical scholar, but there was nothing in any of my cricket sketches to indicate that I could even work out a bowling analysis. Consider the literary members of the Table. Lehmann was in Parliament, Lucas had written a life of Lamb, Graves was assistant editor of the *Spectator*. Could I not also show that beneath the mask of levity there dwelt a serious purpose, or a knowledge of quaternions, or something?

The answer was that the levity was no mask put on for the occasion. The world was not then the damnable world which it is to-day; it was a world in which imaginative youth could be happy without feeling ashamed of its happiness. I was very young, very light-hearted, confident of myself, confident of the future. I loved my work; I loved not working; I loved the long week-ends with the delightful people of other people's delightful houses. I loved being in love, and being out of love and free again to fall in love. I loved feeling rich again, and having no responsibilities but only the privileges of a benevolent

uncle. I loved hearing suddenly that some Great Man, full of serious purpose, had loved my last article. And if anybody says that all this is a misuse of the much misused word 'love' — well, it is, but I like misusing it, for it conveys my simple happiness. Those (as I said when I collected under one title four books of *Punch* contributions; and as Wordsworth had said earlier; and as Osbert Sitwell was to say later) — Those Were The Days.

In short, I was gay, and the gayety could not be kept in. If, to please my elders, I had exposed the inner life of the quaternion in the *Quarterly Review*, it would have been a gay exposure, shocking to the academic mind. It is assumed too readily, I feel, that a writer who makes his readers laugh would really prefer to make them cry, and that he is only making them laugh because, as a 'professional humorist,' he is paid to do so. When, many years later, critics took to calling me 'whimsical,' they assumed, easily and naturally, that 'whimsy' was something which I had heard from Barrie was profitable, and which I stuck on my writing here and there, as one sticks stamps on a postal order to give it a higher value. I doubt if this mode of writing is practised so freely as is supposed. It is too difficult. A writer's job is to express himself in prose or verse, and this is what most of us are doing. We are not laboriously expressing somebody else's personality in order to please a publisher or annoy a critic.

XXXIV

In 1910 I was allowed downstairs. Graves presented me with a knife with which to leave my mark on the Table, and I achieved a modest and monogrammatic A. A. M., which is already, I dare say, a hieroglyphic to him who sits in my place. Who was this, he wonders, and nobody now can tell him. Yes, Bernard Partridge is still there, the only survivor of my time; he sat just

opposite; he may remember. Milne, wasn't it? And in a little while somebody will be saying, 'What were his initials?'

In those days the initials were better known. Indeed, I could claim that they were the most popular which ever appeared in *Punch*, inasmuch as they were divided, when I retired, among two other contributors, Anthony Armstrong and Archibald Marshall, for whose work I have received a good deal of credit. An article by 'A. A.' on a Dutch cheese he had once met brought me an unexpected gift from Holland which I accepted thankfully, knowing how impossible it was to forward anything so ill-shaped for forwarding as a Dutch cheese. It was always a regret to me that Marshall didn't write more about champagne or golf balls. For *Punch* readers are delightfully responsive. At a crisis in the war I wrote some pathetic verses called 'The Last Pot,' and never lacked for marmalade again. When I had exhausted the benevolence or the larders of English women, the nearer colonies and the more distant Dominions took up the torch, so that the Empire became to me a place in which marmalade is always setting. Whether through kindnesses like these, or from letters, or just from an awareness hard to justify or explain, the regular *Punch* writer did feel peculiarly at home with his readers, sure of their instant response. Just as a theatre company can play better to a warm house than a cold house, so does the 'professional humorist' expand in the warmth of the reception which he knows is awaiting him. As a writer I expanded happily.

As a member of the Table I provided my own warmth. The dinner was a long one and a good one; we drank champagne who liked it; we smoked cigars or pipes; we talked and could have gone on talking. But from the other end of the Table Owen said, 'Well, gentlemen,' and we turned reluctantly to the business of the evening. The cartoons. The very

political cartoons. And in those days politics made me extremely warm.

With its large circulation in the Shires, the Vicarages, and the Messes of England, *Punch* was almost compelled to be True Blue. To-day the distinction between Blue and Red is not so marked; ultra-red is indistinguishable from ultra-blue, and everything complementary is some shade of purple. But those were the days when Lord Willoughby de Broke swore that blood would flow beneath Westminster Bridge (I think I am right about that, but it may have been Waterloo Bridge) before the Parliament Bill became law; and an Ulsterman called O'Neill threw a book at Winston Churchill (this being one of Mr. Churchill's Liberal periods) across the sacred floor of the House of Commons; and Lord Winterton bobbed up continually, calling out 'Manners, there, manners'; and duchesses bound themselves by a terrible oath never to lick stamps for a little Welsh attorney; and 'well-known Harley Street physicians' solemnly exhibited in the more Conservative press the seeds of poisoning which lurked in the gum of Insurance stamps if duchesses licked them, but not apparently in the gum of postage stamps such as are continually licked by common people. It all seems ridiculous now; it seemed to me ridiculous and indecent then; and, being young and impatient and sure of myself (or, as I said, young), I found it difficult not to get overheated at those interminable discussions which followed the overheating *Punch* Dinner.

When Owen went off to the Riviera or Scotland, E. V. Lucas came into the office as Acting Editor. He had as many concerns outside *Punch* as Owen had few, and consequently was as quick as Owen was slow. After the paper was put to bed on Friday night, Owen had nowhere to go but home, and a lonely home at that. E. V. had a hundred mysterious activities waiting for him. Only once as we walked down the Strand

together did he vary his usual 'Well, I'm going this way. Good-night,' in preface to one of those disappearances to which I was now used, and which had all the air, even if they took him no further than the Garrick Club, of a prelude to adventure. On this occasion he suggested that I should come with him, and for the first time in my life I passed through the stage door of a theatre. What theatre I cannot remember, save that it was a theatre of varieties. We found ourselves in the dressing room of one of the great comics of the day, I have forgotten which. He and E. V., it seemed, were dear old pals. I was introduced. My presence there was so surprising to myself that I supposed he had wished to meet me, but my name meant as little to him as would have that of Keats or any other dear old pal.

We got on splendidly together. I didn't say anything because I had nothing to say; I didn't drink anything because I had nothing to drink, except whiskey, which I have never liked. But his flow of professional high spirits swept me up equally with Lucas, the dresser, and a couple of other men whom he seemed to think I had brought with me; his eyes appealed with no less confidence to mine than to theirs for appreciation and support; and when I left it was with the knowledge that there was always a drink waiting for me (old boy) whenever I liked to drop in. I never saw him again.

Through the thirty years of my friendship with E. V., beginning from the days when he first came into the *Punch* office as Acting Editor, I was encouraged by him to think that I was a good writer. Anybody who likes may differ from him, including myself at times, but I know that I am a better writer for his appreciation than I should have been without it. Owen was as guarded in his praise as a preparatory schoolmaster, who fears always the retort, 'If my son was as clever as you said, why didn't he get a

scholarship?' When I had written half a dozen articles, he would say, 'Isn't it about time you wrote some verse again?' — which in a way (let us look on the bright side) was a compliment to my verse; and after three sets of verses he would say, 'It's about time you did another series, isn't it?' — which could be taken (thank you, Owen) as a compliment to my prose. If these were compliments, they were all that I extracted from him. But E. V. knew that you can't be light and gay and offhand and casual and charming in print unless you are continually reassured that you are being some of these things. If I had any value to *Punch* it was because sometimes I was some of these things, and E. V.'s praise helped me to give the air of doing it all easily — which is the only air to give writing of that sort.

At this time he was contributing, over the initials V. V. V., a weekly commentary to the *Sphere* called 'A Few Days Ago.' When he wandered off to Florence, he asked me, with the editor's acquiescence, to take his place. So, for the six weeks of his absence, I commented on the world (religion and politics barred) over the initials 'O. O. O.,' and at the end of them was given the freedom of the *Sphere* for a weekly essay over my own name. I wrote these essays for two years at three guineas a time, and then retired, feeling at a temporary loss for subjects (politics and religion being barred). After a year's rest I asked if I might come back, being then engaged to be married and more aware of the importance of money. Clement Shorter expressed his delight in the nicest way; but after six months the Proprietors of *Punch* offered to pay me what the *Sphere* was paying me if I stopped writing for it. This doesn't sound like a tribute, but I suppose in a way it was. Shorter again was nice about it, and let me go.

After the war, when I had left *Punch* and had to earn a living somehow, I suggested to Shorter that I should make

another return to the *Sphere*, but this time for six guineas. Once again he agreed, with the politeness of one whose only object was to serve me. I have always thought of him as the best editor for whom I have worked. We never met; he never wrote to me, save when I retired from or returned to the paper; but in some way he always gave the impression of having the completest confidence in his contributors.

It was in 1910 that I published what I think of now as my first book: *The Day's Play*, a collection of *Punch* articles. E. V. suggested that, since I had parodied the title, I should send a copy to the author of *The Day's Work*. When I said I didn't know Kipling, and couldn't imagine that the author of the famous and recently published line 'With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddled oafs at the goals' would be interested in a book full of cricket and lesser games, E. V. assured me that Kipling was 'not like that,' and that he would write me a charming and appreciative letter back. I should have loved a charming and appreciative letter from Kipling, but had to wait twenty years for it; for in those days I couldn't regard it as possible that young writers should introduce themselves in this way to older writers whom they didn't know. The school tie wouldn't hear of it; it was 'bad form.'

However, each Wednesday when we met at the Dinner, E. V. would say, 'Have you sent your book to Kipling yet?' until at last I had to promise him that this next week I really would. So I sat down to write the accompanying letter. 'Sir,' I began . . . it was, it had to be, one of those letters in which the case for the importance of the addressee and the unimportance of the addressor is slightly overstated. Kipling himself once answered Tennyson's praise with the words: 'When a private is praised by his General he does not presume to thank him, but fights the better afterwards,' although the parallel of a

corporal not thanking his colonel but fighting the better afterwards would have done justice to the situation. My letter beginning 'Sir' and enclosing my own modest volume expressed not only an unrestrained admiration for the great man's own work, but the assurance that it was from him alone that I had drawn my first enthusiasm for literature, and that it was to the peak whereon he sat that I was lifting my eyes, content if I could master only so much as the few first gentle slopes. (Or whatever. I don't keep copies.) When I had written this, I read it through, and decided that it was so utterly false that I simply could not let it go. I admired much of Kipling, but not like that. The only writer whom I did admire at all like that in those days was Barrie. So, not wishing to waste the letter, I sent it and the book to Barrie. He wrote a 'charming and appreciative' letter back. He elected me the 'last member' of his cricket team, the Allahakbarries. He asked me to lunch. That was how I got to know him. Even after twenty-five years I wished that I had not forced myself on him, but had been introduced in the ordinary way.

XXXV

In 1913 Owen Seaman's goddaughter, Dorothy de Sélincourt ('Daphne' to friends), was persuaded to marry me. Owen had taken me to her coming-out dance, and we had gone about together in a way common enough now, but less usual in those days. When I wanted a present for a sister-in-law or a new suit for myself, I would summon her to help me; when she wanted a man to take her to a dance she would ring me up. She laughed at my jokes, she had my contributions to *Punch* by heart before she met me, she had (it is now clear) the most perfect sense of humor in the world; and I, in my turn, had a pianola to which she was devoted, and from which I could not keep her away. We

might have gone on like this forever. One day we found ourselves in a boot-shop.

'Any sort of boots, or just boots?' she said.

'Skiing boots,' I said proudly. 'This is a great day in your life.'

'I bought mine yesterday.'

'What for?'

'Skiing.'

'Where? Hampstead Heath?'

'Switzerland.'

'But that's where I'm going!'

'Well, there's plenty of room for both of us. I'm going to a place called Diablerets.'

'Dash it, so am I.'

'What a very small —'

'Don't say it. Are you at the Grand?'

'Yes. What fun! I've got a pair of orange trousers.'

'I shall be wearing a red carnation in my buttonhole. We're bound to meet. What are you like with a lot of other people about?'

'Heavenly.'

'So am I. I do hope we shall like each other.'

We did. The 'other people about' made everything different. I proposed to her at eleven o'clock one morning in a snowstorm. I had to because she was going back to London that afternoon, where also there were other people, and it was clear to me now that it was my mission to save her from them.

This is the autobiography of a writer, not of a married man. My next book was dedicated 'to my collaborator who buys the ink and paper, laughs, and in fact does all the really difficult part of the business,' and it is as a collaborator that Daphne plays her part in this book.

We were married in June, and took a flat in Embankment Gardens, Chelsea. I was now getting eight guineas a week for my contributions to *Punch*, which was then the top price for writers on the staff. When I stopped writing for the *Sphere* the Proprietors compensated me by raising my salary to £500, so that

with double pay for Almanacs and Summer Numbers, and a trickle of royalties from the books, I was making about £1000 a year. We were very comfortable and very happy. I had met the Williamsons (C. N. and A. M.) a year or two before at a luncheon party, and romantic Alice Williamson made me promise then that, when I fell in love or got married or did any of those things, I would introduce the lady to her. So, after our return from a rather cold and bleak honeymoon on Dartmoor, we asked them to dinner. They returned our hospitality (if you can call it that, the cook-general being temperamental) by offering us their villa at Cap Martin for a second honeymoon. The offer, as we discovered when we got there, included not only the villa but the staff, the food, the cellar, and even the cigars, together with letters of introduction to everybody and the company of that delightfully wheezy bulldog Tiberius. It was a noble piece of hospitality, but Alice Williamson was an American, to whom such gestures are natural.

My friend Alderson Horne, at whose house in Sussex I had spent so many delightful week-ends, was putting on his first play. Disguised as Anmer Hall, he has since become the high light of what critics call the uncommercial theatre, by which is meant the theatre which hasn't got to make both ends meet. In those days most plays were preceded by 'curtain-raisers': one-act plays which entertained the cheaper seats while the stalls were finishing their dinners — acted, mostly, by the understudies. Alderson, either from friendship or because he thought I had an unrevealed talent for such things, asked me to write the curtain-raiser.

For some years now I had been trying to catch a glimpse of the middle-aged man who writes this book. What should I be in 1930, in 1940? Still writing for *Punch*? Editor of *Punch*, perhaps. Nothing, I felt, which I wrote for *Punch* in 1930 would be better than what I was

writing now. I had by this time mastered the technique (the tricks, if you like to call them that) of the 'humorous' sketch; I couldn't expect to become 'funnier'; and the gayety and light-heartedness would gradually become less gay, less carefree. Having made a reputation, however small, by 1910, it was silly and unexciting to spend the rest of one's life trying to keep the spots off it. It was true that to be Editor of *Punch* was a career in itself, but should I be allowed to do what I liked with *Punch*? No. And would it be a good thing for *Punch* if I were? No. Its secret was that it was a National Institution. Did I want to edit, could I edit, a national institution? I thought not. In any case the editorship would not be vacant for another twenty years . . . another thousand humorous articles . . . the best of them no farther on than the best of those which I had already written.

Then how escape?

Obviously, and only, by writing in my spare time, novels or plays on which ultimately I could depend for a living. When should I begin? There was only one day — to-morrow — and to-morrow, as is its habit, never came. Then I married, and, it seemed, became more tied to my surroundings. Could I give up the certain income? Could I renounce my collaborator's great ambition for me, the editorship of *Punch*? I didn't see how I could. Nor (it being Friday morning) did I see how I could endure to go on forever like this. Something would have to happen some day.

So, when Alderson asked me to write a curtain-raiser, I told myself that it was happening now. I was going to be a dramatist.

I wrote a one-act play called *Make-Believe*, a title which I used later for a full-length children's play. My collaborator sent it to the typist and bought a new dress for the first night. The play was posted to Alderson, and after a few exciting days came back

again. The reason given (and there is always a kindly reason given) was that the characterization was too subtle for understudies to put over the footlights; it needed a star cast. Quite possibly Alderson didn't like it.

So what? Should I try another manager, or should I try another play? Could I write plays or couldn't I? I didn't know. But possibly Barrie would know. I sent *Make-Believe* to him. Barrie said that without any doubt I could write plays, and sent it on to Granville Barker. Barker wrote to me enthusiastically, accepted the play for production, and added, 'But the important thing is that you should immediately write me a full-length play.' The thing had happened. I was escaping. I was going to be a dramatist.

But, as it turned out, I was to escape in other circumstances. War was declared.

XXXVI

I should like to put asterisks here, and then write: 'It was in 1919 that I found myself once again a civilian.' For it makes me almost physically sick to think of that nightmare of mental and moral degradation, the war. When my boy was six years old he took me into the Insect House at the Zoo, and at the sight of some of the monstrous inmates I had to leave his hand and hurry back into the fresh air. I could imagine a spider or a millipede so horrible that in its presence I should die of disgust. It seems impossible to me now that any sensitive man could live through another war. If not required to die in other ways, he would waste away of soul-sickness.

I was a pacifist before 1914, but this (I thought with other fools) was a war to end war. It did not make the prospect of being a soldier any more attractive. There was an extraordinary idea among the elderly that 'being a soldier' meant just no more than 'risking your life for your country,' and that the man who

was unwilling to do this was a coward, and that the man who was willing to do this was a hero. To people like myself the Great Sacrifice was not the sacrifice of our lives but of our liberties. Ever since I had left Cambridge I had been my own master. I fixed my own hours, I was under no discipline; no bell rang for me, no bugle sounded. Now I was thirty-two, married, with a happy home of my own and engaged happily in work which I loved. To be a schoolboy again, to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' and 'Please, sir' and 'May I, sir?' was no hardship to schoolboys, no hardship to a million men in monotonous employment, but it was hell itself to one who had been as spoilt by good fortune as I. However, again I was fortunate. There are Colonels and Colonels; I met only the one sort of Colonel. If a special order had gone round the British Army, 'For your information and necessary action: Milne is joining us. See that he is given the easiest and best possible time, consistent with ultimate victory,' I could not have had more reason to be grateful to my commanding officers.

As the result of an introduction from Graves, I was commissioned to the 4th Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, then stationed at Golden Hill in the Isle of Wight. In the orderly room I said 'Sir' to the Adjutant, whose uncle I called 'Charles' on the *Punch* Table. It gave me no compensating thrill that elderly sergeants who knew all about soldiering said 'Sir' to me. It was a reserve battalion, into which the Colonel had persuaded many of his personal friends, some of whom were married. After six experimental weeks in which I learnt to be just a little, but not much, like a soldier, Daphne joined the married strength, and from then on, whenever it was possible, she shared the war with me.

Through a variety of accidents I became Signaling Officer. After a nine weeks' course at the Southern Command Signaling School I really knew some-

thing about it, with the result that I was kept at home as an instructor until July 1916. As a specialist officer I was, I thanked heaven, independent again. Nobody in the battalion could tell me anything about signaling (except my sergeant, and he only when we heliographed from one range of hills in the Island to another, and he thought he was back in India); I was excused — or excused myself, it was never clear which — orderly officer's duty; never saw my company commander from one week to another; and, having the whole battalion behind me on route marches, could almost imagine that I was taking a brisk country walk in civilian knickerbockers.

Mrs. Williams, the Colonel's wife, mother of four children and the regiment, only to be described as a 'perfect dear,' became great friends with Daphne. They put their heads together and organized an entertainment for the troops, one of the features of which was to be (whether the troops liked it or not) a little play in which Daphne and the Colonel's children would act. The play would be written by — whom do you think? The Signaling Officer, no less. My collaborator was detailed to break the news to me. I said that I was much too tired in the evenings to write anything. She said that she would do the writing; all I had to do was to lie in an armchair and tell her what to write. Easy work. So we wrote a 'little play': about a Prince and Princess and a Wicked Countess (Daphne) and a magic ring. Some of the dialogue seemed to us rather funny, and my collaborator said, as she has so often said, 'You mustn't waste this.' But there seemed to be nothing to do with it, since it was no more than one scene in a children's play. 'Write a book round the people in it,' said Collaborator. 'I've never written a book,' I protested, 'not straight off.' 'Well, now's the time to begin,' she said.

So after I had come back from my signaling course and rejoined the bat-

tation, which had now moved to Sandown, and we had taken the prettiest cottage in the town with lilacs and cherry trees in the garden, I dictated the book: a long fairy story called *Once on a Time*. There are, I think, some good things in it, but few people have read it, and nobody knows whether it is meant for children or for grown-ups. I don't know myself. But it was the greatest of fun to do. We began every evening at half-past five, I in my chair before the fire, my collaborator, pen in hand, brown head bent over table, writing, waiting, laughing: it made the war seem very far away; it took us back to our own happy life in London. On Sundays — for I seem to have excused myself Church Parade too — we went for long walks over the cliffs with lunch in our pockets, and the characters in the book came with us, listening to us as we settled their fate for the next chapter.

It was a great moment when the last word was put down on paper. I had thought that I could never write more than two thousand consecutive words, and I had written sixty thousand. I had written a book. It was finished. Spring was here, and now, save for this trivial business of soldiering, I was free, I could take a holiday, I could rest.

But I couldn't. In a week my collaborator was saying, 'What shall we do now?' We had to do something. I couldn't just be, of all stupid things, a soldier. What should we write?

Not a book. We had written a book. What about a play? *The* play, the full-length play which I had been going to write before the war.

So I wrote a Comedy in Three Acts, called *Wurzel-Flummery*.

In one of those *Sphere* articles I had referred to the unimaginative way in which millionaires leave their money. 'How much more amusing,' I wrote, 'to leave £20,000 to each of fifty acquaintances on condition that they all took the same ridiculous name. Fifty Spiffkinses in the same club, just because you said

so.' This idea came back into my mind suddenly and was made the theme of the play. The ridiculous name was Wurzel-Flummery. We imagined Dennis Eadie, who had played the irresponsible clergyman so delightfully in *The Honeymoon*, playing the solicitor. Barrie, who had promised to give me any introduction I wanted, read the play, praised and criticized it, and sent it to Eadie. Eadie asked me to lunch with him at the Carlton Grill to 'talk it over.'

How happily I went to the Colonel to ask for a day's leave; how readily he granted it; how excitedly next morning we went to the station together, my collaborator and I; how fondly, how hopefully we waved good-bye to each other; how eagerly she waited on the platform for me as my train came back. The news was as good as could be expected. Eadie seemed really keen on the play, and wanted to do it, but there was just something not quite right with it. 'If I knew what it was, I would tell you, but I don't. I just feel — ask Barrie. Or read it through again yourself. It's so nearly right.' I said that Barrie had already made one or two criticisms. 'Well, he would know. And when you've got it right, send it back to me. I want to do it.'

Who could say fairer than that over one's first play? We had a happy dinner together, chattering excitedly, building the wildest castles in Shaftesbury Avenue. At half-past ten we went to bed, still chattering. At eleven there was a heavy knocking on the front door. Our servant slept out. I went down, knowing what it was. An orderly saluted and said that the Colonel would like to see me in the Mess. I was for France in forty-eight hours.

Somewhere in the waste land round the Somme I opened a letter from Daphne. She wrote from Burnham-on-Crouch, where she was staying with her mother. Enclosed in her letter was a note from Gerald du Maurier to Barrie.

For better or worse, *Wurzel-Flummery* had to stay as it was, and since Eadie didn't like it as it was, some other manager must be approached. It had always seemed possible, now in this dead country it seemed certain, that this was all I should have to leave to my collaborator. Barrie had sent the play to du Maurier, du Maurier had returned it.

'Dear Jimmy,' he wrote, 'I like it enormously; I know his work in *Punch*, of course. If I were in this for fun, I would do it like a shot, but there's no money in it.'

For some reason, — his name, perhaps; his technical perfection as an actor; the fact that he was George du Maurier's son, — I had always thought of Gerald as an artist, who did things 'for fun.' How else could one write, paint, compose, act, engage in any of the arts? When one knew him, one knew that the stage meant nothing to him but a means of getting money; he never pretended otherwise; but somehow it was a shock to make the discovery at this particular moment, in this particular place. . . .

XXXVII

I had been sent, with the military efficiency of those days, to a battalion which had already a signaling officer, a new man just appointed, called Harrison. I had spent eighteen months learning to be a signaler, and of bombs and rifles and the ordinary routine of the platoon officer I had forgotten what little I had known. The brigade was just going into action. It proposed to capture the Switch Line at Bazentin-le-Petit (or what once was that village). When this business was over, the Colonel would recommend my transference to some battalion which wanted those eighteen months' training; meanwhile I could go into action with the signaling officer and add some practical knowledge to all the theory which I had assimilated. As soon as we had got into the reserve trenches I went into the signalers' dug-

out to introduce myself; I liked signalers and felt at home with them. I meant to have asked a thousand technical questions, but found myself engaged in a long discussion with Lance Corporal Grainger about books. He was a Welsh miner, as well educated as most of them are, quiet, friendly, charming. We found we shared a passion for Jane Austen.

The attack was timed for midnight. On the day before, Harrison and three men, with me hanging on 'for training,' ran out a line to the front trench by a devious route, for we had been told that the existing line would never stand against the opening counter-barrage. On the way we fell into a burst of whizbangs, and Harrison was knocked out. We got him back to the first-aid post, I reported to the Colonel, and became signaling officer. Early next morning we went out again — this time by the ordinary communication trench, such as it was — and laid a line, elaborately laddered according to the textbooks, and guaranteed to withstand any bombardment.

H. Q. was in a deep German dugout, facing, of course, the wrong way. In an adjoining dugout was the H. Q. of the East Lancashires, with whom the attack was being made. In the space between these two underground rooms were my signalers. At eleven o'clock that night the Colonel, the Major, the Adjutant, and I sat round a table by candlelight smoking and talking, waiting for our barrage to begin. But the Germans, who knew all about it, began first. And the line went.

We sat there completely isolated. The sergeant-major of the East Lancashires went up the steps with some idea, I suppose, of getting information, and was blown out of existence before he reached the top. My signalers announced this, and added that the line to brigade was also down. The depth of the dugout deadened the noise of the guns, so that a shellburst was no longer the noise of a giant plumber throwing down his tools,

but only a persistent thud, which set the candles dancing and then, as if by an afterthought, blotted them out. From time to time I lit them again, wondering what I should be doing, wondering what signaling officers did on these occasions. Nervously I said to the Colonel, feeling that the isolation was all my fault, 'Should I try to get a line out?' and to my intense relief he said, 'Don't be a bloody fool.'

It was about two o'clock in the morning that a runner got through. The attack, as was to be expected, was a complete failure. As far as was known, So-and-so and So-and-so were killed—I remembered them, two boys under the apple trees in the little village where I had joined them in billets; we had dined in the garden to the gramophone, and there were peaches which one of them had fetched from Amiens, and the war was just a happy picnic to them, the guns rolling so far, far away in the distance that one would never catch up with them—no, sir, he couldn't say about the captain—no, sir, *he* was all right, but he couldn't rightly say about any of the others, it had been coming over something cruel.

'All right,' said the Colonel.

'Am I to go back, sir?'

'No.' He caught the Major's eye. The Major got up and strapped on his revolver. It was all too clearly the moment for me to strap on mine. Perhaps somebody else would do *Wurzel-Flummery*—afterwards.

'Use your common sense,' said the Colonel. 'If it's impossible, come back. I simply cannot lose three signaling officers in a month.'

I promised, but felt quite unable to distinguish between common sense and cowardice.

I told my sergeant that we were now going to run out a line, and asked him to pick two men for me. I knew nothing of the section then, save that there was a lance corporal who loved Jane Austen, unhelpful knowledge in the circum-

stances. He said at once, 'I'll come for one, sir,' which I thought was sporting of him, although it was obviously wrong for both of us to go. He picked on another man, a company signaller who had joined headquarters for the occasion, and we attached ourselves to the Major. We dashed. The Major went first—he was going to 'reorganize the troops.' I went second, God knew why; the sergeant and the signaller came behind me, running out a line neatly and skillfully. No laddering now, no textbook stuff—it was just dropped anywhere. From time to time the Major flung himself down for a breather, and down we flopped and panted, wondering if he would get up again. To our relief each time he was alive, and so were we. We passed one of the signal stations, no longer a station but a pancake of earth on top of a spread-eagled body; I had left him there that evening, saying, 'Well, you'll be comfortable here.'

More rushes, more breathers, more bodies—we were in the front line. The Major hurried off, to collect what men he could, while I joined up the telephone. Hopeless, of course, but we could have done no more. I pressed the buzzer, and incredibly heard Daffy's slow, lazy voice: not my Daffy in England, but Corporal Daffy, ex-gardener from Buxton, with the gardener's heavy drooping moustache and heavy stoop, unalterably a civilian. There was only that one other voice in the world which I would have sooner heard.

I asked to speak to the Colonel. I told him what I knew. I ordered—what were telephones for?—a little counter-bombardment. Then, with a sigh of utter content and thankfulness and the joy of living, I turned away from the telephone. And there behind me was Lance Corporal Grainger.

'What on earth are *you* doing here?' I said.

He grinned sheepishly.

'You weren't detailed, were you?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, then —'

'I thought I'd just like to come along, sir.'

'But *why*?'

He looked still more embarrassed.

'Well, sir, I thought I'd just like to be sure *you* were all right.'

Which is the greatest tribute to Jane Austen that I have ever heard.

We put in a week at Loos after the Somme, and were then due for a long rest. In billets at Philosophe on the way out I heard for the first time the name of the Division General: Gleichen. Was he still Count Gleichen, or had he already become Lord Edward Gleichen? I cannot remember. After the war we found that he and Lady Edward were neighbors of ours on Ashdown Forest, and we became so friendly with them that Lord Edward and I exchanged books, he giving me *London's Open-Air Statuary* and I giving him *Winnie-the-Pooh*. It is doubtful if the history of the British Army can record any similar exchange.

After our rest we went back into the line at Bully-Grenay, hoping to spend the winter there, but the 'blood bath of the Somme' was not quite full, and at Beaumont-Hamel there was to be yet one more display of G. H. Q.'s bulldog tenacity. The battalion's objective was called — and it was the only attractive thing about it — Beauregard Dovecote. If ever any place looked a death trap on a military map, this did. But it rained and rained and rained. At the last moment the attack was postponed. The troops should have been disappointed about this, but weren't; they marched westwards, singing loudly. It went on raining; one never ceased to be wet through. We fetched up eventually at Doullens; the sun came out; the H. Q. staff was photographed, and all was gas and gaiters. For a week or two we rested, trained, and wrote home saying that we were in the pink. At some sort of field day I was introduced (if that is the correct military word) to the new Divisional General. He told me that signal

officers must be extremely careful not to risk their valuable lives; I agreed with him cordially.

I had my men out on a little hill one morning, and was walking, as usual, from station to station to see how the messages were coming through. It was a warm November day — so warm that each station seemed a mile, rather than a few hundred yards, from the next — and I wondered how I could drag my legs there. At lunch in the H. Q. mess I went to sleep; spent the afternoon and evening sleeping in front of the stove, and when I went to bed was given the usual couple of aspirins by the M. O. Next morning my temperature was 103. The M. O. went off to arrange for an ambulance to take me to the clearing station. By the time I was introduced to it again, the thermometer was soaring up to 105. Next day the battalion got the order to move; the attack was to begin. My sergeant came to say goodbye to me. I handed over my maps, commended the section to his care, and wished him luck. He was lucky. He only lost a leg.

Ten days later I was at Southampton. Some kind woman offered to write a telegram for me. It was to Daphne, saying that she would find me in hospital at Oxford. I woke up one afternoon and saw her at the end of the bed, crying.

XXXVIII

We were back at Sandown. January 18 was my birthday. In addition to letters from the family there was one from J. M. Barrie. Surprising. How did he know that — he didn't know. He wrote to say that Boucicault was putting on two one-act plays of his in a Triple Bill, and that if I could turn *Wurzel-Flummery* into a two-act play it might be used to complete the program. One could hardly imagine a more exciting birthday present.

The three plays came on at the New Theatre in April, *Wurzel-Flummery* in

the middle. Dot Boucicault played the solicitor, Nigel Playfair the pompous M. P. I got thirty pounds a week for the eight weeks of its run. We went up for the first night with forty-eight hours' leave, were introduced to Irene Vanbrugh, and asked by Dot to write a play for her.

Meanwhile the War Office was getting on with the war. Our battalion was a unit of the Portsmouth Garrison, and had, like other battalions in the garrison, its own signal section. It was now decided to establish a signaling school at Fort Southwick at which all the signalers of the garrison could be trained, together. The school was divided into four companies, of one of which I was to be in charge. Reluctantly Daphne left Sandown and the regiment, and took a cottage at Portchester. I should have a two-mile walk up to the Fort every morning at seven-thirty, and a two-mile walk down every evening which would get me home at five-thirty. Then, after tea, we could begin Irene's play.

Unfortunately the play which I had in my mind offered no possible part to her. I tried to forget about it and think of something else. It was no good; the only way to forget it was to write it. So I wrote (or, more accurately, dictated to my collaborator) a play called *The Lucky One*. The Theatre Guild did it in New York ten years later, but it has never been put on for a run in London. I used to think it was my best play; well, I suppose it was once; but now I see that I just wasted a good idea. I wish I hadn't thought of it so soon.

Again I tried to write 'Irene's play,' but again I thought of something else first. The result was a one-act play called *The Boy Comes Home*. We had enjoyed writing it, but there seemed to be nothing much to do with it. If only I could write the play which Boucicault wanted. But Daphne was becoming concerned about my health; I got tired so easily. Well, it was a tiring life, getting up at seven-thirty, walking two

miles uphill, running a company for eight hours (which included teaching ploughboys the theory of induced currents), walking two more miles, and then doing my ordinary work of writing for another five hours. And I knew the cure for it. I wanted to go to sleep for a whole year.

However, she begged me to see the M. O. at the Fort. I saw him; he sent me down to the Military Hospital at Cosham; I was kept there for a night, thumped all over in the morning, and passed on to the Convalescent Hospital at Osborne for three weeks.

And there I really did rest. Life at Osborne seemed to me then, and has seemed so at times since, the ideal life. One would not expect Osborne House to be beautiful; it was not; but the surroundings are perfect. There was a nine-hole golf course running down to the Solent, there were croquet lawns, there was an excellent library of light novels. Our only duty was to see the M. O. in charge of our section on every other morning. The food was incomparably better than anything we had had lately. We ate, slept, read, played games gently, and wished it could go on forever.

I managed to get another three weeks' sick leave after I left Osborne, and then we returned to Portchester. There was a chance that I might ultimately get a job in the War Office. If we were to write Irene's play together, we must write it in the next week. On Thursday at five-thirty I settled into a deck chair in our little garden, saying, 'I shall now think of something.' By dinnertime I was ready. At eight-thirty I began to dictate *Belinda*, and by Tuesday evening it was finished. My collaborator took charge of it while I went off to Dover. A week later I got a telegram from Boucicault: 'I like the play, my wife likes the part, I would like to do it.'

Belinda came on in April 1918. It synchronized with the most desperate moments of the war; it lived through the worst air raid, and it died gamely nine weeks later. In the circumstances it was

difficult to regard its ill-fortune as a matter of much importance. I was now in the War Office, wore the green tabs of Intelligence, and wrote (horrible word) 'propaganda.' I had been marked for Home Service by a succession of medical boards, with the recommendation of 'sedentary work.' If there is any work more sedentary than writing I do not know it; moreover, by a happy accident, it was the only work for which I was mentally fit. I had a room to myself and wrote pretty much what I liked. If it were not 'patriotic' enough, or neglected to point the moral with sufficient hardihood, then the Major supplied the operative words in green pencil.

Arthur Bouchier saw *Belinda* and wrote to ask if I had written anything which might suit him. I said 'No,' but he insisted on reading *The Lucky One* and *The Boy Comes Home*. He sent back the first, and passed on the second to Owen Nares. Nares came to dinner, play in hand, our first actor guest. He wanted to do it at the Victoria Palace as a music-hall turn, but his time was strictly limited to twenty-three minutes, and this would play for twenty-seven. He suggested cuts: four minutes, four pages. I didn't want to cut, and I knew that the Victoria Palace would be too big for it. As it happened, Playfair had just arranged to put it on at a charity matinée. Somehow I felt that if it were played once, in a reasonable-sized theatre, I should be content. So, having been told by my agent that I couldn't expect more than five guineas a week for it, I wrote to him now to say that I insisted on fifteen, feeling that if Nares turned it down, so much the better. I showed the letter to my collaborator, who said indignantly, 'Fifteen? You ought to have twenty'; so I added, not really meaning it, 'P. S. On second thoughts, twenty.' My agent took it seriously, asked twenty, and got it. After Nares had played it at the Victoria Palace, it was incorporated in a revue at the Palace. In the spring Godfrey Tearle toured the

provincial music halls with it. After which all the boys in the amateur world came home with it . . . and continue so to come.

XXXIX

The war would be over any day now — what was I going to do? Duty (I thought) called me back to *Punch*, inclination to this new life in the theatre. I was certainly not established in the theatre: £311 from *Belinda* was the most I had made out of a play. Could I be sure of a living as a dramatist? Wasn't I in a way pledged to *Punch*, which for the first three years of the war had paid me half my Assistant Editor's salary? The answer to the first question was 'No,' to the second, 'Yes.' I would go back to *Punch* for three years; then I should feel free. And by that time I hoped to have proved that I could live on the theatre.

But on Armistice Day I forgot all this. The war was over and I was going back to my old job. Once more I should sit in that dusty little office sorting out good jokes from bad; once more have fun with the paragraphs, be (oh, so happily) bored at the Wednesday dinners; once more (on Thursdays) take Daphne with me as unofficial secretary to clear up the week's arrears of work. She loved it; I loved it; and I had promised her to be Editor one day. I was going back.

Demobilization, we were told, would be quicker if we could produce a letter from our employers to say how eagerly they longed for us to return to them. I hurried round to the *Punch* office for my letter. I burst in on Owen Seaman. He looked up, surprised. 'Hallo?' he said. 'I've come back,' I announced dramatically.

Owen, instead of falling on my neck, said coldly, 'Oh!' It appeared that nobody in the office had either expected or wanted me back, everybody being very well satisfied with my elderly substitute, as well as a little annoyed that I had written plays, not *Punch* articles in

my spare time. In short, it became clear that I was free to do whatever I liked, which is what I have always wanted to do. I said bitterly and ungratefully to myself, 'Kicked out!'

We were very considerate with each other. Owen's one wish was to serve my interests, mine to serve *Punch*. Of course (he said) my place was open to me, there was no question of that, but it seemed a pity that I should waste my time on the mechanical work of subediting when I could write such brilliant plays. Of course (I said) I should like to devote myself exclusively to playwriting, but after *Punch's* generosity to me I could not possibly put the paper to any inconvenience. Was he sure — very politely he made it clear that he was. In that case, I said — and then stupidly murmured something about Daphne's ambition for the future. This took him off his guard, and it was not until the third attempt that he found words which made it seem rather a compliment that, whatever happened, I should never be Editor. That settled it. I arranged to send in my resignation to the Proprietors.

'That doesn't mean from the Table, of course,' he said. 'You'll still be on the staff and write every week.'

But that was what I wouldn't do. What I wanted was just the opposite: the mechanical work and the salary, coupled with a free mind for the theatre.

'I'll think about it,' I said, 'and let the Proprietors know.' But I had no doubts. I wrote and resigned from the Table. They were very nice about it. They told me to drop in to dinner when I liked, and drop in to the pages of *Punch* when I liked. For six months or so I dropped in occasionally. Then I dropped out.

It happened that we were dining that night with W. L. George and his wife. Daphne was dressing when I got back and in no mood for conversation. It was not until we were in the taxi that I told her that I was not going back to

Punch. She burst into tears. She was still crying quietly to herself when I paid off the taxi. We walked round the dark and silent square, beneath a rain-laden sky which threatened to fall at any moment, while she tried to get control of herself. I promised her that we shouldn't starve, I promised to make a success of the theatre. It was a little like telling a woman whose loved cottage has been burnt down that you will build a more expensive one on the ruins. It doesn't really comfort her at the time.

There was one other guest at the Georges', and we didn't need an introduction to tell us that it was beautiful Lillah McCarthy. When the five of us sat round the dinner table the talk was general. Naturally I had Miss McCarthy on one side of me. We left a few minutes after her, and caught her up again at High Street Station. We traveled to Sloane Square together.

Three days later I had a letter from her. She said that she was just starting in management, and that Barrie had suggested that she should ask me for a play. Would I have tea with her on Tuesday to discuss it?

This was Friday morning. We had all been given six weeks' leave from the War Office, after which we had to rejoin our regiments for demobilization. I retired to my room to think of a play for Lillah McCarthy. It was wonderful to be thinking in the morning again. By Tuesday afternoon I had written the first act of a comedy which I decided to call *Mr. Pim Passes By*. I could now definitely promise Miss McCarthy a play. I went round to tea with her, full of hope.

She was charming. I told her about the play, and she asked me to send it to her manager, A. E. Drinkwater, as soon as it was finished. We chattered. . . .

I said good-bye.

She said how delightful it had been to meet me.

I said: 'Well, of course, we did meet last Tuesday.'

She said: 'Oh — did we?'

Since then I have never expected my name or my face to mean anything to anybody. It saves a lot of anxiety.

Demobilization was not difficult. I rejoined the regiment at Crowborough, where, as a sedentary soldier, I not only lived comfortably at the Beacon Hotel, but found a comfortable stool in the demobilization office from which I could call attention to the hard case of Lieut. A. A. Milne. In little more than a week I was in respectable clothes again.

Mr. Pim Passes By was finished and under consideration by Drinkwater. A children's play, *Make-Believe*, had opened Nigel Playfair's management of the Lyric, Hammersmith. In the summer I had written a play called *The Great Broxopp*, which was now being sent round. The future of the English theatre seemed assured, but our own present needs demanded some sort of regular weekly income. I had reëstablished relations with the *Sphere* — but was six guineas a week enough? Luckily at this moment Lord Lee bought the *Outlook*, engaged E. V. Lucas as a contributor, and asked him to suggest a dramatic critic. He suggested me; and I, when asked, suggested six guineas a week again. It seemed a nice reasonable sum.

I was dramatic critic of the *Outlook* for six weeks before I discovered that the position was impossible. One could not damn a manager's play and then send him a play of one's own; still less could one praise it and then send him a play of one's own; least of all could one tell other dramatists how to write plays when one's own imperfect plays were available for comparison. So I resigned — I was getting good at this — but still wrote occasional essays for the paper.

In the intervals I wrote a detective story. I had read most of those which had been written, admired their ingenuity, but didn't like their English. Their characters (in so far as they existed as characters, which was anæmically) continually 'effected egresses,' instead

of 'going out.' The detective 'carefully selected' a cigarette from his case (something which no human being has ever done) before telling his colleague what his impressions were when he first had 'cognizance' of the affair. I wondered if I could write a detective story about real people in real English. I thought it would be 'fun to try,' my only reason for writing anything. The result would have passed unnoticed in these days when so many good writers are writing so many good detective stories, but in those days there was not so much competition, and *The Red House Mystery* had a surprising success. One eager American editor came over to London and made a contract giving me £2000 for the serial rights of my next one. I still have that contract somewhere, whether valid now or not I cannot say, for my 'next one' was a book of children's verses, and subsequent works have made as little claim on his bank roll. Sometimes I think it would be fun to try again . . . and then there seem to be so many other things to try. As it might be, autobiography.

XL

Daphne was in a nursing home in May. One afternoon I found Irene with her. Dot Boucicault had announced that he wouldn't put a play on in London until theatre rents had gone down. In the autumn they were having a season at Manchester.

'Isn't it about time you wrote me another one?' said Irene.

'Dot said he wasn't going to —'

'Well, if we had the right play — one can always change one's mind.'

'Would he really like to read one?'

'Of course he would. Part for me?'

'Yes.'

'Better than Belinda?'

'I hope so. You'll see.'

Drinkwater had been unable to make up his mind about *Mr. Pim Passes By*. A week ago I had made it up for him. That evening I sent the play to Bouci-

cault. He signed an agreement which gave him the right to try it out for a week in Manchester. On January 4, 1920, it came to London.

I have attended many first nights in the miserable rôle of author, but never one like that. The house was so delighted to see its loved and lovely Irene back again that in sheer happiness it extended its favor to the play. Calls went on continuously; there were continuous cries for 'Speech!' — the author was pushed on and pushed off; and still Dot and Irene were bowing. As I sat in the wings among the stagehands wondering if it were true, a very weary voice behind me said, 'Ere, go on and give 'em a speech, guv'nor, and let's all get 'ome.' So that was all it was. I imagined him when he got home.

'Late to-night, Bill.'

'Yus, we 'ad a success.'

And forty million people in England equally stolid. However, that didn't prevent us from enjoying it.

In August of that year my collaborator produced a more personal work. We had intended to call it *Rosemary*, but decided later that *Billy* would be more suitable. However, as you can't be christened William, — at least, we didn't see why anybody should, — we had to think of two other names, two initials being necessary to ensure him any sort of copyright in a cognomen as often plagiarized as Milne. One of us thought of Robin, the other of Christopher — names wasted on him who called himself Billy Moon as soon as he could talk, and has been Moon to his family and friends ever since. I mention this because it explains why the publicity which came to be attached to 'Christopher Robin' never seemed to affect us personally, but to concern either a character in a book or a horse which we hoped at one time would win the Derby.

When he was three, we took a house in North Wales for August, with the Nigel Playfairs. It rained continuously. In the one living room every morning there

were assembled five Playfairs, three Milnes, Grace Lovat-Fraser, Joan Pitt-Chatham, Frederic Austin, and a selection of people to whom Nigel had issued casual invitations in London before starting north for what he supposed to be his Welsh castle. In a week I was screaming with agoraphobia. Somehow I must escape. I pleaded urgent inspiration, took a pencil and an exercise book, and escaped to the summerhouse. It contained a chair and a table. I sat down on the chair, put my exercise book on the table, and gazed ecstatically at a wall of mist which might have been hiding Snowdon or the Serpentine for all I could see or cared. I was alone. . . .

But sooner or later I should be asked what I was writing. What was I writing?

About six months earlier, while at work on a play, I had wasted a morning in writing a poem called 'Vespers.' I gave it to Daphne, as one might give a photograph or a valentine, telling her that if she liked to get it published anywhere she could stick to the money. She sent it to Frank Crowninshield of *Vanity Fair* and got fifty dollars. Later she lent it to me for the Queen's Doll's House Library, and later still collected a forty-fourth of all the royalties of *When We Were Very Young*, together with her share of various musical and subsidiary rights. It turned out to be the most expensive present I had ever given her.

A few months after this, Rose Fyleman was starting a magazine for children. She asked me, I have no idea why, to write some verses for it. I said that I didn't and couldn't — it wasn't in my line. As soon as I had posted my letter, I did what I always do after refusing to write anything: wondered how I would have written it if I hadn't refused. One might, for instance, have written: —

There once was a Dormouse who lived in a bed
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red),
And all the day long he'd a wonderful view
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue).

After another wasted morning, I wrote to Miss Fyleman to say that perhaps after all I might write her some verses. A poem called 'The Dormouse and the Doctor' was the result. It was illustrated by Harry Rowntree; proofs had come to me in Wales; and with them came letters from both illustrator and editor saying, 'Why don't you write a whole book of verses like these?'

So there I was with an exercise book and a pencil, and a fixed determination not to leave the heavenly solitude of that summerhouse until it stopped raining . . . and there in London were two people telling me what to write . . . and there on the other side of the lawn was a child with whom I had lived for three years . . . and here within me were unforgettable memories of my own childhood . . . what was I writing? A child's book of verses, obviously. Not a whole book, of course; but to write a few would be fun — until I was tired of it. Besides, my pencil had an India rubber at the back; just the thing for poetry.

I had eleven wet days in that summerhouse and wrote eleven sets of verses. Then we went back to London. A little apologetically — feeling that this wasn't really work; feeling that a man of stronger character would be writing that detective story and making £2000 for the family; a little as if I were slipping off to Lord's in the morning, or lying in a deck chair at Osborne reading a novel — I went on writing verses. By the end of the year I had written enough for a book.

It was only after the book was in the publisher's hands that Owen Seaman heard about it. Probably Lucas, then chairman of Methuen's, had mentioned it casually. Owen asked if *Punch* could print some of it, and I told him, reluctantly enough, that he could use what he liked, for I feared that as a 'reprint from *Punch*' it might not get the attention which would be given to a new book. However, the publication of some of the verses had two good results: it confirmed

my opinion that Shepard was the right illustrator for the book, and, with the first appearance of 'The King's Breakfast,' gave the publishers an idea of its ultimate reception. This was enthusiastic beyond all imagining, in both England and America. In the ten years before it went into a cheap edition, half a million copies were sold.

It is inevitable that a book which has had very large sales should become an object of derision to critics and columnists. We all write books, we all want money; we who write want money from our books. If we fail to get money, we are not so humble, nor so foolish, as to admit that we have failed in our object. Our object, we maintain, was artistic success. It is easy to convince ourselves that the financial failure of the book is no proof of its artistic failure; and it is a short step from there to affirm that artistic success is, in fact, incompatible with financial success. It must be so; for how else could we be the artists we are and remain in our first editions? If any other artist goes into twenty editions, then he is a traitor to the cause, and we shall hasten to say that he is not one of Us.

All this is commonplace. What has been particularly irritating about the sales of the Christopher Robin books (even though the irritation has produced no more intimidating retort than the writing of the name 'Kwistopher Wobin') is that the books were written for children. When, for instance, Dorothy Parker, as 'Constant Reader' in the *New Yorker*, delights the sophisticated by announcing that at page 5 of *The House at Pooh Corner* 'Tonstant Weader fwowed up' (*sic* — if I may), she leaves the book, oddly enough, much where it was. However great the indebtedness to Mrs. Parker, no Alderney, at the approach of the milkmaid, thinks, 'I hope this lot will turn out to be gin,' no writer of children's books says gayly to his publisher, 'Don't bother about the children — Mrs. Parker will love it.' As an artist one might genuinely prefer that one's

novel should be praised by a single critic, whose opinion one valued, rather than be bought by 'the mob'; but there is no artistic reward for a book written for children other than the knowledge that they enjoy it. For once — and how one hates to think it — *vox populi, vox Dei*. The position can only be saved by asserting that it isn't the genuine voice of the people. It is the illiterate mothers who speak. Even so, it might be held that mothers have their own private qualifications for speaking.

In fact, I know that a great many children did, and do, like *When We Were Very Young*. I think that such merit as attaches to the verses for this (as distinct from the illustrations to which the book is so obviously indebted) was won by taking pains — more pains, perhaps, than is usual. Whatever else they lack, the verses are technically good. The practice of no form of writing demands such a height of technical perfection as the writing of light verse in the Calverley and *Punch* tradition. *When We Were Very Young* is not the work of a poet becoming playful, or of a lover of children expressing his love, or of a prose writer knocking together a few jingles for the little ones; it is the work of a light-verse writer taking his job seriously even though he is taking it into the nursery. It seems that the nursery, more than any other room in the house, likes to be approached seriously.

Whether I have added to technique that 'wonderful insight into a child's mind' of which publishers' advertisements talk so airily, I wouldn't know. I am not inordinately fond of, or interested in, children; their appeal to me is a physical appeal such as the young of other animals make. I have never felt in the least sentimental about them, or no more sentimental than one becomes for a moment over a puppy or a kitten. In so far as I understand their minds, the understanding is based on the observation, casual enough and mostly unconscious, which I give to people generally; on

memories of my own childhood; and on the imagination which every writer must bring to memory and observation.

Winnie-the-Pooh came out two years later, and was followed by a second book of verses and, in 1928, *The House at Pooh Corner*. The animals in the stories came, for the most part, from the nursery. My collaborator had already given them individual voices, their owner by constant affection had given them the twist in their features which denoted character, and Shepard drew them, as one might say, from the living model. They were what they are for anyone to see; I described rather than invented them. Only Rabbit and Owl were my own unaided work. These books also became popular. One day when Daphne went up to the nursery Pooh was missing from the dinner table, which he always graced. She asked where he was. 'Behind the ottoman,' replied his owner coldly. 'Face downwards. He said he didn't like *When We Were Very Young*.' Pooh's jealousy was natural. Popular as he was, the verses had had the larger sale.

It is easier in England to make a reputation than to lose one. I wrote four 'children's books,' containing altogether, I suppose, 70,000 words — the number of words in the average-length novel. Having said good-bye to all that in 70,000 words, knowing that as far as I was concerned the mode was outmoded, I gave up writing children's books. I wanted to escape from them as I had once wanted to escape from *Punch* — as I have always wanted to escape. In vain. England expects the writer, like the cobbler, to stick to his last. As Arnold Bennett pointed out, if you begin painting policemen you must go on painting policemen, for then the public knows the answer — Policemen. If you stop painting policemen in order to paint windmills, criticism remains so overpoweringly policeman-conscious that even a windmill is seen as something with arms out, presumably directing the traffic. These last ten years in which I have been

writing plays, novels, and invocations against war are littered with affiliation orders on behalf of all the 'juveniles' born so lovingly and with such complete absence of labor into the book-world. If I didn't put my name to them, 'that,' as the King of Hearts said, 'only makes the matter worse.' It proves that my spiritual home is still the nursery, that I am still thinking of policemen.

XLI

It has been my good fortune as a writer that what I have wanted to write has for the most part proved to be salable. It has been my misfortune as a business man that, when it has proved to be extremely salable, then I have not wanted to write it any more. It has been my good fortune as a husband that I have always been encouraged to be a writer, not a business man.

I like writing, by which I mean that I like putting down certain words in a certain order. Because it gives me no pleasure when I am writing a play just to put down 'Exit Smith,' and less than no pleasure to put down, as I read the other day, 'They exit together,' I gratify myself by taking as much time and trouble over stage directions which may never be seen as I should over an inscription in stone on an inescapable monument. This is due, not entirely to that pride or self-love which makes a woman wear pretty things even if nobody is going to see them, but to a laziness which at times approximates to torpor. I hate writing — by which I mean that I hate the business of putting down words with a pen. Unless I can get some sort of 'kick' out of them I can hardly bring myself to the drudgery of inking them in. To spend two days in writing a difficult letter to *The Times* is not work, but continuous excitement; to spend five minutes regretting my inability to give the prizes away at St. Etheldreda's is to live again through all the wasted hours in form and lecture room.

When I read one of those 8/6 novels whose weight well qualifies them for a permanent place in literature, I never find myself thinking 'How boring this is to read,' but always 'How boring this must have been to write.' This is no criticism of the book either as a work of art or as a work of interest. I doubt if any 8/6 novel could be as dull as parts of *Paradise Lost*, but the author of *Paradise Lost* in his most uninspired moments is leading an exciting life. From time to time I feel that the writer of the 8/6 novel I am reading was neither amused nor interested, and I envy him the staying power which kept his pen at work.

The most exciting form of writing is the writing of plays. There is, however, this to be said against it: that, when once the play is written, the author is never really happy again until it has been taken off.

One writes a book; a publisher is waiting for it; a date of publication is fixed for it. The book will be printed just as one wrote it, exact to the last comma. Whether criticism blows fair or foul, the book remains in being; it is there for anyone to read.

One writes a play; no manager is waiting for it; the play may be sold this year, next year, sometime, never. Being bought, it may be produced this year, next year, sometime, never. If produced, it will not be produced, exact to the last eyebrow, as the author saw it, for the reason that its characters live in the author's imagination, and that, even if they have autotypes in real life, it is extremely unlikely that these will be actors and actresses by profession, available for this production. Finally, when some version of the play has been launched, a puff of foul criticism, a week of fog, a few days of crisis, a bus strike, the sudden indisposition of the leading man, may be enough to sink it forever. Even if the play runs, every visit to it brings to the author the realization that this is not the play which he had thought he was writing. Oh, well — next time, perhaps.

For one who insists on full value a play is the thing. So strongly do I feel this that, when I write a play, I write all the dialogue first, without a single stage direction, and then reluctantly turn novelist. There is a certain amount of fun to be got from the description of the characters, from the hints at their emotions which a dramatist must give; but it is dreary work to record the position of a window or a fireplace, and the number of telephones on a desk. With the opening scene of Act II bubbling over in one's mind one cannot impede oneself with upholstery. I plunge into dialogue. I see the room as I write . . . and if I must, I will tell you about it afterwards.

Dialogue in a novel has to suit the occasion, the character of the speaker, and the state of the person addressed. In playwriting it offers an additional stimulus to the author: it has also to suit the audience. Stagecraft, of which we hear so much, is merely the art of making things easy for the audience. Realistic dialogue makes things difficult for an audience, for the reason that it is both boring and allusive. Here is a slice of life:—

HUSBAND. Well, what do you think?

WIFE. I don't know. (*Thinks for a minute.*)

HUSBAND. It's for you to say.

WIFE. I know. (*After a long pause*) There's Jane.

(*Colonel in third row of stalls strikes match to see who Jane is. She isn't in the program. Who the devil is Jane? He never knows.*)

HUSBAND. You mean the Ipswich business?

WIFE. Yes. (*Telephone bell rings.*) That's probably Arthur.

(*Clergyman in fifth row of stalls strikes match to see who Arthur is. He's not in the program either.*)

HUSBAND. Friday. Much more likely to be Anne.

WIFE. Not now.

HUSBAND. Well, you anyway.

WIFE. Oh, all right. (*She goes out for ten minutes while Husband reads paper.*)

HUSBAND (*as she comes back*). Anne? (*He sneezes.*) Damn, I haven't got a handkerchief.

(*He gets up. At the door he says*) Oh, by the way, I'd better ring up Morrison. (*Exit. Wife writes a letter and then picks up paper. Husband returns.*)

WIFE (*from paper*). Myrtle's engaged! Fancy!

HUSBAND. Yes, I meant to have told you. I saw John at the club.

(*Two old gentlemen strike matches.*)

WIFE. Who is he?

HUSBAND. Bar, I think. Listen, darling, we must decide.

WIFE. It's difficult. (*After a long pause*) Oh well, let's—

(*Enter Maid.*)

MAID. There's a policeman downstairs, sir, wants to see you.

HUSBAND. Oh, Lord! (*He goes out for five minutes while the audience waits breathlessly. Now the drama is moving. . . . He returns.*)

WIFE. Car?

HUSBAND. Some fool turned the lights off. Let's see, *what* were we talking about? Damn, I left my pipe downstairs.

(*He goes out.*)

(*And if the audience goes out too, who shall blame it?*)

That is how real life is lived. It is clear that natural behavior, natural dialogue, must be dressed up before it can recommend itself to an audience. The only truth which is demanded from the dramatist is truth to character. Subject to this truth, he is required to present in the refracting mirror of the stage such distortion of real life as will best reflect his meaning. Remembering that the playgoer, unlike the reader, can never turn back, one sees that playwriting becomes an exciting sort of game, in which one has to defeat the apathy, the preconceptions, and the defective memory of one's antagonist. It may interest my reader in the upper circle if I illustrate with a play of my own some of the fun and the dangers of this game.

A play can be based upon Theme, Story, or Character. If you base it upon a theme, then you must invent a story which will illustrate the theme; if you base it upon a character, then you must invent a story which will exhibit the character. The story is necessary in any

case, and will be the main interest for many of the audience, but it will not necessarily be the main interest for the author.

The Truth about Blayds was based upon a theme. It was not a Story of Literary Life, nor a Study of a Literary Fraud. My interest in it was the interest which I took in this problem: What happens in a religious community when its god is discovered to be a false god? To work out this problem I could choose any community, any god, convenient to me. A tribal god on an island, a national hero among his countrymen, a churchwarden in a chapel — if the devastating truth were known, who would still be faithful, who unfaithful? And faithful to what? The Truth or the God? I decided to illustrate the theme with the story of a great poet — showing the reactions of his family to a deathbed confession that he had lived on the work of a long-dead contemporary, in his lifetime unknown, unpublished.

I made the family as representative of a religious community as I could. The High Priest, secretary, son-in-law, and official biographer to Blayds; his wife, taking her beliefs at second hand from the priest; her sister, the true believer who had sacrificed everything for the Faith; the detached critic, old suitor of the sister's, who accepted intellectually rather than spiritually; the grandchildren, dragged reluctantly to church, scoffing, unbelieving. One knew them all, and it was interesting to watch their characters come out in the fierce light which beat upon the dead Blayds, the self-confessed fraud to whom willingly or unwillingly they had given their lives. It was interesting, that is, to me; but it could only be interesting to the audience if it believed as completely as I did in the Blayds legend. It would never do if the audience were saying to itself all through the discussion, 'But how could anyone have been taken in? Who could have thought for a moment that he was a great poet?'

Blayds, then, must be seen and believed in — authentically a Great Man.

Now nothing is so difficult to put on the stage as a Great Man; and of all great men the most difficult to project across the footlights is the literary genius. For it is obvious that a character in a play can never be wiser or wittier than the author of the play. The author may tell himself that in real life no genius is uniformly wise or witty; that the great writers whom he himself has met have shown nothing of their peculiar quality in conversation. This may be so. Barrie told me of an occasion when he was present at a gathering of young authors all very busy talking about style. An older man sitting aloof in a corner, but listening intently, was asked to contribute to the discussion. He confessed uncomfortably that he knew very little about the subject; he would rather listen and learn what he could; he really would have nothing to say of any value; they all knew much more than he did. Fearing to be drawn more deeply into the argument, he added that he had to go now, and slipped out. 'Who *was* that?' Barrie was asked. Barrie, who had brought him there, explained that it was Thomas Hardy. But not a Thomas Hardy who could have made the crossing of the footlights. For stage life, as I have said, can never hope to be real life, but only life which seems real in the unreal conditions of the theatre.

The genius, in fact, must carry immediate conviction of his genius to the audience. Taciturnity is not enough. But if the author be not himself a genius, how is he to create one?

The usual way, the obvious way, what seems at first the only way, is to let the audience get the measure of the hero's greatness through the eyes and by the tongue of the hero-worshippers. Only so, within the limits of the stage, can one be assured that he climbed Everest, swam Niagara, or won the battle of Waterloo. But having been as critic to all those plays in which, for the opening ten min-

utes, the minor characters acclaim the heroic deeds of the next character on the programme, — and then in comes, to a burst of applause, dear old George Alexander, or Tree, or Arthur Bouchier, looking just the same, now that he is the Great Chemist, as he did last week when he was the Great Financier, — I realized how difficult it was to establish genius by this means. It is an instinct with all of us to resent unbridled enthusiasm for the unknown. True, my genius was an old man of ninety, whose hoary locks would disguise his Green Room origins and lend him that aura of immortality which surrounds almost any writer on his ninetieth birthday; I had nothing to fear from the actor if I could give him the entrance to make, the words to say. But how could I?

Well, I began with Royce, the critic, come to present an address of congratulation to the Great Man. All is set for the usual opening; now we shall hear what a Great Man he is. But Royce is received by Oliver, the skeptical grandson, for whom Old Blayds is merely a nuisance. They are joined by Septima, the granddaughter, and between them, to Royce's great embarrassment, the young people make the whole Blayds theology ridiculous. The audience, inclined at first to sympathize with them, begins to resent their intolerance. From feeling that a genius might well be a nuisance to his grandchildren, it wonders if the grandchildren might not well be a nuisance to him. Marion, their mother, comes in. For her, Blayds is God indeed. Now the audience sees the other side of the picture: the slavish, meaningless hero worship. Might that not be even more of a nuisance for the genius? If the grandchildren's attitude is wrong-headed, isn't their mother's attitude even more wrong-headed? Which is the more intolerable to Blayds?

To Blayds, the genius? Already, without realizing it, the audience is beginning to accept the fact that he *is* a genius.

For I have even dared to give a sample of his genius. The fact that Tennyson wrote 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' and Wordsworth wrote 'The Idiot Boy' lent me confidence, but an audience would not be sharing my recollection of such lesser masterpieces. They would want the genuine thing. Very well, they shall think that they are getting it.

'Septima, seventh dark daughter,
I saw her once where the black pines troop to the
water —
A rock-set river that broke into bottomless
pools. . . .'

Unconsciously Royce quotes the hackneyed words in response to the girl's name. They have a swing to them; for a moment they sound like poetry. But before the audience can give its critical attention to them, Septima says casually to Oliver, 'Noll, I'll trouble you,' and holds out her hand for the shilling which passes with the reaction of each new visitor to the introduction. 'Damn it, Royce,' says Oliver, feeling in his pockets, 'I did think *you* would be able to control yourself.' The audience chuckles, in sympathy with any daughter of Tennyson's called Maud, any son of Byron's called Harold, and any granddaughter of Blayds's called Septima.

Now comes the High Priest, the fussy little son-in-law, dictating answers to the letters of congratulation, choosing a select list of callers for the Press: 'three Society, three Artistic and Literary, and two Naval, Military, and Political.' The 'health' — where shall they drink the health? In here? The letter from Queen Victoria — shall Royce be allowed to hold it in his hands? Yes, perhaps just for a moment. If this is not the household of a Great Poet, what is it?

Lastly comes Isobel — who sent her lover away twenty years ago, in order to keep alive the spark of the great man's genius. For twenty years she has tended him: was it worth it for the great poetry he has written? Was it worth it for the life she has lost? She wonders to Royce,

who was her lover all those years ago. The audience wonders too, accepting Isobel's judgment of her father. He was indeed a great poet, and she was right; he was indeed a great poet, but she was wrong.

And so to Blayds. For half an hour we have been assuming that he is the last of the Great Victorians; here he comes, magnificently to the eye the last and greatest of the great Victorians. What are to be his opening words? What *can* they be which will do justice to his god-head? If Shakespeare and Æschylus collaborated to find a speech for him, the audience would think it unworthy. What, then, will they say to a speech of mine? 'We believed in him until you made him speak to us; we should have remembered that no character can be greater than the author.' Still, he has to say something. . . .

He says it — and immediately the High Priest whips out a pencil and makes a note of it on his cuff. The audience breaks into laughter, telling itself how infuriating it must be for genius to have its simplest remark recorded. From now on he is free to speak at my own level, and still be a genius.

The health is drunk, the address of welcome is presented. Blayds talks a little of the friends he loved: Tennyson, Whistler, Swinburne, Meredith. Now he is alone with Isobel; the excitement of the occasion has died, and old age rushes in on him. He has something to confess — now! now! — before it is too late. 'Listen, Isobel,' and, as he begins, the curtain comes down. . . .

The curtain goes up; now my play begins. 'What happens in a religious community when its god is discovered to be a false god?' We have established him as a god: now he is to be revealed as a false god; now we shall know. We have got the necessary, but insignificant, First Act out of the way, now we can command the audience's interest for the development of our theme. . . .

But it was not so. I discovered, when

it was too late, that I was fighting a losing battle against that First Act. I had taken too much care over it. I had established the Great Man so firmly that for most of the audience Blayds, the living Blayds, was now the play. The audience had seen him, had believed in him, and wanted to go on seeing him. As consolation, the critics told me that it was the best First Act ever written, but there, for most of them, the play ended. It might be the best First Act ever written, but there, for me, the play began. For me the play was based upon Theme, for the audience upon Character; and the result seemed to be just a Story which had petered out.

XLII

Writers are often asked if they force themselves to write every day or if they 'wait for inspiration.' It is not suggested (as far as I know) that they say to their wives at breakfast, 'If I am not inspired by eleven o'clock, dear, I shall want the car'; nor that, being in the middle of a novel, they sit with closed eyes at their desks, waiting for assistance before they start the fifth chapter. It is in the details of conception that the layman is interested, not in the pangs of labor, nor the nourishment of the child when born. In short, is the baby ever accidental?

For myself I have now no faith in miraculous conception. I have given it every chance. I have spent many mornings at Lord's hoping that inspiration would come, many days on golf courses; I have even gone to sleep in the afternoon, in case inspiration cared to take me completely by surprise. In vain. The only way in which I can get an 'idea' is to sit at my desk and dredge for it. This is the real labor of authorship, with which no other labor in the world is comparable.

My process of conception is something as follows. After hours, days, weeks of labor (the metaphor is standing on its

head, but no matter) — after weeks of anguish, during which I am nobody's friend, the germ of an idea comes into my mind. It is considered and rejected as old, foolish, or inadequate. I go on thinking . . . more weeks pass . . . it seems as if I should never write again. A pity that that idea which I had three weeks ago wasn't any good . . . or wasn't it? No. Hopeless. I go on thinking for another week. . . . What about that idea which I had four weeks ago? . . . N-no, not really good. I go on thinking. . . . Damn it, *what* about that idea which I had five weeks ago? Is it any good or isn't it? And if it isn't, why does it keep coming into my head, pushing out all the much better stories which are knocking for admittance? How can I possibly think, if I'm always thinking of this silly idea about a dead man? And then I throw my hand in. There is only one thing to do: get this impossible nonsense out of the system. It may not be a play at all: good, then I shan't have to bother about it any more. Anyhow, let's begin to write. Hooray, I'm writing again . . . and somehow the idea develops itself.

How do ideas first show their heads? In various strange ways.

Plot 1. It would be rather exciting if a man died on one suddenly; and the police want to know all about him, and the one thing which can't be given away is the reason why he came to the house. So Husband and Wife have to make up a story. But they can't. Their brains won't work. And the minutes are going by, and Authority is on its way, and they stand there desperately trying to think against time. Mightn't that be dramatic?

That became *Michael and Mary*.

Plot 2. It's no good. I shall never write again. A pity, because Dennis Eadie has asked for a play, and Harrison wants a play for the Haymarket, and if only I could think of an idea, then I could write a play and Harrison would put it on, and then we should all be at the Haymarket on the first night, waiting

for the curtain to go up, and wondering what it was going to be about. . . . Terribly exciting, waiting for the curtain to go up, and wondering — an empty stage, a big hall, and then a knocking at the door. Who is it, who is it? A butler — rather a mysterious butler, isn't he? — walks solemnly across the stage and draws the bolts. I always think that that's the most exciting way of beginning a play. Strangers, wayfarers, coming into a strange house. It is rather a strange house; is it an hotel? Well, of course, that's what they'd naturally ask, the people at the door. 'Is this an hotel?' And what does the mysterious butler say? Suppose he said, 'A *sort* of hotel, my lord'? . . .

That became *The Dover Road*.

Plot 3. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform: He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.' Grand hymn, that — why did it suddenly come into my head? And why did I never see before what an absurd *non sequitur* it is? I mean the first two lines are all right by themselves, and so are the second two, but they don't mix. In effect he begins by saying that great events from little causes spring, or whatever the line is, and then . . . It's ironic the way things do happen like that. Or the other way about. Little events from great causes. What's the Latin? *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*. Is that right, or shouldn't it be a pentameter? The little gods must have fun deciding what mountains are to be in labor in order that our ridiculous little wishes shall be gratified. Here's a woman wants to hang a pair of curtains in her house, but her husband won't let her, and the little gods say, 'All right, darling, you *shall* hang your curtains,' and then they get into a corner and chuckle together, and arrange the most frightful shocks for both of them . . . and up go the curtains.

That became a play called *Green Curtains*, until it suddenly occurred to me a better title would be *Mr. Pim Passes By*.

Plot 4. This interval of labor between the end of one 'work' and the beginning of the next, when (as Wells put it picturesquely to Daphne once) I am in the basket again, is not only agony for myself but a tribulation to those who live with me. Indifference to my suffering is as much resented as anxious inquiries as to how I am 'getting on.' Nothing which anybody can say or do is right.

How conceited of the man to refer to his books and plays as if we had read them all and knew what he was talking about! Or the other way round, if you like. How modest of him to assume that only those who know all his books and plays could possibly be reading this!

XLIII

YOUNG FRIEND. And to what, sir, do you attribute your success?

AUTHOR. *Don't* call me 'sir.' I hate being called 'sir.' I'm not as old as all that.

Y. F. Sorry. And to what — if you'd just get your back to the light . . . and I think a hat . . . thank you — And to what, young man, do you attribute your success?

A. Meaning by 'success'?

Y. F. Anything you like. The fact that I bought your last book — I mean got it from the library — I mean it's on my list — dammit, you know quite well what I mean.

A. Well, as long as it's clear that I don't mean more than you do.

Y. F. That's all right. You see, what I think you ought to give us now — last chapter and all that — is *Something for the Little Ones*. A few *Helpful Words on Speech Day*. Advice to Young Man about to make his way in World. Sum it all up. What's the secret?

A. There's only one rule.

Y. F. Well?

A. *Never take advice*. Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are 'Why did I listen to Tomkins?'

Y. F. That doesn't rhyme.

A. If his name were Benjamin it would.

Y. F. But do you really mean it?

A. Absolutely.

Y. F. And that's why you're where you are?

A. Wherever that is — yes.

Y. F. How do you know you wouldn't

have been much more successful if you had followed other people's advice?

A. I don't. But you didn't ask me to what I attributed my failure.

Y. F. In other words, you've always done what you wanted to do, and haven't listened to other people?

A. In other words, I've listened to other people, and then tried to do what I wanted to do.

Y. F. Splendid. Anything else you've noticed?

A. Well —

Y. F. Come on, this is the last chapter. Tell us *What You Believe*, or *What's Wrong with the World*, or something.

A very clever young man was telling Reinhardt how to produce Shakespeare. None of this elaborate spectacle, none of this gorgeous scenery. Just simple black curtains. That was the way to do it: so much more artistic. Reinhardt nodded encouragingly. 'It is also easier,' he said. I have a theory that what is wrong with the world (or, quite possibly, what is right) is that to-day everything is 'also easier.' Let me give a few examples of what I mean, and if it be said that I am choosing examples to prove my case, the answer is that this is exactly what I am doing.

In what I shall call 'my day,' anybody who wanted to earn a living as a singer had to learn to sing. In tune. It is hard work learning to sing — in tune. So now you needn't. You croon. The convention that crooning is singing enables all those people who cannot sing, but wish to earn a living by singing, to do so without going through the labor of learning to sing. In my day dancing was waltzing, and waltzing was not only hard work, but was something which had to be learnt. To-day, with a minimum of fatigue and an entire absence of technique, it is possible to claim that one is dancing. Drawing is difficult. A famous drawing master of my day used to go round the work of his pupils, saying to each one as he compared the work with the model, 'It is always a good thing to be something like.' It is also a difficult

thing. Modern technique, both in painting and in sculpture, avoids the difficulty of being something like; just as modern hot music avoids the difficulty of disclosing a new tune.

In my day poets said what they had to say in song. This song (poetry, it was called) demanded rhyme or, at least, rhythm from its devotees, and in consequence was hard work. It was obvious, therefore, that if you were going to improve poetry you would improve it most comfortably by omitting the things which were difficult to manage — rhyme and rhythm — and concentrating on what might come to anybody, inspiration. In my day a novelist who wanted to put down the thoughts in his hero's mind, as often he might want, would spend hours of hard work reducing them to an orderly grammatical sequence in which they could be easily followed. The modern, so much admired, technique allows you to throw them on to the paper just as they come into the hero's mind (which means just as they come into the author's mind), and if there is any hard work to be done, it must be done by the reader. And the latest technique of all seems to throw the work on the proofreader.

So much for the arts. I could stop there, but I shan't. In my day beauty in women was for the favored few, for it demanded such rare gifts as a beautiful complexion, beautiful hair, beautiful features. Nowadays it is no longer difficult to be beautiful. Complexions, hair, and features can be bought. The modern world has accepted the convention that obviously-painted lips and obviously-gummed-on eyelashes are beautiful, and beauty is within the reach of all. Even men need no longer be ugly; they can emphasize their ugliness with a beard and become 'striking.' It is, let us admit, not always easy to grow a beard, so we must look forward to the day when gummed-on beards will be admissible.

In my day there was something called Society, into which (unless you were

born there) it was almost impossible to enter; and if you were outside it, as I was, you read about it in the society papers with awe or indifference or an assumed contempt. Terrible for modern youth to think that there was any reservation, however contemptible, to which it had not the right of entry. To-day a study of the society papers shows that there is no barrier through which the sports car of the gigolo has not crashed, no frontier over which the passport of the interior decorator ('special peculiarities' and all) will not take him.

I shall now drag the moss out of my hair, and regard the matter dispassionately. Is it a good thing or a bad thing that the arts and graces are now so much easier to achieve? First let me admit, before it is 'pointed out' to me, that it is still difficult to be a *good* crooner (if there is such a thing) or a *good* ballroom dancer; indeed, it is obvious that a modern expert in the rumba, the lumbar, and the black bumba has need to be more expert than the old-fashioned expert in the waltz. No artistic standards could make Weatherly's drawing-room ballads of greater literary value than the best modern free verse, nor even of greater literary value than such early examples of free verse as *Cæsar's Commentaries*. Pretty girls, in spite of their make-up, are still pretty, if less kissable; and who cares anyway if men are ugly and Society is dead? Yet the modern eagerness to lower standards and abolish 'form' remains a distress to the mossy. It is as if democracy had said, not 'The arts and graces shall be open to all,' as it has every right to say, but 'Achievement in the arts and graces shall be the perquisite of all,' which is nice for all of us, but not so good for the arts and graces.

The abolition of form. Looking for something else, I have just come across a letter dated 'April 12th, 1929,' which begins, 'Several months ago I wrote to you, but have not yet had a reply.' These unanswered letters turn up from time to time and cause an acute remorse, tem-

pered by the happy reflection that it is now too late to do anything about it. This particular letter, however, had so nearly been answered as almost to excuse me. It was from one of those earnest Americans who are engaged upon what may or may not turn out to be a textbook for schools, and who wish to make it as authoritative as possible by getting other people to do the writing for them. In this case it was to be a textbook on 'the technique of the drama,' and the technique was to be provided (free) by dramatists. Would I answer the following questions? Well, apparently I did. That is, I scribbled answers in pencil against the questions, and presumably intended to have them typed and sent to him. But apparently I didn't. Reading them again, I see that the fifth question and answer are strangely appropriate to my theme.

5. Don't you think that the present conventional form of play structure and the physical limitations of the stage hinder the dramatist from expressing himself as freely and as fully as he might in the cinema form?

Answer. Certainly. One is also hindered by the conventional form of the sonnet. How much more freely and fully Wordsworth might have expressed himself about Westminster Bridge if he had been writing a guidebook.

This passion for freedom untrammelled by form is attributed by Deans to the evil influences of Bolshevism and other red perils. Unfortunately I cannot share their conviction that Bolshevism is a synonym of lawlessness. On the contrary, I associate it with an excess of law, a complete sacrifice of the right to self-expression, and a passion for filling up forms. In poetry the totalitarian state is best symbolized by the villanelle, which may be described as a reiteration on two notes: as it might be, 'Heil Hitler' and 'To hell with Russia,' or the other way round. But free verse seems to be the corollary of free speech, which is the attribute of democracy. Form — craftsmanship — all difficulties imposed from

without, such as 'It's a good thing to be something like,' or the three walls of a stage; all these are barbed-wire fences which stand between democracy and the green slopes of Helicon. Away with them!

Well, what about it? In middle age we not only forget that we are no longer young (which is not surprising, since we are always telling ourselves how young we are keeping), but we forget that our contemporaries are also middle-aged — which is astonishing, since we are always telling ourselves how old the poor fellows are getting. Thus I found myself saying the other day that the extravagances of this cosmetic age proved finally that women adorned themselves for women only, not for men; in proof of which I assured my company that without exception every man I knew preferred a clean face to a painted one. And then I realized that the men whose support I was quoting were (naturally) my friends and contemporaries, and that possibly the modern young man did not agree with me. To him, it may be, blood-red fingernails, even blood-red toenails, are beautiful. Yet he must admit that it is an easy way of being beautiful, and he will allow the middle-aged to think that he is easily pleased. We shall continue to think also that a society which is satisfied with crooning and hot music is easily pleased.

So in conclusion it may be asked, if the young are easily pleased nowadays, is that not a good thing rather than a bad thing? Perhaps it is. There is little enough reason for happiness in the world to-day; let us be thankful that there are so many causes of pleasure. We have made the world a wilderness, and it is ridiculous to blame those whom we have put into it (accidentally as often as not) for being satisfied with the little we have left them to find there.

A Book of Free Verse underneath the Bough,
A Saxophone, a Gin and It — and Thou
Beside me crooning in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!
Praise be to Allah.

XLIV

As for 'What I Believe,' I put this into print once at the request of a Bishop — the only Bishop who ever came into our house. (When he left, we found five threepenny-bits on the sofa. We gave them to the Salvation Army, and tried to take our minds off the matter, but of course we couldn't help wondering.) This confession of faith formed one of a series of pamphlets, and may so remain. I wrote another pamphlet once called *Peace with Honour*. This also need not be paraphrased here. I find it very hard to convince those who are concerned with political and social activities that, unless one is professionally a Public Speaker, one does not want to say the same thing over and over again in different ways. If one has written it once, one has said it as well as one can — forever. This must be true of most writers; I may be unique in not wanting to say anything aloud at any time. At one of my few public appearances I made a speech which, with the many others made on that occasion, was broadcast to the world. Or so I was told by my neighbor when I sat down. 'Fancy,' he said, 'they heard you in Honolulu!' Daphne was sitting a table or two away, and when we met afterwards I told her proudly that they had heard me in Honolulu. 'Good,' she said; 'I'm glad they heard you somewhere.'

Well, to those who have been reading this autobiography I have now been audible for quite a long time. It would be as well to sit down. But before I do so there is something which I should like to say.

Every writer who has put his name to the back of one book or the front of one

program has surrendered some part of his privacy to others. He is not on that account the servant of the public, as the actor so clearly considers himself to be; but at least he and the public are now on visiting terms. In private life we are all very much at the mercy of visitors, and we have to decide for ourselves in what size of lettering the WELCOME on our doormats shall be displayed. So, too, the writer must decide to what extent he shall leave himself at the mercy of the public. To answer personally every letter he receives; to sign autographs and copy out verses whenever he is asked; to provide unpaid contributions for anybody's magazine; to make a speech, take a chair, give away prizes at anybody's bidding; to read and advise upon all the plays sent to him, to help place all the manuscripts submitted to him, to write quotable advertisements for all the books given to him; to accede, in short, to all the strange requests made (I suppose) to every writer — this is to be, not merely the servant, but the very slave of the public.

On the other hand, one has been lucky, one has owed much to the encouragement and kindness of established writers, and one should make some sort of repayment. It may well be that my balance is still a debit one; that the WELCOME on my doormat has not been so conspicuous as it should have been; that I have ignored too many requests, refused too many invitations. With that unanswered letter of 1929 in front of me, I cannot help feeling that I have behaved with seeming discourtesy to too many people. If some of them happen to be reading this, I ask their pardon. And to them and to all other readers I shall say *Au revoir*, hoping that we may meet again.

(The End)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

LET'S GO SEE



ROUND about now we all begin to take that little trip, and a World's Fair on the West Coast and a World's Fair on the East Coast make good objectives. While the Vermont and Massachusetts licenses head west across the plains, the California and Washington licenses will pass them, heading east. We got talking the other night about our own little trip. What, we wondered, were we going to miss? How could we find out the small sort of things about San Francisco that people who live there take for granted, and never think to tell you? The kind of things that we, because we live here, know or hear about New York? Guidebooks, someone said. Heaven knows there are a lot of them. Super-illustrated guides weighing three pounds and suitable for framing. Guides revised in handy pocket editions. All very well, but reminiscent of a conversation we once overheard in an art gallery. 'We haven't much time, Hatty,' one haggard woman said to the other, 'so you read aloud and I'll look.'

The thing is, you get running in circles, and home again before you remember that you forgot completely to try the Italian restaurant the Hales told you was so good. The Fair itself is a time and strength consumer. But you don't intend to sleep in the Heinz Building. You have to get from



where you are to those fabulous filled meadows, and to look at Manhattan Island itself. For New York is a perpetual World's Fair, doing business long before the first steam shovel broke the tough eel grass of the Flushing meadows, and scheduled to go on long after the Fair grounds have been converted into the vast park and airport which is the joint dream of the Messrs. Whalen and Moses, and the tides have slowly digested the final scraps of concrete and chromium. When we were young we used to declare passionately that New York would give you anything you asked of it. But now we think the city has a way of not letting its lavish right hand know what its secret left hand conceals. And its very enthusiasm mixes you up. Right now, to all outward signs, the city is just a suburb of the Fair. 'Hey!' it appears to shout. 'You know we got a show going on over there?' Don't let them fool you. They

can change all the ads and all the banners overnight, and be just as energetic about Marching on Mars or Saving Our Cypressess. And all the time there are places that give you a chance to think of the city as a city, and not as a perpetual one-way roller coaster, ending at the Fair.

So, for a few months, we propose to set down briefly on these pages odds and ends of information we pick up. We don't guarantee that they will be valuable, and as far as accuracy is concerned, don't forget that one actor in a current show has had to change his lines six times in three weeks, to keep up with the vagaries of weather, politics, and dictators.

IF you've seen that mean-spirited and very funny little book by one Oley O'Leahy, called *Trylongs and Perisites*, you won't have invited yourself to visit anybody. And we, being timid, thrifty, and lazy, are of the opinion that you might as well say good-bye to your car in New York. Lots of talented people do use their cars, and even find places to park them. But we, once below 225th Street, feel the same embarrassed loathing for our Ford which the Ancient Mariner felt for his albatross. Easier to leave it in a garage than throw it away on 42nd Street.

THEATER tickets are something to arrange beforehand. *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, in which Raymond Massey so faultlessly renders Robert E. Sherwood's lines that this picture of the troubled Springfield days is a 'must' for every theatergoer. . . . *The Little Foxes* is Lillian Hellman's biting tale of really unpleasant family doings at the turn of the century, and Tallulah Bankhead's proof that she is a serious actress. . . . At the same time Katharine Cornell, in *No Time for Comedy*, proves that she is as good a comedian as tragedian, in Sam Behrman's strictly 1939 version of the troubles which beset a playwright who is torn by love and Spain's woes. . . . Of course *Hellzapoppin* at the Winter Garden, and apparently set to pop to capacity audiences for months to come. . . . The Savoyards have developed neuroses since Bill Robinson began tapping in the *Hot Mikado*. But Bojangles' feet are not sacrilege; they are just another — and a delirious — language. . . . *The Primrose Path* is Victoria Lincoln's *February Hill* come to lusty,

rollicking life. . . . The Rockefeller Center Theater has *The American Way*. All about all of us since 1896. Lavish, and not oversophisticated, like all the sights in that amazing city-inside-the-city. . . . You might find out if Agrippino Manteo and his family are doing their puppet show at 106 Mulberry Street. This Sicilian *Orlando Furioso* runs at the will of the owner. If you can



persuade Mr. Manteo to take you behind his stage, and in the loft where his characters are stored, you will be memorably lucky. . . .

The Yankee Stadium, besides being able to seat all the inhabitants of Lapland, or wherever it is, will certainly see you once. If you happen to be there on June 12, it's the one hundredth anniversary of Swat, and Cooperstown, New York, will be honoring its Abner Doubleday, who invented the whole thing. The doings in the Cooperstown Base Ball Museum will be on the radio, and our Mr. Farley is issuing a commemorative stamp — first on sale in the village that day. . . .

THE main thing you need at the Fair itself is a cool head, and an inflexible will not to be diverted from the things you have decided that you, personally, want to see. Any other course leads straight to madness. It really is as big as that, and as startling. Rand McNally's shop at 7 East 50th is a help. Here are maps of every size and description which you can study firmly before the Trylon rises straight in front of you, Uncle Jim darts away to watch the engines giving a little playlet on the eighteen miles of track in the Railroad Building, Willy disappears once and for all among the ramps of that amazing pink mound which Norman Bel Geddes designed to house General Motors, and you yourself sink exhausted in the model dairy, when what you intended to look at was the glass. . . . Seriously, get the idea of the Focal Centers around which the Fair is laid out clearly in your mind. The official guides have been training for months, and there's no sense in being too proud to ask them. . . . By the way, that little chartreuse clapboard



hut, sitting so modestly on the Lake, is a neat bit of protective coloring. It may look like a toolshed to us folks, but it is really the Terrace Club. Sort of place to get away from it all. Membership is \$5000 in Fair bonds. Cousin to the Boat Club, on the East River at 57th Street, whose members will be whisked across in super-super motorboats, some of them equipped with telephone, in case anything comes up at the office during those

twenty minutes. Guest cards can be had for both of these; lots of big companies have joined them to entertain out-of-town friends and customers. . . . However, there are well over 300 restaurants in the Fair. . . . And you'll want to dine there one night, at least, for the sight of the Perisphere, suspended on luminous moving columns of water, is one the profoundest cynic can't laugh off. . . .

EATING in town is endless variety. . . . The Persian Room, '21' (Let's get '21' straight. It's listed in the telephone book as Jack and Charlie's, and it's West 52nd, and it is crammed with celebrities), the Rainbow Room, and the rest, are ones you know about already. Of the expensive and fashionable new ones, Monte Carlo, 49 East 54th, is the moment's high spot. The Colony is in charge of the food, and the decorations and lighting are not only fresh and beautiful themselves, but rumored to make you look likewise. . . . Armando's, 54 East 55th, is small and good, not wildly expensive, has music, a fortune teller, and amusing guests. . . . Kelly's Stables, 141 West 51st, is the one with the colored orchestra in kilts, and has fine food. . . . Le Brun et Joséphine, 108 East 60th, have splendid French food. . . . Though the old Lafayette, East 9th Street, remains serenely unexcelled. . . . Tastes in night clubs vary. Only sure thing is that you will violently dislike the one your taxi driver recommends so highly. . . .



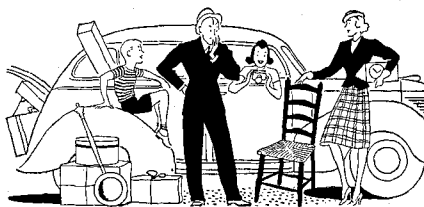
THE museums all have special summer exhibits. . . . The plants in the long bright box below the great glass windows in the Museum of Modern Art are chemically grown. Which is only fitting in the newest, largest, most complete, and most beautiful example of modern architecture in these parts. . . . The last place you'd expect to run into *The Perils of Pauline* — but the very place to see them. The Museum's film library is a running record of the movies' forty years of life. If you are pretty serious about film history they will let you in the library. From time to time old movies will be run down in the big auditorium. This theater, for all its effect of hanging ceilings and repose, is blasted out of Manhattan's rock, and rests a few feet above the subway. The acoustics, meticulously worked with plaster that conducts sound and plaster that kills sound, do not quite manage to still the tiger-like purr which is the express to 125th Street. . . . The Museum stands on the site of Rockefeller houses. The late J. D.'s bedroom, salvaged from here, is complete at the Museum of the City of New York. Unique example of what could be done with the early Petroleum, or Them As Has 'Em Wears 'Em, period of interior decoration, if

you really let yourself go. For some reason it turns our mind to the fossil reptiles the American Museum of Natural History has just set up.

THE art dealers are museum proprietors themselves. . . . From May 20 through June 17, An American Place is showing John Marin, Charles Demuth, Arthur G. Dove, and of course Georgia O'Keefe, who is the joint reason for the Place. . . . Ferargil will have, after June 3, pictures by eminent folk which were refused at the Fair. Entertaining way to check on the vagaries of hanging committees. . . . The Walker Galleries have got together 'Views of New York,' beginning in 1800 and including people like Sloan, Henri, Glaekens, and du Bois, which should amount to a panorama both of the city and of the shifts in painting techniques. May 29 through June 24. Fifty-seventh Street is virtually one long gallery, and within the area of a few square blocks here you can find anything from a pearwood pepper grinder to a cat from an Egyptian tomb or Diamond Jim Brady's watch. . . . The windows of the great department stores are stage sets. . . . Macy's Forward House, on the 9th floor, is practically the World of Day after To-morrow. . . . As an antidote to streamlining there is the Seabury Tredwell house at 29 East 4th Street, rescued — horsehair sofa, secret passage, and all — by the Historic Landmarks people. . . . The Tredwells did not go in for Victorian; they *were* it. . . . While you're down there go and see Louis Ruhe, 351 The Bowery. He can supply you with a canary or an elephant, a toucan or a honey bear, for he wholesales to zoos and circuses and petshops.



If you want to head south away from the city for a few days, the Pierre S. DuPont gardens, at Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, are a horticulturist's paradise. These Longwood Gardens are always breath-taking, but from June 14 through the seventeenth there will be performances of *Prunella* in the open-air theater, and those nights the electric fountains play. . . . Once there, you are near New Castle, Delaware, an unrestored, lived-in village, mostly eighteenth-century, of which its inhabitants are justly proud. The Palladian windows in the Read House are worth the trip. . . . At Saint George's, Delaware, you might arrange some Chesapeake Bay sailing. . . . June is early enough to miss the crowds at Rehoboth Beach, and the Henlopen there is an adequate hotel. . . . On June 24 is the Ocean Race, from New London to Annapolis.



On June 26, in Haverford, Pennsylvania, the Intercollegiate tennis championships will be played at the Merion Cricket Club. The lavish, rolling Philadelphia countryside is never more beautiful than in June, when the general impression is that everyone's place is completely fenced with roses. . . . Dreer's Nurseries, just across the Jersey border in Riverton, are where lots of those roses come from. . . . May 24–30 sees the Devon Horse Show and County Fair in full blast.



Very gay. All Strawbridges and Cassatts and equally well-bred horses. . . . But if you run to dogs, the Morris and Essex show, on the grounds of Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Giralda Farms in Madison, New Jersey, is your dish on May 27. Everybody who knows everything about dogs is there. This is your time to find out why a Briard would work out better in your apartment than a Lhasa terrier — or simply call the whole thing off and try goldfish. . . . The Bottle Hill Tavern in Madison is one of those places where Lafayette slept. Still well kept. . . .

This part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey has so many Washington's headquarters and other reminders of the country's cradling that any or all of the fine Trenton stone houses may or may not be a museum. . . . The Princeton Inn is a grand place to stay, and our own favorite piece of local water is the old Delaware and Raritan Canal. . . . Up the Delaware, on the Pennsylvania side again, is New Hope. Small and charming, gone a touch arty, but not enough to spoil having tea directly on the towpath. . . .

Long Island, for the most part, is one long 'No Trespassing' sign. Once you've bucked the Sunday traffic you understand why, and forgive all. . . . Montauk has dunes, and famous fishing, and the entire Atlantic Ocean. . . . Dinner at Gurney's Inn. . . . Gardiner's Island is the favorite gathering place of the American ospreys, but only because no bird lovers — nor any one else — are allowed to set foot on it. . . .

Next month the sidewalk cafés should be setting out their striped umbrellas, and the sailboats along the New England coast be exploring the new channels made by the September blow. . . . In the meantime, what we wish we knew is what town in the Middle West has rows of houses whose cellars are a story high, and stout, because elephants used to winter there, and be boarded out. Someone told us once, and we've forgotten. . . .

Stop Light



A BALANCED DIET - vital to your Family's Health

A well-balanced daily diet for healthy people should include a plentiful supply of "Protective Foods"—milk and other dairy products, fresh vegetables and fruits. These are necessary to maintain health and build resistance to disease—not simply "desirable extras."

Your diet should also include "Building Foods," particularly meat, fish, cheese and poultry—necessary to make sturdy muscles. It should in addition contain daily servings of "Energy Foods"—sugar, bread, cereals and fats—which create power for work, play and all other activities of the body.

All of the elements contained in such a diet are important to protect health. Milk is particularly valuable. Wherever possible every child should have a quart and every adult a pint a day—as a beverage or used in other food.

But a "balanced diet" is concerned with more than just "what" you eat. "How" and "when" must be considered. The eat-and-run habit is likely to take a heavy toll in stomach disorders. If you have only fifteen minutes, a light meal such as a bowl of crackers and milk followed by fruit, will do you more good than a heavier meal swallowed practically whole.

Eat at regular intervals and whenever possible take time to sit quietly at a table and enjoy a well-chosen meal. Regular eating habits are especially important for growing children.

Give real thought to your diet—whether you eat at home or in restaurants. You will find it decidedly worth-while, for remember this—keeping healthy begins with the eating of proper foods, in proper quantities, at proper times.

Your whole family may profit from reading the Metropolitan booklet "The Family Food Supply." It describes the values of various foods and the elements they contain. Homemakers, especially, will like the advice on how to plan appetizing, nourishing and inexpensive meals. A post card or the coupon will bring you a copy.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE
INSURANCE CO.**
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Dept. 639-T

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet "The Family Food Supply."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____



Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR and THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION in SAN FRANCISCO

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyright, 1939, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



High Taxes—High Prices

EVERYBODY knows that sales taxes increase the cost of goods. But various other taxes, paid by corporations or collected through them, such as excise, franchise, capital stock, income and undivided profits taxes, likewise result in higher prices. Such taxes increase the consumer's bill 10 times as much as do direct sales taxes.

Consumers paid almost 6 billions in such "hidden taxes" last year, exclusive of corporate real estate taxes. This was $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as was collected by the Government through personal income taxes.

Taxes are necessary, but they should be levied in such minimum amounts and in such manner as to stimulate instead of retard

trade. It is now a demonstrated fact that the present total tax burden, along with the threat of still higher taxes, is a drag on recovery. Taxes absorbed 22% of the national income in 1938, the highest percentage for any year in history, and nearly double the average of 12% during the 1920's. Federal taxes represent an increasing proportion, having risen from 22% of this total in 1932 to 43% in 1938.

Pleas for tax reduction are met with the question "How?" The problem is difficult. But when Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, was discussing the problem of restoring business confidence, which then involved the resumption of specie payments, he stated that the way to resume is to resume!

*As bankers for industry, and as trustee for the funds of others,
it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a
better understanding of the facts about private business.*

BANK OF NEW YORK

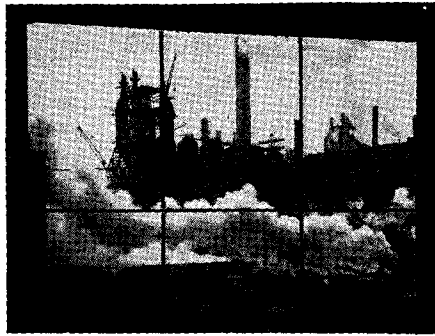
48 Wall Street—New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Established 1784

Personal Trusts Since 1830

Copyright 1939--Bank of New York



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Like the Walrus, this month's Bethlehem Quiz talks of many things—of safety and age groups and alloys and steel terminology. To answer the questions requires no great knowledge of the steel industry, and you may glean bits of information that will come in handy some day when there's a decided shallow in the steady flow of small talk.

Score 10 for each correct answer. 70 is fair, 80 is good and 90 is excellent.

Answers opposite page 883.

1. The campaign for safety in Bethlehem steel plants began in 1916. In the succeeding 23 years accidents in the Bethlehem organization have been reduced:

- (a) 81.1% (b) 12% (c) 99%
(d) 33.33% (e) 14.5%

2. Perhaps you have been under the impression that the steel industry is operated almost entirely by men under 40. As a matter of fact this company's employees over the age of 40 make up . . . per cent of the total number employed:

- (a) 51% (b) 98.6% (c) 43%
(d) 25% (e) 39.6%

3. Nickel is widely used in alloying steels to:

- (a) make them shiny
(b) increase their toughness, stiffness, strength and hardness
(c) enable fabricators to bend the steel easily.

4. In steel parlance a channel is a:

- (a) passageway between drop forges
(b) rolled structural shape with a section like this—
(c) trade outlet

5. One of the first American exports was:

- (a) grapes (b) wheat (c) bricks
(d) iron ore (e) lumber

6. While the steel industry never considered going into the jewelry business, it annually purchases large quantities of diamonds. These gems are used:

- (a) to stud presentation watches given to valued employees
(b) to engrave ornamental designs on steel sheets
(c) to make dies used in drawing wire

7. Of course everybody knows that Pennsylvania is the leading steel-producing state in the Union. But can you name the next three states in the order of their importance:

- (a) New York, Ohio, Indiana
(b) Ohio, Indiana, Illinois
(c) Michigan, Maryland, New Jersey

8. When a steel man speaks of a "pass" he means:

- (a) an Annie Oakley to the World's Series
(b) permission to go from one department of the steel plant to another
(c) the gap between the rolls of a rolling mill

9. Salt tablets are standard equipment in many departments in a steel mill. The workers take them:

- (a) to overcome cravings for chocolate candy
(b) to eat with their sandwiches
(c) to guard against heat fatigue

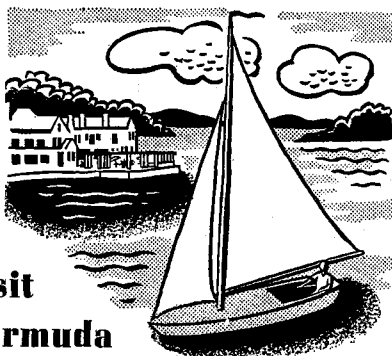
10. The "Panama," now in service between New York and Panama, is the world's first passenger vessel of completely fireproof construction. Do you know the name of the steel company that built this outstanding American vessel?



OPEN SEASON on a covey of new cocktail trays...bright with the fine colors of Audubon prints. Of painted metal that's permanently finished. Exceptionally priced, \$3 each.

W & J Sloane

Fifth Avenue at 47th • New York



**Visit
Bermuda
During the World's Fair**

Stay with us at Inverurie and enjoy a pleasant, heat-free summer vacation . . . average summer temperature is only 77°. Here you'll find all sports, and surf and sun bathing at our own beach club. Dance 'neath the stars on our famous Marine Terrace overlooking Hamilton Harbour. Discover Bermuda and Inverurie this summer.

For information and reservations consult your travel agent or write our New York Office at 500 Fifth Avenue or J. E. Connelly, Manager, Bermuda.

INVERURIE

THE HOTEL AT THE WATER'S EDGE

B E R M U D A

Music full of color and excitement!

Vivid new Victor Recording

**"A BOSTON
'POPS' CONCERT"**

by the

**BOSTON "POPS"
ORCHESTRA**

Arthur Fiedler, Conductor



A treasure-house of exciting, out-of-the-ordinary music! "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture by Glinka . . . Deep River . . . Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen . . . Five Miniatures by White . . . Doctrinen Waltz by Eduard Strauss . . . "Goyescas" Intermezzo by Granados . . . "Eugen Onégin" Polonaise by Tschai-kowsky. All in Album M-554, 10 sides, \$6.50.

Brahms "Alto Rhapsody" opus 53 and 3 other songs of Brahms, sung by Marian Anderson, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Album M-555, 6 sides, \$6.00.

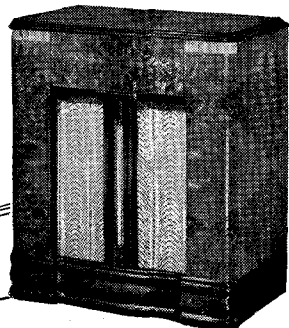
Trademarks "Victrola," "RCA Victor" and "Victor" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc.

... [The World's Greatest Artists] ...
are on Victor Records

**RCA VICTROLA U-123—WITH \$17.50 IN VICTOR
OR BLUEBIRD RECORDS**

Combines Victor Record and radio entertainment. Has automatic record changer and Electric Tuning. Price includes \$17.50 worth of any Victor or Bluebird Records you choose and all Victor Record Society benefits.

\$129⁹⁵*



*Price f.o.b. Camden, N.J., subject to change without notice. For finer radio performance... RCA Victor Radio Tubes.



RCA Victrola

Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America



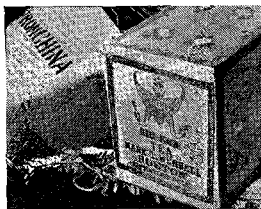
HU-KWA TEA is still the choice of Mandarins

Hu-Kwa—one of the finest and rarest teas in China—is grown on a few of the sunniest hillsides in Fu-Kien Province. Its unique and smoky fragrance has made it a traditional favorite of Chinese Mandarins—and, in recent years, of American connoisseurs.

To you and your friends Hu-Kwa Tea will bring that sense of pleasure, of serenity, that is the everlasting heritage of ancient Cathay.

Your check for \$2.50 brings a one-pound tin of Hu-Kwa Tea.

*Delivery Prepaid
on Initial Orders*



MARK T. WENDELL

Sole Importer

156 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE ADVENTURE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMIN

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

"The most enchanting novel Sylvia Thompson has ever written and certainly one of the most delightful books this reader has ever come across."

— CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"There isn't a dull page in the book."

— PHILADELPHIA LEDGER

"Sylvia Thompson, grown mellow with time, presents no problem in 'The Adventure of Christopher Columin' except that of entertaining the reader."

— Frances Woodward in SATURDAY
REVIEW OF LITERATURE

13th thousand. \$2.50

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
BOSTON, MASS.



*Avoid Money worries
when traveling*

CARRY AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

The beauty of Venice at sunset...the thrill of Paris...the mellow charm of an English cathedral town...can be enjoyed all the more if you know that your travel funds are safeguarded with American Express Travelers Cheques.

No need to worry about the danger of carrying "loose cash." These familiar blue cheques are acceptable anywhere and spendable anywhere. They are your own "personal funds," bearing your own name. When you purchase them, you place your signature in the upper left-hand corner of each cheque. To spend them, you countersign them in the lower left-hand corner. No one can spend them but you! If lost or stolen, uncountersigned, their value is re-funded in full.

And they afford you the courtesies of American Express Travel Service abroad, at offices the world over, for mail, cables and local information; moreover, at principal frontiers, depots and piers, English-speaking couriers are stationed to assist you in every way.

In denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. The cost is only 75c for each \$100. For sale at Banks everywhere.

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

TAKING A *Vacation Trip?*

Carry **MELLON**
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

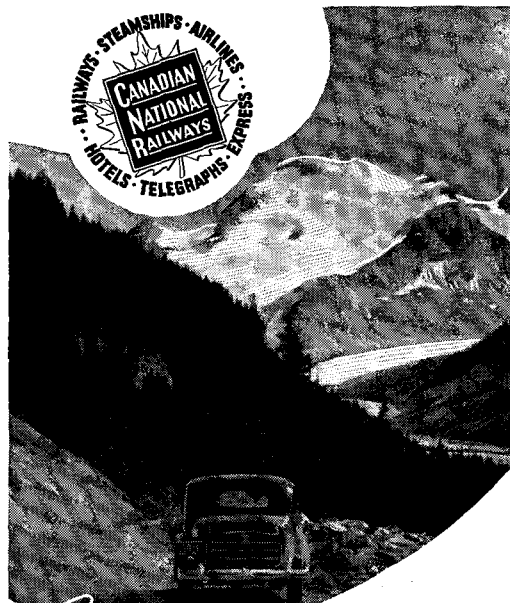
Wherever you may be, here or abroad, Mellon Travelers Cheques are acceptable in payment of various items of travel expense—such as railroad, bus, airplane and steamship fares, hotel, restaurant and garage bills. Or they can be converted into the currency of the country in which you may be traveling. Ask for them at your bank.

MELLON NATIONAL BANK
PITTSBURGH
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Answers to Bethlehem Quiz

(See opposite page 880)

1. (a) 81.1%. At the Cambria Plant there were 91 days operation without lost time accident, representing a total of 3,217,736 man hours.
2. (e) Employees over 40 make up 39.6% of the total.
3. (b) Increase their toughness, stiffness, strength and hardness.
4. (b) A rolled structural shape with a section like this: [.
5. (d) Iron ore. A boatload of iron ore was shipped to England in 1608 by the Jamestown, Virginia, colonists.
6. (c) To make dies used in drawing wire.
7. (b) Ohio, Indiana, Illinois.
8. (c) The gap between the rolls of a rolling mill.
9. (c) To guard against heat fatigue. Salt tablets are taken with water at regular intervals by workers to replace salt lost by their systems through perspiration.
10. Bethlehem Steel Company.



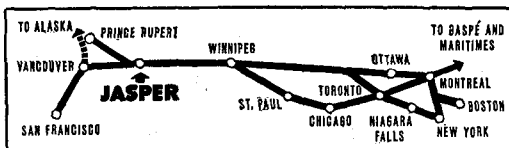
Gateway to the Columbia Icefield

JASPER

IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Newest of vacation experiences! The unforgettable 75-mile motor drive through Jasper National Park *right* to the spectacular Columbia Icefield. That's only *one* of the thrills awaiting you here in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. Golf—ride—fish—swim—or just loaf luxuriously. You'll enjoy the social life at Jasper Park Lodge. Rates, with meals, from \$7 a day.

Low fares. Come by the air-conditioned *Continental Limited*. Call or write any Canadian National office for illustrated booklets of Jasper, Canada, and Alaska tours.



GOING TO THE FAIRS? Double your enjoyment! Ask your nearest agent about routings via Canada—and include one of these thrilling Canadian National tours—Canadian Rockies, Alaska, Gaspé, or the Maritimes.

Boston 186 Tremont St.	Philadelphia . . . 1500 Chestnut
Buffalo 22 N. Division St.	Pittsburgh 355 Fifth Ave.
Chicago 4 S. Michigan Blvd.	Portland, Me. C.T.R. Sta.
Cincinnati 206 Dixie Term.	San Francisco . . . 648 Market St.
Detroit 1239 Wash. Blvd.	Seattle 1329 Fourth Ave.
Duluth 428 W. Superior St.	St. Louis 314 No. Broadway
Kansas City 414 Fairfax Bldg.	St. Paul
Los Angeles 607 S. Grand Ave.	First National Bank Building
Minneapolis 634 Marquette Ave.	Wash., D. C. . . . 922 15th, N.W.
New York 673 Fifth Ave.	Montreal, Que. . . 360 McGill St.

**CANADIAN
NATIONAL**
TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Cape Cod's Most Famous Inn and Cottages

26th SEASON

BEGINS

JUNE 24th

Poised on the very elbow of Cape Cod, "fifty miles at sea," Chatham Bars Inn and Cottages offer you and your family a seaside holiday in thoroughly congenial surroundings.

Tennis on the Inn's three excellent courts... Golf on its private course, or at championship "Eastward Ho!"... Swimming on the Inn's private lagoon beach, or in the outer surf... Sailing in sheltered waters... you have your choice of every favorite summer recreation.



Approach to the Inn, Showing Private Sun Decks

Delightfully private—yet only a few miles from Cape Cod's gayest social centers—Chatham Bars Inn and its 16 non-housekeeping Cottages form a charming community of summer family homes, with none of the cares of home-making.

Please write to us for illustrated descriptive booklet and rates. Address

HARVEY A. GRANT, *Manager*

CHATHAM BARS INN CHATHAM, CAPE COD

COME TO THE POINT For a new kind of vacation!

THIS year, try a new vacation — where it's cool, where there's golf, yachting, beach or pool bathing and every conceivable recreation *plus* military and marine pageantry at history's birth-place! The building and grounds are beautiful — the sea view magnificent. There's dancing nightly, only a few hours away.

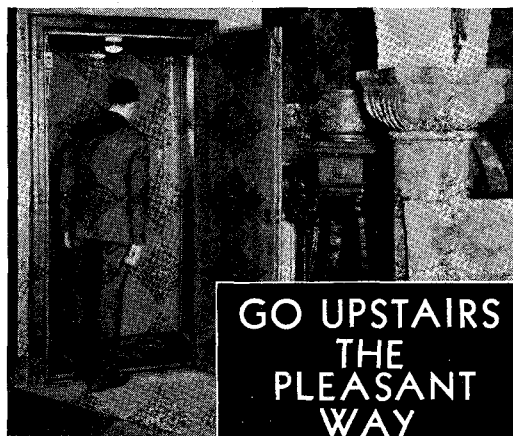
Write for rates



See Nearby
WILLIAMSBURG
Yorktown • Jamestown
Fort Monroe
Mariner's Museum

— The —
CHAMBERLIN

Sidney Banks, President
OLD POINT COMFORT
VIRGINIA



Avoid heart strain. Travel at home the modern way, on a Sedgwick Electric Elevator or Stair-traveler. Approved by physicians. Quickly and readily installed at moderate cost. Write for interesting new folder.

SEDGWICK MACHINE WORKS
145 West 15th St. New York

Sedgwick

Don't Climb. RIDE Upstairs

1938

Atlantic Prizes

1939

THE ATLANTIC Contests for High School and Private School Students (closing date April 8) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the 1938-1939 school year

HIGH SCHOOL CONTESTS

\$25

FOR THE BEST ESSAY

The Lie
by Evangeline Gjelhaug,
Central High, Minneapolis.
Abigail O'Leary, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Chant
by Beatrice Marcus,
Proviso Township High, Maywood, Ill.
Marie Baldridge, Instructor.

China to Be Exterminated?
by Eleanor Mundell,
Arsenal Technical Schools, Indianapolis.
Jeanne C. Bose, Instructor.

America, the Beautiful
by Jessie Jamieson,
Northwestern High, Detroit.
Beatrice Merriam, Instructor.

\$25

FOR THE BEST STORY

Milestone in Alkali
by Harry T. Reasoner,
West High, Minneapolis.
Wanda N. Orton, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Dust Particles
by Virginia Bearg,
West High, Minneapolis.
Wanda N. Orton, Instructor.

Just Old Age
by Roberta Reiss,
West High, Minneapolis.
Wanda N. Orton, Instructor.

Old Cribs Takes a Vacation
by Dick Savage,
West High, Minneapolis.
Wanda N. Orton, Instructor.

\$25

FOR THE BEST POEM

Cinderella Started It
by Shirley Mae Shapiro,
Peoria High, Ill.
Auguste L. Reinhard, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Poems Translated from the Japanese
by Yuki Yamamoto,
Lewis and Clark High, Spokane, Wash.
Philip M. Baird, Instructor.

On Being Sixteen
by Elizabeth Grace Plant,
Central High, Minneapolis.
Abigail O'Leary, Instructor.

Christmas
by Elizabeth Grace Plant,
Central High, Minneapolis.
Abigail O'Leary, Instructor.

PRIVATE SCHOOL CONTESTS

\$25

FOR THE BEST ESSAY

Literature's War Against War
by Martin Collins Johnson,
The Choate School, Conn.
Carey C. D. Briggs, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Vista of Time
by Arthur Gregg Jackson,
Germantown Friends School, Pa.
H. A. Dominovich, Instructor.

Hemingway's Revolution in Prose
by Martin Collins Johnson,
The Choate School, Conn.
Carey C. D. Briggs, Instructor.

The Modern Patriotism
by Georgianna U. Flather,
Ethel Walker School, Simsbury, Ct.
Helen L. Paddock, Instructor.

Neutrality or Intervention
by Edward F. Mahony,
Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.
L. F. James, Instructor.

\$25

FOR THE BEST STORY

Sunlight and Shadow
by Francy Fox,
Germantown Friends School,
Philadelphia.
H. A. Dominovich, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Last Act
by Virginia Farr,
Kent Place School, Summit,
N. J.
Rebecca L. Mixner, Instructor.

O, Beautiful Wedding!
by Peggy Bowen,
Lincoln School, Rhode Island.
Marion S. Cole, Instructor.

The Chestnuts
by Edwin Joseph Reinke, II,
The Choate School, Conn.
Harold L. Tinker, Instructor.

\$25

FOR THE BEST POEM

Naïad
by Louis A. Migliorini,
The Choate School, Connecticut.
Dudley Fitts, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Fall of the Alamo
by Katherine Tappen,
Prospect Hill Country Day
School, Newark, N. J.
Marguerite Smith, Instructor.

The Earthworm's Joke
by Phyllis Booth,
The Masters School, Dobbs
Ferry, N. Y.
Margaret H. Sreen, Instructor.

Snow
by Peggy Bowen,
Lincoln School, Rhode Island.
Marion S. Cole, Instructor.